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A CENTURY OF ANGLO-CATHOLICISM

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BY

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PREFACE

ONE hundred years have passed since the first rumblings of that Movement which found its manifesto in *Tracts for the Times*. The first of the memorable series did not indeed appear until 9 September, 1833, and it is idle to conjecture just when one should date the earliest of those councils or conferences of which this was the outcome. Perhaps the true signal was given neither in Keble's Assize sermon nor in Newman's first tract, but rather in that modest volume of verse which crept from the press in 1827, bearing as title *The Christian Year*. It is plain that we are now at least close to a great centenary in the religious life of the English-speaking world.

After one hundred years of advocacy, discussion, and abuse, the impulse imparted by the Oxford Movement is still quick and powerful. Three intervening generations have been rich with scientific discovery and industrial progress—rich with the triumphs of that *Zeitgeist* before whose breath this "recrudescence of superstition" was expected to wither. Yet, how stands the Church of England now? The Anglo-Catholics have practically captured the machine of the Establishment. Most of the theological colleges are in their hands, so that with them rests the training of the bulk of the clergy. Church assemblies too, and diocesan conferences, are dominated by the voice once contemptuously dismissed as that of "The Oxford Malignants." Anglo-Catholic doctrine and ritual are in full efflorescence throughout most of the parishes within the ecclesiastical Province of Canterbury. Anglo-Catholic dignitaries hold the strategic points of vantage all over the Province of York. Not long ago a secretary of state, speaking amid the tumultuous applause of a London audience,

declared that the Bishop of London has systematically filled the churches of the metropolis with clergy "disloyal to the principles of the Reformation." But what Sir William Joynson-Hicks has called disloyalty to the principles of the Reformation has been sanctioned by an overwhelming vote in one House of Parliament, and condemned by only a narrow margin of votes in the other. Condemned or sanctioned, the Movement is now admittedly beyond all stopping. What seemed chimerical a hundred years ago seems irresistible to-day. Four bishops, out of forty-three, are still definitely hostile. Of the other thirty-nine it is obvious that a few are disquieted or irritated. Yet most of those prelates who have not yet cast in their lot with the Movement take refuge, when they speak of it, in what Sir Thomas Browne would have called "some strange amphibology." The tone of ironical submissiveness in which the Anglo-Catholic priest coerces his titular superior is among the more amusing features of a situation in which the comic so often and so paradoxically intrudes.

In the following pages an effort will be made to explain what has occurred. Its explanation will be sought in causes more creditable than those commonly put forward by men who, like the present writer, are compelled at many points to deplore it. The personal history of an author should, no doubt, be regarded as irrelevant to an estimate of the reasoning in his book, but in the present case it is inevitable that questions should be asked about the degree of prejudice that may be supposed to colour the argument. Herein must be an apology for obtruding the information that this book is the work of a Presbyterian born and bred, one content with the Church in which he was brought up, and conscious of no tendency whatever to change it for either the Roman or the Anglican communion. If a strong plea is here entered for the position and claims of the "High" Church, this is certainly not because the writer attaches value to any distinctive doctrines of sacerdotalism.

On the contrary, he would dismiss not a few of these as

almost, though not quite, as absurd as the corresponding doctrines of a so-called "Evangelicalism" which they displaced. But he values the Anglo-Catholic Movement because he finds its strange tenets associated with a purpose which he thinks most important of all. He sees in the High Church at least a resolute championship of that common faith which should belong to all Churches alike, but which some of them—for ignoble reasons—have allowed themselves to compromise or to forsake. For the obstinate defence of this, whatever defects of another kind may be present, gratitude is here expressed. It is the gratitude of one whose personal position is not seldom like that of Matthew Arnold watching the monks at their devotions in the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse:

> For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
> Show'd me the high white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze and there aspire;
> Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
> *What dost thou in this living tomb?*

Despite their abounding practical success, Churchmen of the type called "High" are being subjected at present to a fierce and even a scornful criticism. How far their critics occupy ground more capable of defence than theirs, and how often the contempt—always unseemly in such discussions—could be retaliated with effect, will here be considered. But in the main these chapters are historical, suggesting rather than defining an inference about problems of the hour. They profess only to describe a few stages in the building of a great structure which—as Carlyle would have said—could not have endured so long unless it had been built "in many respects, according to the laws of statics." [1] The author hopes that he has sought for these sources of strength with all the more eagerness because he cannot even faintly share much of the creed which Anglo-Catholics hold most precious. His sympathy rests upon

[1] *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, iii.

agreement in that spirit which he judges more valuable than dogma, and which not a few of those with whom he is in far closer intellectual kinship appear to him to have virtually renounced.

A final word of warning may be offered to those readers for whom this book has not been written, and whose reproach had better be anticipated. There are different levels of thought upon which the problem of Anglo-Catholicism may be faced, and it is the author's view that the one he has chosen is quite enough for one book. He writes for those who will grant at least provisional assent to the cardinal doctrines of Christian theology—doctrines which none but the captious will affect to regard as incapable of identification and statement. The following pages are not intended as any sort of "Apologetic." Their single purpose is to compare one form with other forms of Christian belief and worship, to inquire wherein the Anglo-Catholic variety differs from the rest, to illustrate how these differences have been gradually developed, and to consider how far—within the assumptions common to them all—this type of modern Christianity is more reasonable or less reasonable than its rivals. To the reader for whom this is "not an investigation sufficiently fundamental," and whose interest lies in challenging those very points which are here taken for granted, it can only be said that this book is not for him. But if, even in his intellectual detachment from all kinds of Christian thought alike, he can find it worth while to contemplate *inter se* the several kinds which have at least made a great historic difference to the world, this limited inquiry may in some measure reward his efforts of attention.

For leave to make use of certain material previously published by him in the pages of their magazines, the author expresses thanks to the editors of *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Harvard Theological Review*, and *The American Journal of Religion*. He has availed himself, too, of the kind help

of several friends—the Ven. Archdeacon F. W. Vroom, Professors A. K. Griffin, E. W. Nichols and G. E. Wilson—each of whom has read the whole of the book in proof. For its very controversial opinions the responsibility is that of the author alone. But for many a valuable criticism and suggestion, as well as for patient eliminating of typographical error, he is indebted to the continued interest of these colleagues.

Dalhousie University,
Halifax, N.S.
18 *March*, 1929.

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CHAPTER I

WHAT "ANGLO-CATHOLICISM" MEANS

We [Tractarians] maintain that the true sense of Scripture is handed down from age to age by tradition, and that the witnesses to it profess no more than to deliver what they have received; also that private individuals depend more or less on the word of those more holy than themselves, who assure us that they go on continually to find greater accordance between the written and unwritten word. . . . What does Dr. Arnold substitute? . . . He attacks the prophetical office of the Church as founded by the Apostles, and gives us as our prophets grammarians and philologists!

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

CHAPTER I

WHAT "ANGLO-CATHOLICISM" MEANS

THE meaning of party labels is as elusive in religion as in politics. A group originally named from some distinctive "platform" will often keep the name long after the platform has been forgotten or even abjured. Likewise, men who at first acted together because they held a single creed will continue in alliance when their creeds have become discordant, and only the bond of a personal attachment remains. This is shown with increasing clearness in the third and fourth generations. Often they would not attempt to define the faith or the policy for which their ancestors were willing to do and dare. But they keep the old badge or motto, like the trade-name of a firm whose present partners hardly know why it was so called.

What proportion, for example, of contemporary Baptists have the slightest interest in that historic dispute whose record their Church has made so nebulous by refusing to acknowledge any single founder? Would not most of them now hear with a smile of incredulity that they stand pledged to *Anti-Pædobaptism*? How many Methodists could now state, without gross blundering, for what cause and to what extent John Wesley seceded from the Church of England, or what were the points of difference between Wesley's creed and that of Whitefield? Yet carelessness about such "antiquarianism" does not mitigate in the least that fierce tenacity with which Baptist and Methodist adhere to what they suppose to be their tradition. With quite intelligible alarm about the possible outcome of a too curious research, Canon Lacey has reminded us that "names are not tied to their origins." [1]

[1] T. A. Lacey, *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 141.

Again, it is not only the lapse of time that can make doctrines vague. By a great number of the rank and file in any party the cardinal tenets are imperfectly grasped, and a religious party in particular becomes known less for what its leaders proclaim than for what its rank and file take for granted. They misunderstood, perhaps, from the first. They accepted as essential what was in truth but a trifling accident. They extolled as the very principle of their movement some detail of its propagandism or its organisation by which their own feelings were touched or their own taste was gratified. There are not a few, for example, to whom the heart of the Baptist faith lies in its congregationalism, or who are Methodists because of the eager geniality of the Wesleyan church parlour. In view of these circumstances so notorious elsewhere, one cannot be surprised, or very greatly shocked, when one finds that Anglo-Catholicism does not lend itself to a single, an easy, and a unanimous formulation. It is to such gradually accumulating ambiguities that no small part of our denominational warfare should be traced. Thus before we accept the present controversy in the Church of England as necessitating all the storm and heat that has been imported into it, we shall do well to inquire how much of this can be calmed and cooled by clearer knowledge of what the Anglo-Catholic *as such* is bound to maintain, and what he is bound to deny.

. . . . . .

The need for such rigorous definition becomes imperative when one notices the confusing vocabulary of terms that are here supposed to be synonymous. We read about "sacramentalists," "High" churchmen, "ritualists," "Romanisers," and it is tacitly assumed that these are substantially alike. But real synonyms, as the careful etymologist has pointed out, do not exist. Their existence is assumed only by those whose use of language is coarse and casual. A few examples will make plain how casual

and how coarse in this debate has been the interchange of concepts as well as of terms which differ.

The Anglo-Catholic may be called a sacramentalist, for he so conceives all worship that he is bound to make the Sacraments central and even dominant. But there are others, very far removed from the Anglo-Catholic, who will resent the suggestion that to them Sacraments are of merely minor import. They may even protest, with Professor Carnegie Simpson in a recent issue of *The Review of the Churches*,[1] that the doctrine of the Real Presence is an integral part of Presbyterianism. Still more misleading is the abusive term "ritualist," for the practices so described have no vital connection with the Movement inaugurated by Newman and represented now by Bishop Gore. They seem indeed now to constitute almost all that the Movement means to a noisy but, one hopes, an inconsiderable group of its advocates—the group one might describe in language adapted from that of Bishop Hensley Henson as "the Anglo-Catholic underworld." But they have been censured and deplored by the outstanding Anglo-Catholic of our time, while nothing was more characteristic of the Tractarians of ninety years ago than the austere simplicity of their forms of worship. "My name," said Pusey, "is made a byword for that with which I never had any sympathy, that which the writers of the *Tracts*, with whom in early days I was associated, always deprecated—any innovations in the way of conducting the service, anything of ritualism, or especially any revival of disused vestments." [2]

What, again, shall we say of the contrast between "High" and "Low"? Its origin was in politics far more than in religion, and the taint of its origin clings to it still. In these days, when Disestablishment is becoming more and

[1] For October, 1926.

[2] Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, IV, pp. 211, 212. The passage quoted is from a letter Pusey wrote to the Bishop of London (26 April, 1860). Anti-ritualist rioters were then disturbing divine service every Sunday at St. George's in the East, and had been incited to do so by "The Anti-Puseyite League."

more the recognised goal of Anglo-Catholic policy, nothing but confusion can arise from applying to Anglo-Catholics an epithet which signifies first and foremost a zealous Erastianism. It was Keble who wrote this:

> Take every pound, shilling, and penny, and the curse of sacrilege go along with it; only let us make our own bishops and be governed by our own laws. This is the length I am prepared to go.[1]

Others of Keble's group were not at that time prepared to go so far. But Bishop Gore, having lost faith in all compromising policies, has declared in one of his latest books that to him the existence of an Anglican Establishment appears a real disadvantage to religion on the whole.[2] State direction of changes in doctrine or ritual was, however, as welcome to the churchmen—of long ago—properly called "High," as it was hateful to the keener Tractarians, and as it is now hateful to the men of the Tractarian tradition. A glance at the history of these quantitative and spatial adjectives will show at once how useless they are for the ecclesiastical contrast they are now used to connote.

Back in the seventeenth century, Anglicans wrangled about written or extemporaneous prayer, about the kneeling or the sitting posture at Communion, about black gowns or white gowns for the officiating clergy. It was to parliament that one side looked for the determining of such controversies by statute, while another side felt that this was not just the proper province of the legislature. But these divisions in a Reformed Church were hastily composed in a common resistance to James II, and the conflict of "High" against "Low" had not received that name until the early years of William III. It made its first definite appearance in debates about the Toleration Bill. Under that great charter of liberty, it was provided that the ancient penalties for absence from the services of the Estab-

[1] Letter from Keble to Newman, 8 August, 1833 (*Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman*, I, p. 389).
[2] Gore, *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, p. 357.

lished Church should be somewhat relaxed. Indulgence was granted in the case of any citizen who would swear allegiance to the king as head of Church as well as State, and who would further declare the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation to be blasphemous. It was further enacted, in a spirit perhaps more arithmetical than theological, that a Nonconformist minister might preach, on condition that he subscribe thirty-four out of the thirty-nine Articles fully, and two out of the remaining five partially—the Articles in question being specified by parliament. As an additional safeguard, it was ordered that such questionable ministrations should be limited to a building always open to the inspection of the police! A "High" churchman was one who denounced these concessions to Nonconformity as disastrous, while a "Low" churchman was one who—with some misgivings—held that they might be risked. If this sense of the epithets has but faint relation to that which they now bear in the newspaper press, if the "High" churchman of our day is almost—though not quite—as contemptuous of the State as of the Articles, there is, nevertheless, many a trace of the old meaning still to perplex the public mind. Other confusions quickly entered. In Gladstone's early years, Newman was regarded at Oxford as dangerously "Low," while Pusey was suspected of being a rationalist! Whately had, indeed, a genuine historic sense when, in the disputes of his time, he likened "High" and "Low" to Pharisee and Sadducee.[1]

Most common of all is the reproachful definition that Anglo-Catholicism follows the evil Roman precedent in exalting Tradition above Scripture, and that it differs only in denying the supreme right of the Pope to say what Tradition contains. The present is a time when—whatever may be thought about Scripture—Tradition at least is lightly esteemed. One hears quoted, with deepening emphasis, that old motto of Chillingworth: "The Bible and

[1] Cf. Newman's *Autobiographical Memoir*, chap. iii.

the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." But, apart from the general mistake of importing reproachfulness into a definition, it may be argued that this particular reproach is the very opposite of the truth. Anglo-Catholics have been relatively jealous for the authority of Scripture. At gatherings of the Protestant Alliance there is much loose rhetoric from evangelical members of parliament who bring more zeal than knowledge into their campaign against "lawlessness in the Church." They must be heard with dismay by many an English clergyman to whom Anglo-Catholics are anathema, but who feels the peril of confronting them with some "text" which they have disregarded. For he knows that his own latitudinarian group will emerge much damaged, at least in ultra-Protestant estimation, from an impartial audit of fidelity to Scripture. Neither *Essays and Reviews* in 1860 nor *Foundations* in 1912 proceeded from an Anglo-Catholic source. It was rather Anglo-Catholics who sounded a note of alarm, in the interests of the Bible, when its authority was so disturbed by its nominal guardians. A hundred years back, it was their protest against human supplementing of the sacred volume which made the *Tracts* rank as the most bitterly anti-Roman polemic in our whole literature.[1] As one now reads a pamphlet by Pusey, one could often mistake paragraph after paragraph for the work of some American Fundamentalist. It was the Anglo-Catholic group which, sixty years ago, outdid even contemporary Evangelicals in demanding the excommunication of Bishop Colenso for his free treatment of the Pentateuch. And it is that veteran Anglo-Catholic, Bishop Gore, who has taken his stand—against so many of his episcopal brethren—in declaring that ordination should be refused to any man who does not *ex animo* accept the Synoptists' narrative of the Virgin Birth.[2]

[1] Cf., e.g. *Tract XV*: "Then [at the Council of Trent] it is to be feared the whole Roman Communion bound itself by a perpetual bond and covenant to the cause of Antichrist."

[2] C. Gore, *The New Theology and the Old Religion*, p. 162.

Perhaps we shall fare better if we look for the *differentia* of Anglo-Catholicism in its practical applications to life. In some measure at least, though historians will warn us that the measure is very limited, one may infer back to what is believed from the witness of what is enjoined. What, then, for example, is the Anglo-Catholic attitude—or the attitude of most Anglo-Catholics—to the social problem? How is Christianity supposed by that school to have its bearing upon public reform? Unfortunately for our purpose of definition, we meet with baffling varieties there too.

Members of the school are now freely accused of fostering proletariat discontent, and of inciting a quasi-Bolshevistic mood in the slum areas of large cities. But one remembers how their predecessors in the Movement fell under just the contrary charge. It was the Evangelicals who were supposed to be alone in their social enthusiasm seventy-five years ago, while the Tractarian leaders were blamed for holding aloof in a spirit of "other-worldliness." A paragraph in *The Times* has described how at a by-election in 1925 the Anglo-Catholic priest was to be seen with a crucifix in one hand and the Red Flag in the other.[1] Yet the first Reform Bill drew from Newman little more than a contemptuous reference to the aspirations of τὸ πλῆθος,[2] while Pusey lamented that the abolition of the slave trade in the West Indies had meant the expenditure of twenty millions of public funds "for an opinion."[3] Protestant controversialists will never let us forget how Hurrell Froude could feel no love for those wretched "niggers" because they "concentrated in themselves all the whiggery, dissent, cant, and abomination that had been ranged on their side."[4] On the other hand, it would be difficult to name a clergyman whose personal charities for the relief of distress were on a more munificent scale than those of Pusey himself. These are conflicts and contrasts which ought to stop the

[1] Quoted by Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, *Mysticism and Catholicism*, p. 237 n.
[2] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, II, p. 208.
[3] H. P. Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, III, p. 172.
[4] Hurrell Froude, *Remains*, Part I, vol. i, p. 382.

rash generalisation about what a party *as such* is sure to do or to forbear. To what extent Communism has now spread among our High Church representatives, no one can tell. But seventy years ago, W. G. Ward declared that social improvement must always be of relatively slight moment to those whose citizenship is in heaven,[1] and it was clear enough that his associates acted on some such principle. In a like spirit the keenest disputant among the young Anglo-Catholics of our time said that the Christian religion must remain far apart from the democratic movement "because the one must have its chief interest in the next life, the other in this." [2]

Amid such difficulties and confusions, a last resort is to suppose that there is no single coherent system of thought common to all Anglo-Catholics in virtue of the school to which they belong. George Salmon complained that the Tractarian leaders who went over to Rome in 1845, after such fierce campaigning against Roman doctrine, did so "without making the smallest attempt to answer their own arguments," and thus left it a question of great obscurity why they went at all.[3] Just now the Dean of St. Paul's is no less willing to assume a similar breach by which, obviously, nothing is explained. "The goodwill of the Tractarian firm," he writes, "has now been acquired by men with very different aims and methods." [4] But before we make this facile guess to rid ourselves of an intellectual enigma, it is right that we should examine the development a little more closely. The transit from Anglo-Catholicism to Rome has been made by men so indisputably sincere, and justified by writers of such lucid force, that while Salmon was puzzled to guess why Newman left the Church of England, others have found more difficulty in guessing

[1] The Positivists, he said, admired achievements on behalf of the prosperity of the human race on earth, "an end of surpassing importance to the Secularist, of only passing and minor interest to the Christian view" (Wilfrid Ward: *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 82).

[2] R. A. Knox, *Some Loose Stones*, p. 3.

[3] G. Salmon, *The Infallibility of the Church*.

[4] W. R. Inge, *Outspoken Essays*, First Series, p. 186.

why Pusey remained in it. On the other hand, it is hard to suppose that such men as Bishop Gore have either completely mistaken their own true spiritual kinship, or decided—on tactical grounds—to affect unawareness of an irreducible conflict within their party to-day. Nor does it require any very searching analysis to reveal an essential coincidence—in the things which matter most of all—between the earliest and the latest phases of Anglo-Catholicism. What Newman taught in *The Prophetical Office of the Church* is exactly what Bishop Gore taught thirty years ago in *The Church and the Ministry*. To the same doctrine, in *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, he still proclaims his allegiance. Inferences, no doubt, have been drawn differently in detail. Applications have varied, as they were bound to vary, with changing circumstances. But the root idea has persisted. What was vital and moving in *Tracts for the Times* had not lost its power in *Lux Mundi*, and it remains—as chemists would say—"the active principle" in *Essays Catholic and Critical*.

I

It was under most unfriendly auspices that the term "Anglo-Catholic" made its first appearance in general literature. No one can tell who invented it; but Charlotte Brontë first made it current—in a derisive paragraph of a novel. In 1847 this remarkable young woman, viewing her country from her father's secluded Yorkshire vicarage, became too impatient with the freaks of the Oxford Movement to restrain any longer her mordant wit. So she began her satiric tale about curates with a warning to the reader that he must expect an austere literary repast, for the first dish at least would be of the sort that might be eaten on Good Friday in Passion Week by a Catholic—"aye, even by an Anglo-Catholic." [1] But the word was not of Charlotte Brontë's own coining. She merely intro-

[1] *Shirley*, p. 1.

duced to the wider public a term which had obtained real, though very limited, vogue in the dialect of the Oxford leaders. It had been used, without either apology or explanation, in pamphlets of the Movement.[1] Under the title *Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology*, the Tractarians had issued such selected passages from old writers of repute as might give authoritative sanction to their own views. Those "great Caroline divines," whom they loved to invoke against the degenerate bishops of the early nineteenth century, were cited as "Anglo-Catholic."

In the choice of passages for citation there is wide opportunity to mislead, and Kingsley thought the great Caroline divines had good ground to complain of capricious editing.[2] But at least the epithet applied to them was not ill-chosen. Every hyphenated word suggests a blend of ideas *prima facie* dissimilar, and the so-called "Anglo-Catholic" divine of the seventeenth century used to mediate between opinions which a later age has thought sheer contradictories. He was in schism from that great Church by which, in popular speech, the name "Catholic" has been monopolised. But however strongly a Laud, an Andrewes or a Ken might sympathise with revolt against the abuses of the ancient order, he was far indeed from accepting the doctrines of a Luther, a Calvin or a Knox. He rejected the claim of the Bishop of Rome to supremacy, but he remained none the less sure that the episcopal system—at least thirteen centuries old—was indeed of divine appointment and not of human contriving. He resented interference with the politics of England by a spiritual potentate resident abroad, but he was unshaken in his belief that matters of faith are to be settled by the authority of a religious institution in which the Spirit of God is ever active. He recognised that

[1] Cf., e.g. its frequent use in Newman's article, "The Catholicity of the Anglican Church," published in the *British Critic*, 1840. Cf. also the letter from the Bishop of Oxford to Newman in 1842 (*Apologia*, p. 173) referring to the "so-called Anglo-Catholic monastery" then in process of erection at Littlemore.

[2] Cf. *Charles Kingsley, Letters and Memorials of his Life*, edited by his wife, p. 68.

forms of worship had been perverted by men who had made the means of grace into commodities of sacerdotal bargain and sale; but to him it was the members of a degenerate priesthood who had thus offended, not the priest-idea that was essentially wrong. Thus the quarrel between Henry VIII and the Pope, in which the English Reformation historically began, but in which not a few characteristic ideas of the continental Reformers had no place, left the Church of England a sheer puzzle. It seemed a compromise, unintelligible alike to thoroughgoing adherents of the old faith which it had abjured, and to thoroughgoing adherents of the new faith which it showed no readiness to adopt.

In truth, if a preference must be expressed, many a seventeenth-century Anglican had far more obvious and far more fundamental kinship with Roman than with Protestant thinkers. The famous "Protest" at the Diet of Spier did not greatly interest him. He hated the idea of a breach with usages of the religious past. The historic forms of Church government and worship were to him sacred. A sacramental system administered by a priesthood with power thus to mediate the grace of God was for him intellectually far more acceptable than the new-fangled notion of an inspired Book out of which each seeker must extract doctrine by his own wits. Sometimes the Anglican of the seventeenth century, like W. G. Ward and his friends in the nineteenth,[1] was impressed by the suggestion that to each soul, confronting this terrific enterprise, supernatural help was assured, so long as honest and prayerful inquiry was made into what the sacred volume meant. But the difficulty of supposing that salvation was for those who "hear the Church" did not appear to him greater than the difficulty of limiting it to those, relatively few, who have access—in fallible translations—to a printed Book. He felt this all the more when he noticed that the Book was in practice so variously interpreted as to cast much doubt

[1] Cf. W. G. Ward in the *British Critic*, xxx, pp. 344–5.

on its independent value for this purpose. Moreover, he thought it fair to assume that if supernatural assistance were available, it would be vouchsafed—as Scripture itself seemed to suggest—rather to the whole Church which the Lord had founded than to its isolated members each thinking for himself.

Some indeed of the Caroline divines, notably the "Christian Platonists," were enthusiastic for what has been called "the inspiration of the individual." But to most of them such an idea was more Quakerish than Anglican, and the Anglicans who urged it seemed more Platonist than Christian. They were nicknamed "latitudinarians." Dean Inge is just now the chief advocate of the school, finding therein that genuine Protestantism which he has more than once defined as "the democracy of religion." [1] In the light, however, of his more matured views about democracy, one wonders how far the dean would now like to be reminded of this daring definition! Inspired individuals had a tendency rather centrifugal than centripetal, and already they were dispersing along many paths. The ancient unity of the Church seemed to count for nothing with such adventurous Protestantism. In contrast to this individualising temper, the word "Catholic" meant just what was dear to the majority of Anglicans. There was no other word equally significant of the idea, and its old opposition to the word "heretic" was in its favour. Welcome, too, was its implication that the Church of God had no boundaries, geographic, national or racial, and that the conditions of its citizenship were not to be determined by any counsel of human expediency, because they had been fixed once for all by the divine Founder. If, then, "Catholic" had been monopolised by the Roman Communion, what was this but another example of the liberties popular speech can take with the true meaning of names? Least of all should this name ever have become the badge of a party. Thus, following the lead of the

[1] *Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, p. 128. Cf. *Faith and its Psychology*, p. 107 n.

seventeenth-century divines who had not yet become Protestantised, the men of the Oxford Movement resolved to restore its original sense. In the Roman Church they saw at least that fidelity to the religious past which they desired to reassert for the Church as a whole. But they would reassert this while keeping what was valuable in the English Reformation. It was no doubt often needful to "protest." But it was a poor party, they thought, either religious or political, which was constituted by protesting alone.[1]

What the Oxford men had in mind, then, was to attempt —though sadly belated—that reform which was too mild for Luther but too daring for Erasmus. They thought this might even yet be effected by creating an Anglican variety within the genus "Catholicism." No man can now doubt that in a measure they accomplished just this. Their method was to proceed without sheer innovation, by restoring what the most authoritative Anglican divines of two centuries before had not only admitted but emphasised. Incessantly they showed from the record how in sixteenth-century England there had been no counterpart of the European phenomena either of Lutheranism or of Calvinism, and how the bishops of the English Church in the seventeenth century had in the most explicit language repudiated what these schismatic systems contained. It was easy to present such a case. The Prayer Book of Edward VI was indeed but a localised adaptation of the Roman Missal. If it had come to be understood as teaching that religious truth is reached by the private judgment of individuals upon the text of Scripture, apart from all reference to the traditions of the Church, this was but a warping and distorting of the plain sense of the Prayer Book itself. Everywhere it implies, and very frequently it cites by name, an officiating priesthood, while the continental Reformers used to insist with glee that the very conception of "priest" is unknown to the Christianity of the New Testament. At all events,

[1] Cf. the remark of Bayle to Polignac: "I am a Protestant, for in my soul I protest against all that I hear said and all that I see done."

it was a conception quite familiar in the writings of the Fathers, and—as Bishop Montague pointed out—those who demand Scripture warrant in so many words for everything cannot show, for example, that infants should be baptised.[1] Clearly the Prayer Book was intended for persons who could accept a well-attested Church tradition, reaching backward to the earliest times, without further "proof" from individual scrutiny of the Bible.

II

But it is not just to preserve continuity that the Anglo-Catholic is concerned. He does indeed desire to escape from the old intolerable account of the Church as apostate during the long ages called "dark," refusing—like the curate in *Yeast*—to "cast away as an accursed chaos a thousand years of Christian history," or to suppose that light was withdrawn for thirty generations of men from that Church with which the Founder had promised His abiding presence until the end of the world.[2] He shrinks from the idea of Christianity as having vanished soon after the days of the Apostles, not to reappear until certain sixteenth-century spirits accomplished the "Reformation." To him that is a wholly incredible picture of the ways of Providence in the past. But it appears likewise to discredit the religious usages of the present. For the Anglo-Catholic, the Scripturalism enjoined by Chillingworth and accepted by the Evangelicals is a caricature even of Protestant practice to-day.

For there is no Protestant of his acquaintance by whom the Bible is not, in large measure, understood and applied through the medium of inherited habits of thought or belief. One may quote the judgment given, with surely no Anglo-Catholic bias, by Benjamin Jowett, that while one group in the Reformed Churches define the meaning of Scripture from the Prayer Book, their rivals interpret

[1] *Orig. Eccles.*, ii, 67, p. 396. [2] C. Kingsley, *Yeast*, p. 81.

"the Bible and the Bible only" with silent reference to the traditions of the Reformation.[1] Are such traditions, arising so variously, with such curious dependence on the temperament and the politics of four hundred years ago, to be invoked against those other traditions which have come in unbroken sequence from the men who companied with the Lord?

The Anglo-Catholic, in truth, finds Protestant practice more reasonable by far than Protestant theory. Children of Evangelical parents are taught their catechism, and from early years are made to join in the repetition of a creed. It may be true that catechism and creed are "based upon the Bible," though the truth of this would be hotly contested at not a few points by some large group of the Protestants themselves. But it is at least beyond doubt that the Church standards are assimilated first, and that the Scripture is read by growing young men and women with this body of doctrine in mind. Scripture may be their text, but the standards are their commentary, and it is the commentary which in practice is decisive when a dispute arises. One hears that in Soviet Russia no manner of creed may be taught (except, apparently, Communism) until a child has become old enough to be ready for argument! But the pattern set at Moscow seems, fortunately, unique. This monstrous task of "approaching the Bible for one's self with an unprejudiced mind," however Evangelical parents may enjoin it upon their children, and may suppose that they have accomplished it themselves, is in truth seldom or never attempted in England. Those who have been bold enough to essay it have reached results so divergent as to show that their method was wrong. An ordinary Anglican will thus hesitate before he subjects to his own independent inquiry one of those numerous passages which still "bear traces of many a life-long strife in the pages of commentators." [2] The Anglo-Catholic notices, too, that certain religious institutions of his country are a

[1] *Essays and Reviews*, p. 330.

[2] Cf. ibid., p. 331.

standing protest against the principle which their founders are supposed to have held. In the establishment of Sunday Schools, for which the Low Church can claim such well-deserved credit, there is obvious avowal that childhood at least ought not to be left to desperate measures of self-enlightenment. Those who, narrow scripturalists as they were, set up the Sunday School must be said to have builded better than they knew.

Why not, then, openly acknowledge the logical theory upon which this unchallenged practice rests, rather than pretend a contrary theory which would condemn it? The Anglo-Catholic is quick to point out that not for childhood alone does the interpreting of the Bible require supplementary aid. For the average Evangelical adult has never asked himself the question how such documents as the Apostles' Creed were drawn up, how far they are really faithful to the Scripture which is assumed to be their basis, still less how and why in the settlement of Scripture itself certain books were admitted to the Canon and certain others were rejected. He has enough good sense to realise that problems like these would be beyond his own power to determine. No doubt he avows a general belief that they have been—or, more probably, that they "must have been" —determined in the past by men of such learning and piety as make them deserving of his trust. But a little closer acquaintance with the record of Church controversies will bring him to a state of mind in which—if he is faithful to his Scripturalism—this early confidence will not long survive. He has perhaps read somewhere that the Nicene Creed was "but the majority decision of a committee which sat sixteen hundred years ago." His experience of majority decisions among committees of the learned and the pious in his own time is not reassuring.

Nevertheless the average Evangelical adheres, on some ground which he is not at all anxious to explain, to that faith which he was taught "at his mother's knee." The Anglo-Catholic would be the last to mock or disparage the

wisdom of this course. On the contrary, he applauds it as a habit capable of far more rational defence than that rule of "private judgment" which he sees honoured so much more in the breach than in the observance. What he asks is that the admirable practice should cease to be obstructed and embarrassed by a professed theory which would forbid it. He thinks it possible to construct a contrary theory, by which it is at once psychologically explained and intellectually justified.

. . . . . .

That theory will perhaps become clearest if one compares the spirit of Protestant with that of Anglo-Catholic Evangelism. It is in the slum mission-hall, not in the ornate Congress of Divines, still less in the Round Table Conference, that the detached investigator will find his evidence. Turn then, for a moment, from the learned theologians to the active missionaries of each side. Not from rival statements of creed, issued with apologetic reserve, but from the respective methods of popular appeal, can one learn what each really takes to be the true message to mankind.

In a Chinese village or in the assembly-room of an East End settlement an envoy of the Cross is at work. By what means will the "glad tidings of great joy" be authenticated to his audience? We may dismiss at once, as beneath criticism or even comment, the idea that anything is *proved* to those listeners. The converts could not afterwards produce one intelligible "argument" for the new belief which they have so fervently embraced. As they tell their story, it is crowded with statements about what happened nineteen centuries ago—statements which many a competent historian would reject as mythological, and for which at all events not one of those who have so suddenly staked all hope upon them could cite a particle of evidence. "The Bible" is invoked, round a Salvation Army torchlight at a street corner. But how far this is reliable evidence for anything, is known to them as little as they know whether

Herodotus gave a true account of the Persian Wars or whether Einstein has made real improvement on the physics of Newton. Unless, then, we are to say—with the agnostic and atheistic world—that the success of that evangelistic effort is just an exploitation of human simplicity, we must justify it on non-intellectual grounds. What grounds shall we assign?

(i) We may say, with the devout Protestant whom "Modernism" has not yet bewildered into diffidence, that each convert is a separate individual case of the operation of God upon the soul. "The Spirit of God," says the *Westminster Catechism*, "maketh the reading, but especially the preaching, of the Word an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners." There is nothing here about "private judgment." No task so frightfully incommensurate with the faculties of that listener in a Chinese village or in a mean street of the East End of London is here laid upon him. The Westminster divines saw that "conversion" takes place; and, in the absence of intellectual explanations to account for it, they boldly asserted that it is miraculous. To them it was part of the great plan that certain persons, elect from all eternity, should—when the fullness of their time was come—be brought "to a saving knowledge of the truth." The Wesleyan Methodist, though he denies election, preferring apparently to think that the miracle was a sudden rather than that it was a long-intended purpose of God, is equally sure that miraculous interference with the course of human nature has taken place. Before such explanation one must withdraw every doubt about the cause as inadequate to the effect. We may have other difficulties, particularly in regard to the capricious selection of persons on whose behalf the Most High will thus intervene, leaving others—one is forced to think, the great majority—to their fate. But the scheme is internally coherent, at least in its Westminster form,—like most schemes thought out by the stern logic of a Calvinist.

It seems, too, like a perfect echo of the *Epistle to the Romans*: "Whom He did foreknow, them He also did predestinate. . . . Whom He did predestinate, them He also called."

(ii) It is on a different theory that the Anglo-Catholic worker proceeds. He cannot think of salvation as depending exclusively upon one's contact with a Book, either by reading it or by hearing its content unfolded. For him it is through the witness of a living institution, not less than through the witness of a printed document, that the character and will of God are revealed to mankind.

He thus confronts his audience not as the expositor of a text, but as the authorised representative of the Christian society. He appeals as a man with a commission. If anyone asks for his credentials, he is as little embarrassed by the challenge as is a Protestant preacher by inquiries about the ultimate reliability of Scripture. In truth, as missionaries of every sort are aware, it is not by perplexities of either kind that the average audience is troubled. The appeal is to the conscience, the heart, the emotions. Apologetic has its place in the college lecture-room, not in the mission tent. To the prying curiosity of some "intellectual," who may wait to ask by what authority this proclamation of the Evangel is made, perhaps an answer at least as coherent and credible may be given by the Anglo-Catholic priest who quotes his ordination as by the Methodist preacher who refers to a passage in *St. John*. But the Anglo-Catholic priest is on safer ground, because he does not even affect to justify his position by argument. Both speak what they believe they know, and testify what they believe they have seen. The witness of each is heard. Why? Because deep calleth unto deep. *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum.*

III

But the really distinctive features of Anglo-Catholicism still remain to be indicated. To the foregoing argument for Tradition many a Protestant reader may have yielded so far a general acquiescence, though probably with increasing doubts and suspicions of its ultimate drift. What marks the Anglo-Catholic as such is his view of the actual *content* of Christian Tradition, and of the source from which it is always to be collected.

Reverencing the religious usage of many centuries before the Reformation, and believing that this may be traced back at least to the sub-apostolic age, the Anglo-Catholic insists that Jesus Christ founded not only a *faith* but an *institution*—an ecclesiastical order which His followers must retain, not because they think it convenient, or because it has been found edifying, but because it was appointed by Him. With great joy Canon Lacey accepts the motto: "It is the Mass that matters."[1] For essential to the Christian order, as the Anglo-Catholic conceives it, is the sacramental system—the very core of worship, through which it is the will of Christ that grace shall be imparted to those who communicate in the spirit and after the forms which He ordained. By the sacramental channel, and by that channel alone, are His mercies "covenanted," though it is not for human wisdom to decide how far like mercies may be bestowed upon those who unwittingly (not wilfully) have failed to fulfil the appointed condition.[2]

In the same manner, for the Anglo-Catholic, has the episcopal order of Church government been divinely enjoined, and those who still substitute for it an order of their own devising must share the guilt of the men who in the sixteenth century "broke certain fundamental principles and laws of the Catholic Church."[3] The three-fold

[1] Cf. *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 140.
[2] Cf., e.g., Gore, *The Church and the Ministry*, p. 348.
[3] Gore, *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, p. 352.

ministry of bishops, priests and deacons is not among the arrangements left to our choice. Writers like Bishop Gore do not indeed contend that it was expressly appointed by our Lord Himself. But they insist that it was clearly established by the Apostles, and already accepted in that sub-apostolic period when the tradition of those who had companied with the Lord was still vivid. Thus we depart from it at our peril. The historic episcopate is a true "Apostolical Succession," and its observance is—like that of the Sacraments—a term of the "covenant."

All this depends on the cardinal Anglo-Catholic doctrine of the seat of religious authority. The Reformers' appeal to the Bible alone is discarded. For the Anglo-Catholic the Bible is not, and was never intended to be, the one standard of reference in disputes about faith or order. It clearly presupposes a certain attitude of mind in the reader,—the attitude of him who already possesses the Christian teaching, so that he needs no more than further enlightenment or illustration regarding what this means and involves. In short, the Christian society had been entrusted, by the witness of the living voice of Apostles and apostolic men, with the content of what God had revealed through Christ. To attempt rediscovery of this by independent reading of the sacred text was to invite just those discords and misunderstandings by which Christians have been set in separate sects, and schism has been multiplied through the centuries. "Private judgment," in the Lutheran or the Calvinistic sense, was the great error of the Reformers. The Anglo-Catholic demands a return to the earlier reliance on Tradition.

By this he does not mean that the work of the Reformers was wholly evil. He agrees that many an abuse had arisen in the Catholic Church, and that these abuses were sharply corrected—though, also, in correcting them, such men as Luther or Calvin destroyed much that was good as well as much that was bad. A great deal had been superfluously added, as belonging to the authentic witness of the Church

which the Spirit was to guide into all truth. But while professing to remove only the superfluities, the enthusiasm of Reform denied that very doctrine of the Spirit's guidance, to substitute an impossible exercise of the individual reason upon the text of Scripture! How far this was to lead, became realised only by degrees, for "in a former age the tendency of mere Protestantism had not discovered itself with the fearful clearness which has attended its later history." [1] "The Church of Rome had at least kept the principle of true Catholicism, though perverted; popular Protestantism was wanting in the principle." [2]

Between these two extremes it is argued that the Church of England in its great days, before it had been absurdly assumed to be itself a species of "mere Protestantism," took the wise middle course. Its bishops thought of themselves, not as officials of a civil government, but as successors of the Apostles, without a single break in the line. It ventured no scheme of human contrivance to take the place of what had been divinely ordained. It rested not upon Protestant "Bibliolatry," but upon the witness of the Spirit in the living Church; not upon the pulpit eloquence of this or that preacher, but upon the grace of the Sacraments duly and devoutly celebrated. It avoided those superstitious adornments by which Roman usage had dared to supplement the true service of the Altar, and also those sacerdotal claims by which a self-conscious priesthood misstated what Christ had in truth committed to them. To such pre-Reformation faith and worship it is necessary to go back, having so long missed the way and followed a wrong turning of the road. It is genuine Catholicism which must be restored, in disregard alike of the Roman and of the Protestant perversion. And as such a system prevailed in England, in better days than ours, a suitable name for those who realise its value is "Anglo-Catholic."

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[1] Newman, *The Prophetical Office of the Church*, p. 20. [2] ibid., p. 41.

In this statement of the position, many familiar points have been omitted. The reader may be surprised to have found nothing about the Confessional, about reservation and adoration of sacramental Elements, about penance, about pre-Communion fasting, about the invocation of saints and the cult of the Virgin,—perhaps even about incense and vestments. On such matters something will be said in the pages which follow. They are omitted here, partly because I have tried to limit my account to what all real Anglo-Catholics believe, and because on not a few of these much-discussed subjects there is acute divergence in the school itself. But a further reason for omitting them at this stage was my desire to state at the outset only the cardinal principles. However eagerly the Anglo-Catholic may argue that private confession, penance, adoration of "the Sacrament" or the invoking of saints has a good and wholesome effect, it is plain that what really commands his obedience is the Tradition under which—as he thinks —these practices are enjoined. And though, no doubt, the practical working of a principle is a valuable test of its truth, it seems right to begin at least with scrutiny of its foundations.

That many an Anglo-Catholic will be disgusted with this statement of his creed on account of its jejune poverty, I fully realise. No less certain is it that many a Protestant will think it so rich in the incredible as to be "surely a caricature of what sane men in this twentieth century can believe." But the statement is based neither on the evidence of those fiercer Anglo-Catholics who dislike the word preceding the hyphen in their designation, nor upon that of the mildest among them who accept the word following the hyphen reluctantly and for the sake of peace. It is derived from the witness of the most cautious and temperate, yet at the same time the most determined, men who either stood in the past or stand to-day as leaders of the Movement. That their creed is not that of the present writer, will be made abundantly clear. It is but fair,

however, to state in the most reasonable form a view from which one intends to dissent.

In the next chapter an effort will be made to explain that historic situation in which the first stirrings of the Movement were felt. For it was indeed no accident that a return to pre-Reformation thought should have begun in the England of 1833.

CHAPTER II

PROVOCATIVES OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: (*a*) AN INEFFECTIVE PROTESTANTISM

The work of the Reformation is accomplished. The pride of human reason, which was evident in the first Reformers, and still more in their successors, has guided us so ill, especially during the last century, that it has come into antagonism with itself and has destroyed itself.

AUGUST SCHLEGEL.

CHAPTER II

PROVOCATIVES OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: (*a*) AN INEFFECTIVE PROTESTANTISM

PROTESTANTISM, says a recent writer,[1] was never more dominant in the Church of England than at the time when the Oxford Movement began. It is probably true. Certain doctrines are never in such peril as when they are dominant, never so secure as when they are unobtrusive. What was the character of the Protestantism which prevailed? It had been determined largely by three forces: (i) the Wesleyan Revival, (ii) the Industrial Revolution, (iii) the still lingering influence of Deism. How perilous was the situation which these causes conspired to produce, and which the Oxford leaders tried to remedy, it will be the aim of this chapter to set forth. Carlyle summarised it best of all: "An age destitute of faith, yet terrified of scepticism." [2]

I

No one with either historic insight or religious appreciation will challenge the claim of John Wesley to a great place in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Birrell[3] has remarked with justice that no other figure of the eighteenth century had influenced so many minds or touched so many hearts. Macaulay[4] thought that the founder of Methodism had shown a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu. It is indeed scarcely possible to over-state what he achieved in his own chosen

[1] Canon T. A. Lacey, in *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 26.
[2] Essay on Sir Walter Scott (published 1838).
[3] Paper on John Wesley in *Essays and Addresses*.
[4] Essay on Southey's *Colloquies on Society*.

field. If in the pages which follow I have to deprecate some effects of what he did, it is right to begin by joining in the universal tribute to that long life of earnest service. Wesley supplied just the need which was most urgent at the time, stirring to fresh vigour a lethargic and indolent Church, fascinating and inspiring multitudes of men whom no one else seemed either anxious or competent to address, and cementing a vast organisation which now—after a century and a half—holds the allegiance of perhaps the largest single group of Protestants throughout the world. But during the last twenty years of his life certain forces were gathering which were destined to transform the thought of Europe, and with which the men who inherited his tradition were powerless to grapple. Before many years had passed after his death, it became evident that if Christianity was to survive in intellectual England, an alternative to the Wesleyan statement of it must be found. Unfortunately, so far as the Church of England was concerned, it was the section almost indistinguishable from Methodists who alone had any surviving energies at all.

The coarse abuse showered by Anglican bishops upon Wesley and his "societies," the incapacity of men like Warburton and Lavington to discern how great a thing was the enterprise he had started, the crass selfishness of so many of the clergy burlesqued in Fielding's Parson Trulliber, have made it seem ungenerous to say a single critical word about the faults of that eighteenth-century evangelism. But when Macaulay, despite his regard for the founder of the sect, explained that a scholar is not necessarily a pedant any more than a Christian must be a Methodist,[1] he intended an important distinction. John Wesley was as remote as a man could be from the intellectual life of his time. So far as he was concerned, such books as Hume's *Natural History of Religion*, such historical criticism as the fifteenth chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, not to speak of the whole pamphleteering by Voltaire, were as though

[1] Trevelyan, *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, chap. ii, p. 71.

they had never been. His single incursion into such a field, when he replied to Conyers Middleton in 1749, served but to show how little he understood what was at issue.

Ill-qualified as they were to judge, those arrogant bishops bethought themselves by chance of many a criticism both shrewd and pointed upon the new "enthusiasts." Evangelicalism was indeed outraging the scientific temper at every point. Wesley united in himself most of the contemporary superstitions against which nascent science had then to struggle. To him miracles were a part of one's daily life. Constantly he would watch for signs and portents which the pious must interpret and apply. These ranged, in his view, from vast world occurrences, like the Lisbon earthquake which plainly fulfilled a divine plan, to small occurrences of obviously diabolic origin—such as the uncontrollable laughter of himself and his brother Charles by which the arch-fiend diverted their attention from their hymn-book. What so many of his devout followers even in our time reject as "man's learning" was to Wesley a spiritual menace. He would learn no mathematics, for example, because he felt sure that studies of such a kind would upset his Christian belief, nor would he admit that Newton had in any degree improved man's knowledge of the universe. He was well satisfied that this new-fangled physics had been so signally refuted by the "Hutchinsonians"—a school once famous for its annotated edition of *Moses's Principia* as a corrective to the *Principia* of Newton. He believed insanity to be, in the main, demoniac possession, and Conyers Middleton must surely have forgotten his more celebrated contemporary when he felt able to say that belief in the existence of witches had at length become utterly extinct.[1] Fifty years after the last execution of a "witch" by which the record of British courts was stained, and thirty years after all legislation against these imaginary offenders had been repealed, John Wesley was still telling the world that the evidence for a real black art was

[1] Middleton, *Works*, I, p. 357.

irresistible, and that with the acknowledgment of witchcraft one's faith in Christianity itself must stand or fall!

English evangelicals of the early nineteenth century preserved all too well the traditions of the founder of Methodism. The notion that God was constantly interfering with mechanical Nature, for purposes which a superficial human inspection could assign, showed itself in the ceaseless identifying of particular providences, and in the assurance with which the ill-fortune of individuals was traced to personal sins which the preacher or the religious writer could name. Saints of the Desert did not move in a more vivid environment of angels and devils than did the English Methodist of a hundred years ago. No regard at all seems to have been paid to that scripture which warns against a hasty condemnation of those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, or those whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices. The habitual illustrations of a Methodist magazine were from the fearful fate by which So-and-so had been overtaken on his way home from a dance or a card party. Keeping the "Sabbath" was seldom enforced without some such alarming tale as that of a man known to the district who had reaped his corn on the day of worship, but of whom a lightning flash had made solemn example as he closed his barn door.[1] The belief of the twelfth century, that a sinner might so exasperate the Most High as to have his deathbed beset by the tempting voices of fiends, lest devout thoughts should have a chance to cheat the judgment through a belated repentance, hardly went beyond that doctrine of a "judicial hardening of heart" by which the pious only three generations ago did such dishonour to the Father of mankind. Pictures of the opening of the books at the great final assize were so painted by these evangelists that not a few, as in medieval times under a like strain, lost their reason. No detail was spared, of the kind that Philip Doddridge, in another dissenting group, had ingeniously supplied, when

[1] Cf. Sydney Smith's collection of cases in the *Edinburgh Review*.

he comforted parents sure of the damnation of their children by pointing out that in the future life the natural affections will be no longer active.[1] This was the dark side of that Evangelicalism which won such deserved gratitude by the practical fervours of a Clarkson or an Elizabeth Fry, and such deserved admiration by the glowing eloquence of a Robert Hall.

The "coldness" of the Established Church was at least a safeguard against horrors of this sort. When Charles Wesley said that his brother had started a schism as causeless and as unprovoked as the American Revolution, the similitude had keener truth than he knew. Even if we judge both upheavals to have been inevitable, we need not overlook the unfortunate developments of each, when long experience has shown "democracy"—religious as well as political—to have such a ragged edge. It is one of Mr. Hardy's Anglican villagers who has reflected how "chapel folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we," [2] and Dissent in England a hundred years ago provided many an illustration. Side by side with this claim of intimacy in the divine counsels went the usual confident interpretation of the predictive parts of Scripture, and the usual certitude that judgment was there foreshadowed upon those whom the interpreter disapproved. In some degree, by a sort of infection, a like habit arose among Evangelical Anglicans. Like Joseph in *Wuthering Heights*, they ransacked the Bible to rake the promises to themselves and fling the curses at their neighbours. Stanley quotes a letter of Arnold deploring the current application of the *Book of Daniel* to the Napoleonic wars, and declaring that all such commentators pervert the truth of history in order to make it fit the prophecy.[3] But Arnold was a Broad Churchman—as that term was at first understood—and was much suspected of being a heretic. Passage after passage in *The Pickwick*

[1] Doddridge, *Works*, ii, p. 179.
[2] *Far from the Madding Crowd*, xlii.
[3] Stanley, *Life of Arnold*, p. 59.

Papers[1] shows that Dickens must have had before him a very forbidding brand of religiosity. It seems that the sermons of Dr. Cumming were typical of no small section among the Nonconformists—sermons themselves forgotten, but preserved in substance by George Eliot's merciless critique. They presented the Pope as the Man of Sin, Cardinal Wiseman as the unclean spirit, the French as the frogs of the Apocalypse. The beast out of the abyss, the scorpions whose sting was in their tails, the lying prophet, and the horn that had eyes, were all dogmatically identified. "If an evangelical preacher," wrote George Eliot, "wishes to have the avenues to his church as crowded as the passages to the Opera . . . let him rival Moore's Almanac in the prediction of political events, tickling the ears of his hearers who are but moderately spiritual by showing how the Holy Spirit has dictated problems and charades for their benefit."[2] Nor were the soothsayers apparently at all abashed by the circumstance that the like successive predictions had been from age to age in close harmony with the political passions of the time, growing with their growth, and disappearing with their disappearance.

Such was Methodism, and such was Evangelical Anglicanism, on the intellectual side, at a time when astronomy, geology, literary and historical investigation were sounding their challenge to the world of ancient creeds! For what was coming, and coming very soon, there was no preparation. As Sir William Hamilton lamented twenty years afterwards, the universities where the clergy were trained had even dropped the philosophical element from their discipline—truly a "singular and perilous disarmature."

[1] e.g. *Pickwick*, xxii. Cf. also *David Copperfield*, iv; *Barnaby Rudge*, xiii, etc.
[2] G. Eliot, *Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming*.

II

But it was not only the disturbing effects of science and the enfeebled condition of its own thinking that the Established Church had to fear. These were not causes which would have weakened it very greatly, or at least very quickly, with the masses, as Wesleyanism had so clearly shown. But in the first quarter of the nineteenth century it had suffered a constant loss of that influence by which the Church of England can hold a great section of the English masses —the influence of its ancient prestige. This had been shaken by recent changes in industry. It was perhaps the Industrial Revolution, more than any other single cause, which intensified Protestantism a hundred years ago. But the peculiar features of the Protestantism it intensified gave good ground for alarm.

In structure, the Church of England was a feudal institution, and until the closing quarter of the eighteenth century its feudal splendours were still impressive. Not even yet, in these so different days, has the English mind —essentially conservative and docile to tradition—escaped the hypnotic effect of that ornate system, its lords spiritual side by side with the lords temporal, the gradations of ecclesiastical grandeur parallel with the gradations of political status. If under chivalry secular rank had been consecrated, it was not less true that the bishop and the priest had been invested with a quasi-imperial power. Feature after feature of the Establishment even a hundred years ago carried back one's imagination to the days when the pomp of Wolsey had outshone that of his sovereign.

But the traditional order was beginning to break up, and the solvent was that new Middle Class whose pride was in growing insurgence against the old régime. The rise of the industrial capitalist, made possible by the great inventions, and by the massing of skilled workers in the cities, had silently withdrawn from feudalism the basis on which

it had so long reposed. Dull farmers and duller labourers might be obsequious for ever to that strange amalgam which Sydney Smith called "the squirearchy"; but intelligent mechanics became restive, and before long they were reinforced in their revolt by that other group to which the same jesting ecclesiastic applied the description "scriptural classes." The ancient division by diocese and parish was an anachronism when the rural districts were denuded. To the industrial magnates, the *nouveaux riches* of the new order, obligations of diocese and parish meant little or nothing. They were jealous, indeed, of the landed classes, but with a jealousy that was only spiteful there was mingled a contempt which had a quite defensible ground. Men who were making England so prosperous abroad would not be proscribed from sharing in the effective direction of affairs at home. Wealth would demand, and could sooner or later compel, an adequate recognition. The brains that had devised the spinning-jenny, constructed the steam-engine, fashioned the Lancashire canals, drained the Lincoln fens, built Menai Bridge and Waterloo Bridge, all belonged to those classes which even after the Reform Act were politically inferior. Brindley was the son of a Midland collier. Hargreaves was a hand-loom weaver. Arkwright was a country barber. Watt got his first notions of mechanical dexterity as he looked on at his father planing on a carpenter's bench. No great sagacity was needed to see that men who were doing so much for the nation would not permanently submit to be ruled by men occupied for the most part in preserving game. It was the antagonism described by Mr. Millbank in *Coningsby*—between Saxon industry and Norman manners.[1]

Our immediate concern is with its indirect consequence for the Church. A great proportion of the manufacturers and inventors were in the ranks of Dissent. Theirs was a Nonconformity which was no mere aloofness, rather what Matthew Arnold called "the dissidence of Dissent,"

[1] *Coningsby*, p. 223.

becoming more shrill and emphatic year by year, in protest against the iron alliance of landlords and clergy which confronted them. By degrees one section at least of the Church realised what was happening, and began to contrive escape from the mediaeval network that was so obviously doomed. The essential Protestantism they began to display was a gesture of *rapprochement*.

Before long it was clear that this must end in an equalising of all Protestant bodies before the law, and consequently in the disestablishing, if not the disendowing, of the one which was still officially favoured by the State. This was Arnold's solution—part of that general scheme which, as Newman acknowledged, stirred in the Tractarian breast "fierce thoughts against the Liberals."[1] The first *Tract* speaks of it significantly. On what, it asks, under such an arrangement, could the Church rely to secure respect and attention from those whom she was sent to instruct? The prestige of birth and education and social connections had in the past protected an authoritative priesthood. Were they to sink to the miserable rôle of those dissenting preachers who, depending on their people for support, had notoriously become the creatures of those by whom they were paid? "Are you content that this should be your case? Alas! Can a greater evil befall Christians than for their teachers to be guided by them instead of guiding?"[2] These words will provoke a smile in the reader of to-day. But they will be very intelligible at least to the present Bishop of Durham, who is no fanatic for a sacerdotal order, but who not long ago, after his visit to Canada and the United States, declared the great weakness of the Church in those countries to lie in the complete dependence of clergy upon people. Nor must one forget to use the historic sense. A hundred years back, the Church of England had not yet begun to regard itself as a spiritual club, with officers periodically elected and subject to periodic dismissal. Perhaps the change has been for the better. But it was at

[1] Cf. *Apologia*, p. 33. [2] *Tract I.*

least a change of momentous import which, in this respect, was foreseen by those who could read the deeper significance of the Industrial Revolution.

III

At such a time, how fared it with that section of the English Church which still professed a certain keenness of intellectual interest, although its enthusiasm was slight and its popular appeal had almost disappeared? What of the school that was then called "High," but more appropriately "Dry"?

One must not forget the *Horæ Paulinæ*, published in 1790. Paley survived until 1805, and thirty years later the edition of his last book, with annotations and dissertations by Lord Brougham, testified to his enduring influence with men of the Brougham class. A more notable tribute to his memory was in those *Bridgewater Treatises* whose ingenious learning he had done so much to inspire. Less than justice is now done to the somewhat hard and unemotional reasoners who gave to the first generation of last century the "Argument from Design." But it was the sort of argument which belonged to the spirit and method of a generation long dead. Paley, with all his shining gifts, never to be forgotten at least for his *Horæ Paulinæ* even by those who turn from his *Natural Theology* with disgust, was himself the inheritor and perpetuator of an evil tradition. He was as much a warrior of the Faith as any knight of chivalry, and it is perhaps the thought of him which—in these different times—can make one best appreciate Sir William Hamilton's odd term "theological prowess." [1] The subtle Archdeacon of Carlisle was a connecting link with the old days of the Deists.

Deism was, indeed, supposed to have spent its strength

[1] Used in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1836, "On the Conditions of Classical Learning."

long before the nineteenth century opened. In 1793 Burke invoked the witness of the London book trade that its pamphlets had become unsaleable. Its once famous writers had been "gathered to the vault of all the Capulets." [1] Godwin could scarcely trace even a lingering effect of the great tempest of fifty years earlier.[2] Johnson felt so easy in his mind that he was able to jest about it, telling a characteristic story that part of its literature would never have seen the light but for a Scotsman's zeal to earn half a crown.[3] Perhaps, like the lady in *Hamlet*, those observers did protest too much, and would have been less vehement if they had felt more sure. In the very year when Burke and Godwin were declaring the school extinct, Thomas Paine was composing its most widely read and at least its most popularly influential manifesto. It is true that Deism had ceased to be discussed as of old in the drawing-rooms and the coffee-houses, where "the wits and the Town" had shown so surprising an interest in theological debate. Few could even remember that controversial time when pamphlet had followed pamphlet, when theologian and anti-theologian had stood *cantare pares et respondere parati*.[4] It was held, not without reason, that the orthodox champions had been dialectically victorious. Berkeley, Butler, and Bentley had far outgeneralled poor Tindal and Chubb and Collins. But it was a rash inference that discomfiture of these heretics had meant a final abolition of their heresy.

The heresy had survived in that extraordinary temper which was kept by the spiritual descendants of each side in the debate. For the years of Deism had been rationalistic not more in respect of the assaults to which Christianity had been subjected than in respect of the defences which had been set up on its behalf. It was still to the height of a great *argument* that apologists struggled. They would so buttress the Christian mysteries with "evidence," so state a case authenticated by miracle and backed by prophecy,

[1] *Reflections*. [2] *Political Justice*, I, p. 90. [3] Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, p. 88.
[4] Cf. Mark Pattison in *Essays and Reviews*, p. 296.

that a man must either own himself convinced or bear the reproach of being a dunce. The appeal of religion was deliberately intellectualised, so that it might be equally impressive to the faithless and to the faithful. But though hard knocks might thus be given to unbelief, though men might even be coerced into a sullen acquiescence, the positive result was as disappointing as it deserved to be. The "Design Argument" was pressed until it became unspeakably ridiculous. One recalls, for instance, that remarkable support to drooping faith which Paley drew from the adjustments of the human throat. It appears that a delicate mechanism there secures this result: the eater, though constantly on the point of being suffocated at a meal, almost always saves himself in time. In a city feast, for example,

> What deglutition, what anhelation! . . . Yet not two guests are choked in a century.[1]

John Wesley's explanation of his own matrimonial infelicity was no less devout. Providence, he believed, had sent him an unattractive wife, lest he should be drawn by the lure of home into neglect of his great evangelic field. There was plainly no limit to the demonstration of purpose if one were permitted such conjectures as these. It was such guess-work that occupied the ingenuity of not a few who thought themselves pious. One can understand Newman's complaint that the challenge of the Faith was being presented as an arithmetical alternative: "Three chances to one for revelation, and only two chances against it." [2] A good deal of contemporary apologetic—about the structure of the hand, about digestion, about the stars and what not —was of the same order of thought.

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There were better theologians here and there, both Anglican and non-Anglican, both clerical and lay. But

[1] Paley, *Natural Theology*, chap. x. [2] *Tract LXXXV.*

there was little reassurance in their work: rather indeed an added gloom, for the critic outside was still assumed to be a destroyer, and the critic within to be traitorous. At Oxford could be seen a little group of historically-minded clergymen, of whom Whately was chief, and among whom Arnold was showing great promise. In his secluded rural retreat of Linlathen—twenty miles from the city of Dundee—a Scottish advocate, Thomas Erskine by name, had found the intricacies of theology more fascinating than those of law, and was thinking out his famous argument about the superiority of internal to external evidence in the domain of the spiritual. It was perhaps Niebuhr's re-writing of Roman history which had suggested to Whately, as undoubtedly to Arnold, that the historical documents of the Old and New Testaments can be understood only when one reconstructs the environment in which they first appeared. In 1825 Thirlwall had prefaced his translation of Schleiermacher's *Essay on St. Luke* with an Excursus in which the impossibility of verbal inspiration was—almost for the first time—expounded with competence to the English mind. Three years later, Whately issued his work *On the Difficulties of St. Paul's Writings*, where the same point was driven home. But these books were received with more terror than relief. The timorous feared that their destructive influence would be more potent than all their efforts at rebuilding. Certainly so far as Thirlwall was concerned, though he afterwards became a bishop, the negative results of the inquiry were more conspicuous than the positive. Those "Cambridge Apostles" of 1830 were regarded at Oxford very much as the Modernists of our time are regarded in the circles of Fundamentalist devotion. They were taken to represent a "German menace" in theology.

Suspicion of heresy in Cambridge was much intensified by the knowledge that Cambridge scholars read German—not all of them, but far more generally than scholars of that period in Oxford. Even Macaulay, voracious

Cambridge *savant* as he was, postponed learning German until he had acquired Italian, Spanish, and a smattering of Portuguese. Thirlwall, Julius Hare, John Sterling, spent their days and nights on the text of Niebuhr, Tholuck, or Neander. But it was thought rather odd for Mark Pattison, already an Oxford tutor, to engage someone to teach him that forbidden language at five shillings an hour,[1] as Henry Sidgwick late in life took up Hebrew with the help of "some gaunt and hungry *Privat-dozent*." Pattison believed that not one of the Oriel Noetics had any such accomplishment.[2] But one remembers how Thomas Arnold, when thirty years of age, spent his leisure time on a German grammar that he might become able to consult certain historians in the original.[3] Mr. Lytton Strachey, however, who is not copious with his references, tells us that Arnold wrote an attack on the *Leben Jesu* without having read it,[4] and it must be supposed that he has some authority for the statement. The language was indeed very generally avoided in England, not only in ecclesiastical circles, but by the common run of men of letters, among whom Coleridge and De Quincey were exceptional. Henry Brougham was unwilling to favour Carlyle's candidature at London University on the ground of "the exotic character of his tastes"; and when Jeffrey gave the author of *Sartor* a chance to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, he made it a condition that the article should not assume all readers not yet Germanised to be blockheads. Nor was it until long after this date that the theological prejudice passed into that contrary

[1] Pattison, *Memoirs*, p. 114. [2] ibid., pp. 79, 80.

[3] Stanley, *Life of Arnold*, p. 33.

[4] *Eminent Victorians*, p. 229. At the time when Tractarianism was at its height, A. C. Tait was "studying in Germany" (Davidson and Benham, *Life of A. C. Tait*, I, p. 197), but it does not appear that he was interested in German theological works. The "downright common sense," which was afterwards at once his advantage and his limitation at Lambeth, kept him from bothering with the views of Schleiermacher or Strauss. Five years later, in a Latin sermon at Oxford, Stanley availed himself of what he called "the decent obscurity of a learned language" to urge "the offensive truth . . . that we ought to study German as well as English theology" (Prothero, *Life and Letters of Stanley*, I, p. 325).

enthusiasm we now know so well. Pusey was the first whose prestige was sufficient to overcome the common reproach, and even Pusey was for a time under a cloud. When Max Müller stood for the chair of Sanskrit at Oxford in 1861, a vigorous canvass was undertaken to defeat him for his "Germanism." Masters of Arts crowded to Convocation to register their votes against the one great Sanskrit scholar in England, because he was known to be a personal friend of Chevalier Bunsen! With delightful *naïveté*, the Tractarian reply to a German heretical pamphlet announced in its opening paragraph that it relied for data on an account of the doctrine "as contained in an American periodical." [1]

But, from the point of view of Oxford orthodoxy, there was ground for distrust—more ground than the orthodox knew. Strange news had come, from time to time, about theological unrest in "the countries of the European Reformation." Stanley once said that the development of the English Church would have been very different if Newman had been able to read German. At least his inability to do so saved Newman from many a distress, for he would have read in current German theology enough to make the worst heresies of an Anglican divine seem venial. What was the alarm at Oxford over Hampden—with his irreverent handling of the Scholastics, or even of the Nicene Fathers —when compared with the contemporary alarm at Tübingen over Baur and at Berlin over Schleiermacher, or with the alarm soon to appear at Zürich over Strauss? Under official sanction, the coming Lutheran pastors of Germany were being taught at Tübingen that the books of the New Testament were in the main propagandist pamphlets in which the rival schools of St. Paul and St. Peter produced counter-manipulation of the historic Faith. It required a popular earthquake at Zürich, culminating in the overthrow of the Government, to save young Swiss divinity students from professional direction by the writer of the

[1] *Tract LXXIII*, Postscript.

Leben Jesu, whose work—as has so often been observed—makes that of Ernest Renan seem relatively devotional. In Berlin, too, the congregation of Trinity Church, as well as the students in the theological class-rooms, had been hearing those impassioned appeals of Schleiermacher for a religion to which objective dogma was irrelevant, and in which for "the faith once delivered to the saints" there was substituted a constant and most disquieting reference to "the contents of the Christian consciousness." It sounded like that "religious experience" upon which the writers of *Foundations* make such incessant play, or the exchange of "I believe" for "One does feel" which is now so provoking to Father Ronald Knox.[1]

. . . . . .

Meanwhile in England inquiry and invention went on apace, with results as stimulating to the new curiosity about life in the present as they were depressing to old expectations about life in the future. Philosophers were under a cloud; but scientists were exulting in that somewhat murky sunshine which had become their habitat. Newman has recorded how in his young days the names of Davy, Lyell and Stephenson were household words. The last of these, though his steam-engine appeared a rather impious machine to a few of the old-fashioned, was not engaged on any research whose theological perils were obvious. Lyell, too, though Huxley[2] declares that he was boycotted in social circles for his *Principles of Geology*, was on the whole a cautious disturber of the intellectual *status quo*. But there was indisputable ground for alarm in the inquiries of the chemists. A hundred years ago, they had begun to arouse the same dread of an artificial manufacture of life which such investigators as Tyndall and Sir William Schäfer were destined to arouse long afterwards. Shelley's furtive research at Eton into the atomic mysteries was taken as a

[1] *A Spiritual Aeneid*, p. 114.
[2] Article in the *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890.

grim presage of his atheistic future. Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* was composed with the explicit purpose of horrifying her readers. The myth of the gift of fire to mankind, with all its consequences for weal and woe, began again to haunt the popular imagination. Rousseau's first *Discours* about the uselessness of the arts had no more suggestive page than that presenting a symbolic vignette—the torch of science being handed to Prometheus, who warns a satyr that it burns. For a time it seemed open to doubt whether Rousseau's answer to that old riddle might not become more widely accepted than that of the scientists. Even Tom Moore was alarmed into a moralising mood, and spoke of

> The wish to know,—that endless wish
> Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,
> And which becomes or blest or curst,
> As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd.[1]

As usual, the tone of the moment was caught up and preserved in caricature. Fielding's burlesque of the Deists, with their "rule of right reason" and "eternal fitness of things," was succeeded by Peacock's merry jibes at Perfectibilians, Deteriorationists, Statu-quoites,[2] and his summary of the trend of the time in a phrase which must have delighted Carlyle: "that march of mechanics which some facetiously name march of intellect." [3]

In France, too, philosophic enthusiasm of the old sort was waning. The return of the Bourbons had indeed been followed by a relaxation of that iron censorship on literature which Napoleon, who did nothing by halves, had used to entrench his own authority. Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, might be read again. But those who continued the traditions of the *Encyclopédie* were men like Cabanis, reducing thought to a secretion of the brain, or missionaries from outside like Gall and Spurzheim, preaching the significance of bumps on the skull as a clue to capacities of character.

[1] *Loves of the Angels.*
[2] *Headlong Hall*, p. 9.
[3] Preface to *Headlong Hall.*

A chapter of great interest might be written on the rapid progress of phrenology during the years between 1825 and 1850. George Sand became infatuated with the supposed value of the phrenological skull, and used to puzzle over an anatomical specimen on her table whose "compartments" were all marked and numbered with a superstitious precision like that of the old astrologers casting a horoscope. In a most amusing letter to Madame d'Agoult she complains that her gardener has given notice to leave, because "Madame has such an ugly head that my wife, who is expecting, might die of fright." [1] In enumerating examples of "original men," Emerson [2] did not hesitate to class Spurzheim with Locke, Lavoisier, and Bentham. As he toured the country on his campaign against the Corn Laws, Richard Cobden used to make secret visits to the phrenological tent of some itinerant charlatan, that he might be heartened for his enterprise by assurances of his capacity; and even much later the humorist might have found invaluable materials for *Punch* in the sight of Herbert Spencer sitting with iron gravity in the chair of a quack to have his bumps palpated and interpreted. One can well understand the dismay which Hazlitt records in a society of phrenologists at Edinburgh, when it was discovered that the skull of Sir Walter Scott lacked the organ of imagination and that of the Duke of Wellington the organ of combination, while that of Marshal Blücher possessed an organ of fancy! [3] The career of Cagliostro among the credulous French

[1] Doumic, *Life of George Sand*, p. 143.

[2] Essay on Self-Reliance.

[3] Hazlitt, *The Plain Speaker*, pp. 217, 218. Cf. the burlesque in Peacock, *Headlong Hall*, chap. xii: "It is obvious from what I have said that no man can hope for worldly honour or advancement who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs, and I would advise any parent who has the welfare of his child at heart to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and before determining on the choice of a profession to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the development of the organ of destruction shows similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought up . . . a butcher, a soldier, or a physician. Jackal? Procure him a place at Court. A magpie? Lawyer. An owl? A judge."

Bourbons was in truth scarcely more grotesque in its successful imposture than the career of certain French "physicians" half a century later among those *libres penseurs* who had abandoned the extravagances of religion for the extravagances of a pseudo-science. Here and there a genuine thinker, like Maine de Biran or Jouffroy, attempted an account of consciousness more adequate than that which had satisfied a Condillac or a d'Alembert, and for a time it seemed possible that psychology was about to lead its investigators beyond itself. But the best that could be said for most of the French thought of the time was that on the whole it avoided the ultimate issues, limiting itself to such work as the empirical tabulation of correspondences between mental and neural phenomena.

In Germany alone, as has so often been pointed out, the fine frenzy of metaphysic survived. There the ampler philosophic minds retained a faith in the competence of intellect for ultimate problems. In 1807 Hegel published his *Phaenomenologie des Geistes*, in 1816 his *Logik*, and in 1817 his *Encyclopädie der philosophischen Wissenschaften*. Probably never before or since has the complete adequacy of reason for any task that might be assigned to it been asserted at once so explicitly, so daringly, and on the whole so productively. "Metaphysic," said Novalis, "bakes no bread. But it can give us God, Freedom, and Immortality." It was the supposed allegiance of Fichte and Goethe to the same conviction which misled Carlyle into acclaiming them as the restorers to mankind of a faith which the Encyclopædists had destroyed. Whether Hegel rendered a real service of this kind to the Church, is still matter of dispute between the Hegelian "Right" and the Hegelian "Left." As early as 1811 in Germany itself the school of Jacobi was in revolt against transcendental idealism, declaring the intellect for ever incompetent—when acting alone—for those problems which it most concerns us to solve.

Here, then, was the situation as it impressed the group who were to lead the Oxford Movement. "The talent of

the age," exclaimed Newman, "is against the Church. The Church party (visibly at least, for there may be latent talent, and great times give birth to great men) is poor in mental endowments. It has not activity, shrewdness, dexterity, eloquence, practical power. On what, then, does it depend? On prejudice and bigotry." [1] Such was the contrast which he and his friends set themselves to transform. They did not stop until they had in a great measure redressed the balance.

[1] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, I, p. 180.

CHAPTER III

PROVOCATIVES OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: (*b*) A ROMANTIC REACTION

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a Creed outworn—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER III

PROVOCATIVES OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: (*b*) A ROMANTIC REACTION

THE talent of the age was by no means so hostile to the Church as Newman supposed. It was indeed hostile to what passed under the name of "Evangelicalism"; and young Newman, when he wrote that despondent letter to his mother, had not emerged from his first Evangelical phase. But the Newtons and Simeons and Wilberforces did not represent the whole Church of England, and at the end of the Napoleonic wars—as at the end of every great war—there was a special chance for religious revival. History has many cases of national upheaval acting as a tonic to national faith. It was after the deliverance from Persia that the Orphic missionaries gained ground upon Greek rationalism. It was after Sedan that in free-thinking Paris a memorial church was built on Montmartre, and the country was re-dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Similar phenomena, that all can remember, followed the Peace of Versailles. Despite the exhaustions of a long struggle, the year 1919 was judged opportune for a "Forward Movement" in Churches on both sides of the Atlantic. Thus too, a hundred years ago, while disappointment with the fruits of Reason had not yet abated, the appeal of Faith had a fresh opportunity. Moreover, it had auxiliaries quite apart from "post-war psychosis." A singular current, both broad and deep, had begun to flow towards a reconstruction of Catholic Christianity. It was by this current that the Anglo-Catholics were carried to a success at which their opponents have not even yet ceased to marvel.

In textbooks on the History of Literature, the young student is informed that the Oxford Movement was an

aspect of Romanticism. It is a cryptic utterance, and the young student must be excused if he finds it very puzzling indeed. For he has been accustomed to think of the Tractarians as leaders of a return towards Rome. Moreover, his textbooks on the History of Literature enumerate among typical Romantics such men as Balzac and de Musset in France, Heine and Schopenhauer in Germany, Shelley and Swinburne in England. If these were agents of Rome, they must surely have been so by inadvertence.

Yet the Oxford Movement had indeed a Romantic side. Great writers have sometimes helped more the cause they set out to destroy than the cause they set out to serve.

I

Romanticism had its birth before the eighteenth century closed—that strange century so well described by Mark Pattison as a time when poets were without romance, philosophers without depth, and public men without character.[1] But Romanticism was not a product of that closing century so much as a reaction against it. Seldom indeed has the passage marked by the calendar corresponded so exactly to a real change of epoch.

The first token of change was in a new attitude to the pretensions of science. Devotees had been disillusioned. The promise of the *Aufklärung*, by which eighteenth-century hearts had been so warmed, was in the opening nineteenth century an object of derision. A hundred years ago, "march of intellect" had become as ironic a phrase to the survivors of the French Revolution as "social progress" or "international law" to the survivors of the World War. Nothing else had become so hopelessly *démodé* as faith in dialectic. The very name was tabu, like "culture" ten years back. To Coleridge it seemed that in the thought of his contemporaries the philosophic field was like the shadowy world of Vergil where trees bore a dream under

[1] *Essays and Reviews*, p. 254.

every leaf. If the truths of speculative wisdom were ever to be republished, he thought it would be needful to begin with a glossary of terms.[1] Byron expressed the mood of the hour when he said these builders of a modern Babel were far less honest than the builders of the old, because they would not disperse even when no man could understand his neighbour:

> They are wiser now, and will not separate for nonsense.[2]

What was science, he asked again and again, but the substituting of one sort of ignorance for another. Could not all men see that the tree of knowledge had not fulfilled its promise,[3] and that happiness is reserved for those like the sleeping babe in *Cain* who have not plucked the fruit and know not they are naked?[4] These were ideas that appealed to the temper of the time. Though they came from the "Satanic School," the more respectable schools could not check their enormous vogue.

With apparent suddenness, the eighteenth-century faith in reason was collapsing, and the products of that faith were falling into contempt. But for most people sheer nescience cannot endure, and the "Everlasting Nay" is a misnomer. So out of disgust with the present rose a new enthusiasm for the past—a sympathy with the "dark" ages; an exaltation of the instincts and the feelings against that intelligence which, as August Schlegel said, had served mankind so ill; even a submissiveness to "Authority," provided it was the sort of authority that the remote past had revered and that eighteenth-century smartness had despised. Why these tendencies should have disclosed themselves at the end of a period which had seemed least favourable to any of them is a problem we can never solve, though we may appease ourselves by a general reference to "the power of reaction." Whether, again, "Romantic" is a good word to apply to all or to any of these simultaneous

[1] Coleridge, *The Statesman's Manual.*
[2] *The Deformed Transformed,* II.
[3] *Manfred,* II, iv.
[4] *Cain,* I, i.

impulses, the etymologists may argue until they are tired. What concerns the historian of religion is to note how, though they appeared often quite apart from any religious interest, not seldom even in hostility to dogma, they yet prepared the intellectual climate for a revived medievalism. They were signs of the times — signs still more of a time that was soon coming. It was not merely "the mechanical" that occupied minds in 1829, and the seer who judged his age to have no interest other than this [1] was forced within five years to witness religious developments that amazed him. A prognosis that is to be falsified commonly attends upon a diagnosis that is false.

The Romantic spirit did not belong to one country more than to another. It was European, and the Oxford Movement can never be understood apart from that European setting in which it began. All over the Continent—in art, in literature, in philosophy, as well as in faith—a new tide was flowing. It is to be seen in the poetry of Klopstock and in the speculations of Chateaubriand; in Schlegel's account of universal history, as in Tieck's picture of the Middle Ages; in Grimm's *Fairy Tales* not less than in Möhler's *Symbolik*; in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*; in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, in pre-Raphaelitism, in the Oxford Movement. The single purpose in all these, which justifies one in bringing them together, is a purpose in each to look backward rather than forward, a dim yet insistent faith that there had been no age of darkness towards which a philosophic age of light could be wholly contemptuous. A demand for "something deeper and truer than what satisfied last century" became the motto of Newman and Hurrell Froude. Here was the driving force of the group which, led by them, shook the eighteenth-century fabric of the Church of England to its base.

. . . . . .

It was indeed with a queer mixture of scepticism and

[1] Carlyle, in *Signs of the Times*.

credulity that these enthusiasts for the past began to ransack their antiquarian sources. The mixture is not unusual. How comes it, asked wise old Sir Thomas Browne, that men so hospitable to the tales of contemporary mariners are so distrustful of the witness of St. Paul? [1] From the Romantic pictures of medievalism the historically-minded reader must free himself by patient toil at the real facts. Revulsion from a period in which eighteenth-century *philosophes* had spoken of believing only what they could see, produced a new tenderness towards that long derided time when it had been the pride of faith to leave evidence far behind. Imaginative writing which brought back donjons and cloisters, crusades and troubadours, was welcomed with an almost childish delight. The rage in England for Scott's medieval romances and Byron's dramas of life under a Venetian Doge was typical of the literary epoch, though it was not less typical of the prosaic English mind that such a mood passed rapidly away. It was in 1824 that George Borrow found himself just too late for the tide, and learned to his chagrin from a cold-hearted publisher that there was no chance of a market for his translation of "ancient songs of Denmark, heroic and romantic." [2] But elsewhere in Europe the ebb did not set in until a far later date. In France an Alfred de Vigny revived once more the faded glories of the old feudal aristocrat, and a Hugo denounced the profane modernisers of Notre Dame. Complaint was soon heard that German literature was engrossed with wizards and ruined towers, with mailed knights, secret tribunals, monks, spectres and banditti. Yet even this kind of extravagance was symptomatic of a nascent historical sense. For it implied a broader conception of the possible sources from which the life of the past could be recovered.

The Romantic service to history, while it was incidental rather than deliberate, was both great and lasting. Such enthusiasm compelled attention to periods that had been long ignored. For instance, as Mark Pattison has remarked,

[1] *Religio Medici*, Section XXI. [2] *Lavengro*, chap. xxx.

but for the Tractarians the remains of Christian antiquity might never have been disinterred before the English reading public.[1] If it was sentimentalism that led to a study of the Middle Ages, it was at least a great gain to have escaped from a mood too contemptuous of the past to be at any pains to understand. Thus to the Romantic impulse it was in no small measure due that men ceased to admire Pope's *Homer*, with its chariot of Priam fashioned like the equipage of an English noble, or formal French tragedy, with its Iphigeneias and Andromaches decked out in the mode of the Rue de la Paix. It was something to have heard the last of the "Social Contract," under which civilisation had been incorporated by primitive men with all the cunning of a modern attorney. These had been products of an age with no historical insight. In the opening nineteenth century, however indifferently they succeeded, the historians at least aimed at something better. They gave us, for example, an August Schlegel, "dreaming himself back into the heroic monkish confusion" of the time of Dante, instead of a Voltaire, who could write *Mahomet* and *La Pucelle* without the least effort to dream himself back into any surroundings other than those of Baron d'Holbach's dinner-table.

By making the "ages of faith" more vividly and accurately realised, these historians were preparing an attitude of mind sympathetic towards medieval doctrine. They could do so with all the greater success because contemporary doctrine was held in such slight esteem. That part of history which describes the Reformation soon came under Romantic review. Needless to say, the idealisers of medievalism began forthwith to rewrite that chapter in their own sense.

[1] *Essays and Reviews*, p. 263.

II

Nothing is more characteristic of the Romantics than their constant disparagement of the Reformers, and the reasons for their disparagement were not least effective when they were most grotesque.

In the new passion for continuity, it was felt that what had happened three centuries before—in Germany, France, Switzerland, Great Britain—was just a gratuitous and offensive episode, by which European culture had been interrupted. Artists, for example, complained that the Reformation had broken the spell of medieval faith under which the finest æsthetic masterpieces had been produced. A literary critic like Franz Horn would contend that the change had been destructive of poetry, because no one can be a poet without the Christian *credo*.[1] How the somewhat plausible poetic claims of a Sophocles or a Lucretius were to be explained away, Horn did not discuss. The inevitable inference was drawn by artists naturally far from religious, but who thought of Catholicism as religion raised to its highest power. Heine tells us, with a savage sneer, how swarms of German painters were turning papist because they felt that the greatness of a Fra Angelico depended on his belief in the sanctities he depicted, and they hoped that by schooling their souls to a Roman devoutness they might recapture the lost secret of medieval art.[2] Such a variation of the "will to believe" was probably never contemplated by William James, but craftsmen of the brush have seldom been careful of their logic. The *Aufklärung* was condemned as philistinism, and recoil from the *Aufklärung* —with whatever change this might involve—became part of the artistic creed.

[1] Cf. Carlyle's comment in his *State of German Literature*: "The meaning here is very good; but why this phraseology? Is it not inviting the simple-minded (not to speak of scoffers, whom Horn very properly sniffs at) to ask when Homer subscribed the Thirty-Nine Articles, or whether Sadi and Hafig were of the Bishop of Peterborough's opinion?"

[2] "The Romantic School" in the review *Europe Littéraire* (1833).

Not less remarkable was the contemporary growth of discontent in England with traditional histories of the Reformation. This appeared in very different quarters, often sharpest of all among men who had no dogmatic sympathy with the Church of Rome. Before long it was even turned to purposes of political manœuvre and profit by those who cared nothing for it in itself, but whose choice of it as a weapon attests its congeniality with the mood of the hour. William Cobbett, for example, cannot be suspected of having been just "a tool of the Propaganda," [1] for Propaganda would have found reason for sore offence in many a page of *The Political Register*. Nor can Benjamin Disraeli have been a papal propagandist, as *Lothair* is enough to show. He must have seen a real chance for himself in that anti-Reformation spirit which he so promoted in the years of his political apprenticeship. Again, if anyone suspects a leaning to Romanism in Thomas Carlyle, it will be enough to refer to his *Cromwell* or to his *Historical Sketches* in almost any chapter opened at random. Yet these three men, so far apart in opinions, combined to celebrate once more the blessings of monastic rule, to set it in favourable contrast with the age of brass in which they were themselves so unfortunate as to live, and thus indirectly to win a new respect for the sort of faith under which monasticism had been possible.

Sybil, for instance, suggests a most unorthodox view of the glorious Revolution of 1688. The Lord of Marney Abbey is there described as having joined with other Whig nobles to call over the Prince of Orange, because of a general alarm among the aristocrats about impending peril for the landed interest:

> There was a prevalent impression that King James intended to insist on the restitution of the Church estates to their original purpose, to wit, the education of the people and the maintenance of the poor.[2]

Cobbett, filled with the idea that in the good old days tithe

[1] Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley*, chap. i.

[2] *Sybil*, I, iii.

had been applied to the relief of distress, that under feudalism the lords spiritual and lords temporal had cared for those whom *laissez faire* would permit to starve, and that in particular the abbots and priors had acted as a kind of earthly providence to their children, produced a *History of the Protestant Reformation* at which men like Thomas Arnold stood aghast.[1] Its burden, to use the lurid language of the author, was that the change in the sixteenth century had been

> engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy, cherished and fed by plunder and devastation, and by rivers of English and Irish blood.

Even Carlyle, in fierce disgust with the radical poor-law, the gospel of unrestricted competition, and the creed of "No-Government," set up in contrast the benevolent régime of an old Catholic monastery, with a real governor of men at its head:

> This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the twelfth century; somewhat like the *-ism* of all true men in all centuries, I fancy! Alas, compared with any of the *-isms* current in these poor days, what a thing![2]

None of these writers, except perhaps the last, can be definitely classified as a Romantic. But they had caught the spirit which Romanticism had diffused. The Industrial Revolution was typical of an age of contract, just as feudal manners belonged to the age of status and the clan. A new-born middle class marked that breach with the past which no good Romantic could bear, and it found its natural defenders in men like Mill who inherited the traditions of the *Encyclopédie*, just as it found its natural assailants in men like Carlyle to whom the *Encyclopédie* was anathema. What Disraeli called "a spirit of rapacious covetousness" and "the Altar of Mammon blazing with triple worship"[3] stimulated comparison with a remote golden age of priestly benevolence that was, no doubt, largely mythical. Charles

[1] Cf. Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, p. 59.
[2] *Past and Present*, pp. 116–17.
[3] *Sybil*, I, iii.

Kingsley, though he had no patience with compliments to pre-Reformation days, did not scruple to join in the onslaught upon the "Fathers of the Scrip Church" [1] who were leading modern industrialism, and declared his own generation to be perhaps the most sensual since Alaric sacked Rome.[2] Mill felt impelled to insert in his *Principles of Political Economy* a reference to "would-be revivers of old times which they do not understand," pointing out that the fabric of patriarchal and seignorial influence, which it was proposed to restore, would be shattered against the necessity of enforcing a stringent poor-law.[3] Even Macaulay was so moved by Manzoni's picture of the Ancient Church as to record in his diary that he had read the book with tears, and that if he could believe it to be a true representation of what Romanism had been, he should be tempted to follow Newman's example.[4]

III

The reaction needed its philosophic theorists as well as its practical promoters. In England it was not, as yet, a definite reaction to Rome; it was merely a recoil from much that had disfigured Protestantism, and that was specially offensive in the social order of Protestant countries. Incidentally, of course, it involved a reassertion of ideas distinctive of the medieval Church, and on the Continent this was made plain. The principles underlying the Return soon found expounders not unequal to those who had justified the Schism.

It was by the Catholic reactionaries in France that the leaders of the Oxford Movement were most influenced intellectually. About the Germans they knew little, and what they did know made them suspicious. But they were filled with joy at the news that in the land of the

[1] The phrase is from Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*, iii, p. 17.
[2] Cf. *Charles Kingsley, Letters and Memorials of his Life*, edited by his wife, I, p. 38.
[3] *Political Economy*, IV, vii.
[4] Trevelyan, *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, p. 636.

"Most Christian King," so long called "eldest son of the Church," the Faith had once more triumphed over a temporary apostasy. Where the rationalistic impulse had been strongest, the reaction was sharpest. In the France of a hundred years ago there was a widespread belief that the Revolution had refuted itself, that authority was indeed mankind's only sure refuge, and that in the end the one basis of all authority—civil as well as ecclesiastical—was the Ancient Church. At least until the July rising of 1830 the hand of the priest was dominant in French politics. Monasteries were restored; sacrilege was punished with a rigour almost unknown since the Middle Ages; even the applicant for poor-law relief was required to produce his certificate of attendance at Confession. The divine right of the monarchy was reasserted by Polignac, the last Minister who served the ill-fated Charles X, and whose constantly recurring visions confirmed his belief that he was himself appointed by God to restore kingship and the Church.

In this reaction the two most fascinating figures were neither priests nor politicians, but speculative laymen thinking out the ultimate principles of life. One was Joseph de Maistre, who for fourteen years had represented the Sardinian kingdom at the Russian capital. The other was the Vicomte de Bonald, a man of letters, formerly an *émigré*, but afterwards in high favour at the restored court of Louis XVIII, and for many years Minister of Public Instruction. Their harsh critics say that they were but hirelings of autocracy, eager to take advantage of that failure of public nerve which in their time gave absolutism its chance. But they are worth, at least provisionally, a more charitable assumption. No two men exhibit more precisely the spirit which, in England, was soon afterwards to express itself in the Oxford Movement.

De Maistre's argument, in *Du Pape*, and in *Soirées de Saint Petersbourg*, is very like many a passage in *Tracts for the Times*. We have the familiar picture of that spiritual

anarchy which calls for a supreme spiritual Head, even as political anarchy can be controlled only by a supreme Head of the State. There is the usual arraignment of that whole theory of life which had begun at the Renaissance, developed in Lutheranism, found its expositors in the *Encyclopédie*, and reached its practical culmination in the Reign of Terror. But although much less widely known than these two books by de Maistre, the *Recherches Philosophiques* by de Bonald can cast more significant light on the kind of thought that was so soon to find favour at Oxford.

De Bonald asks why philosophy never gives up its enterprise, although it has met for two thousand years with invariable failure. Why this incessant return of Sisyphus to his stone? His answer is that the human mind had certain truths of capital importance imprinted upon it from the beginning. It overlaid these truths with all manner of legend, and the mythopœic imagination had to be purged again and again. But philosophy in purging it had destroyed falsehood and truth alike—in so far as truth can ever be destroyed at all. However often refuted, the foundation truths will reassert themselves. No one can prove, for example, but neither can anyone continue long to doubt, that purposive structure of things which is the postulate of all intelligent inquiry. The argument is like that of Carlyle in *Characteristics*:

> Consider it well, metaphysics is the attempt of the mind to rise above the mind; environ, and shut in, or—as we may say—*comprehend* the mind. Hopeless struggle, for the wisest as for the foolishest! What strength of sinew or athletic skill will enable the stoutest athlete to fold his own body in his arms, and—by lifting—lift up *himself*? The Irish saint swam the channel "carrying his head in his teeth," but the feat has never been imitated.

Among the convictions which, for de Bonald, are thus written upon the mind by the finger of God, and which in consequence no argument can obliterate except temporarily, are the convictions of duty, of a watchful Providence, of future rewards and punishments. The philosopher

tries in vain to uproot them, because their planting was deeper far than his puny tools can reach.

De Bonald is a persuasive writer, and—if he were better known—much of his argument would have a cordial reception from the anti-intellectualists of our own time. Lord Balfour's defence of "Authority," [1] for example, is at many points almost identical with his. Ten years after the publication of *Recherches Philosophiques*, and probably in complete ignorance not only of the tenor but even of the existence of that book, the youthful Newman was arguing similarly. It is part of the providential plan, he said, that the most precious knowledge of mankind comes to most of us, not through reasoning, not through independent reflection, but traditionally, authoritatively—if you will, irrationally. Each of us knows right from wrong, and acts upon the distinction long before he can justify it. Nay, most of us can never justify it by proof that would stand a moment's chance in the forum of dialectic. So, too, the race has its truths, communicated by God at a time and in ways which lie far outside our scrutiny, transmitted as "wisdom of our ancestors" through men who know not the value of that which they thus pass on to their successors. Only a few of the choicest minds—such as a Hooker or a Butler—can enter into deep philosophic vindication of the most important truths. Set them to dispute before the public, and a Brougham or a Wesley would appear to far greater advantage. But the man in the street is protected by his bigotry and his prejudice—for which let us thank God—against the sophisms of the wise and prudent.[2]

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Obviously this mode of thinking, subtle and no doubt in some respects profound as it was, had many a peril for intellectual honesty. It was a fierce revolt against a scepticism which was felt to be somehow impossible. But

[1] Cf. e.g. *Foundations of Belief*, pp. 194 *et seq.*
[2] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, I, p. 180.

it was likewise a flight for refuge to the denial of criticism. However shrewdly and cautiously it might be distinguished by its initiator as a trust in reason though not in reasoning, or as "an appeal to the wisdom of the ages against the intellectualism of the hour," [1] it was sure to degenerate in the mind of less skilful disciples into a cult of the irrational as such. Nor was even the initiator able to safeguard himself against the lure of many an abuse. A speculative system of "Traditionism" became elaborated. Where reason had fallen into disrepute, credulity advanced by leaps and bounds. The view that the Most High looks with disfavour upon mental keenness, that He has actually taken means—by frustrating the struggles of intellect—to drive mankind back upon a higher oracle, had the result of re-establishing the medieval notion of belief as a virtue, and of the mind's virtuousness as proportioned to its receptivity. It is not strange, of course, that in Catholic countries a hundred years ago the illiterate and the unscientific should have been willing to accept every sort of marvel. But it does seem odd that in Paris itself, as we know by abundant contemporary evidence, educated people in the middle of the nineteenth century should have had so little critical sense when, for example, a saint's wonder-working was reported.[2]

It did appear as if the promise of the *Encyclopédie* had been vain. And across the Straits of Dover was soon to be found a corresponding reaction. It was actually the same man who wrote *The Idea of a University* and who defended the tale of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood; the same who thought out the manifold subtleties of *The Prophetical Office of the Church*, and who gave thanks for the "grazia" that had been vouchsafed in the healing of disease through the relics of St. Philip Neri;[3] the same

[1] Cf. Wilfrid Ward, *Life of Newman*, I, p. 43.

[2] Cf. e.g. Mark Pattison's account of Paris society as he found it in 1843. *Memoirs*, chap. vi.

[3] Letter from Newman, quoted by Wilfrid Ward in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 10.

who shivered Charles Kingsley to fragments in one of the keenest of dialectical encounters, and who exulted in the thought of the Virgin's joy in paradise when she knew that her immaculate conception had been decreed by Pius IX.[1] In these matters Newman was no extremist, rather a moderate Catholic, the cultivator of "a wise and gentle minimism." He was often reproached for being "stingy of belief"—by men like Louis Veuillot or W. G. Ward, whose thirst for the supernatural seems to have been diabetic.

But this union of mental strength and mental subservience is not so strange as at first sight it may appear. For these men, thoroughly in earnest with a supernaturalism which others acknowledged merely in words, there was no antecedent improbability in the miraculous. That the sun should have stood still on Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, had for them no greater surprise than that an earthly monarch should suspend a law by order-in-council. Father Ronald Knox told us only a few years ago that such an event is no more unintelligible than the process by which an engine-driver reverses his engines.[2] And if such things were done for Joshua, why should not similar interferences be witnessed still? That "the age of miracles is past" does seem a more difficult belief than either the belief that it never was present or the belief that it continues still. Those Traditionists of a century ago were at least consistent. For them no such event had occurred as "the withering of miracle before the breath of the *Zeitgeist*." They had faced the *Zeitgeist*, had definitely repudiated it, and were resolved that it should not further influence them unawares.

[1] Letter from Newman, quoted by Wilfrid Ward in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 16.
[2] *Some Loose Stones*, p. 59.

IV

In England the poets had their conspicuous share in the Romantic preparation for Tractarianism. For example, when Walter Bagehot said that Keble's poetry was just Wordsworth translated for women, he was not far from the truth. Exactly after the mind of John Keble was many a passage in *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, or *Lyrical Ballads*—such as the warning against imaginations high on questions deep,[1] the picture of knowledge as a prison-house where shadows begin to fall as education advances,[2] the reverent salutation to the child on whom those truths do rest which we are toiling all our lives to find,[3] and the reminder that wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.[4]

But Coleridge, far more clearly and constantly than Wordsworth, helped to make a propitious atmosphere for *Tracts*. He did not indeed, as Carlyle thought, "procreate a spectral Puseyism." [5] Newman protested in his old age that he had never read a line of Coleridge,[6] and that the similarities in their writings were only coincidence. But Newman's biographer has shown that this protest came from a lapse of memory,[7] and the extent to which the philosopher-poet laid a speculative basis for "Puseyism" is obvious enough. He exerted during the period just before *Tracts* an immense influence upon the younger inquiring minds—men so different as Frederick Maurice, Julius Hare, Charles Kingsley, John Sterling, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The clearest testimony alike to the extent and to the character of his influence is that of John Stuart Mill, who had at once the opportunities and the capacity to judge. Every thinking man in the thirties or forties at that time, said Mill, was in philosophy either a Benthamite, belonging to the school of progress, or a Coleridgean "who upheld and

[1] *Excursion*, iii.
[2] *Intimations of Immortality*, v.
[3] ibid., viii.
[4] *Excursion*, iii.
[5] *Life of Sterling*, pp. 61–2.
[6] Cf., however, *Letters*, II, p. 39.
[7] Ward, *Life of Newman*, I, p. 58.

emphasised the wisdom contained in the sacred traditions of the race." [1] It was just such a philosophy of Tradition that the coming Anglo-Catholic Movement needed most of all. The most eminent of English speculative thinkers, a layman and a fierce anti-papist, had been building this up for twenty years. Thus the significance of Coleridge as preparatory to Newman and Keble was enormous.

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His Traditionism was most subtly conceived and most persuasively presented. It turned the edge of attack from two quarters—scripturalists on the one hand, and rationalists on the other, just the two groups whose assault upon Tradition the future Tractarians had most to fear.

In the *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit* the current doctrine of Holy Scripture is subjected to close analysis.[2] The generality of our popular divines, said Coleridge, held the view that all parts of the Bible were alike inerrant, because all had been dictated alike by the Supreme Being to a mechanical human amanuensis. He attacks this doctrine with criticisms now familiar to all, but very novel indeed in his day, and worth recalling if we would realise the theological atmosphere in England just before the issue of *Tracts for the Times*. Coleridge dwells upon the *prima facie* difference in style and feeling from book to book—so natural if one assumes the active individuality of each writer, so inexplicable if one thinks of a single author, to whom the human agents were like so many puppets to a ventriloquist. He asks how far the supposed infallible guarantee extends —to the Septuagint? to the Vulgate? to the English translation? He reminds his reader how the received view of inspiration is lineally descended from the Rabbinical worship of the books of Moses and the claim of exclusive θεοπνευστία for these. How, he asks, can infallible truth be conveyed in our so fallible language? Are not the discrepancies on matters of detail in these writings just what one should

[1] Mill, *Dissertations*, I, p. 393.

[2] Cf. *Confessions*, Letter II.

expect from historians narrating independently the same event, and which of us is satisfied with the forced explanations by which the "harmonists" have pretended to reconcile them? Think, too, of the extreme unlikelihood that to men so far apart as the authors of the Pentateuch and the authors of the Gospels the same maturity of teaching would be communicated. Consider how such ideas of literal inspiration have in the past fettered growing knowledge with ancient precedents, as when "Sir Matthew Hale sent a crazy old woman to the gallows in honour of the Witch of Endor." [1]

But Coleridge's overwhelming reason for seeking a more elastic doctrine is a moral reason. He points out how only by supposing development was it possible to view Israel's history as, in any sense at all, divinely guided. He quotes with horror the position of a contemporary divine who said that if Scripture applauded Jael for her treatment of Sisera, this was enough to justify Jael! In the true spirit of Plato's *Euthyphro*, he lays down the principle that things are not good and holy because they have divine imprimatur, but the divine imprimatur is given to what is in itself good and holy. As a crucial instance, he challenges the verbalists to apply their method to the *Book of Job*. There, if anywhere, the free action of the human mind upon a great spiritual problem is simply presented. What shall one say of preachers who take some text from the cynical reflection of Bildad the Shuhite, and unfold its meaning as in some occult way inspired by the Most High? Finally, in a passage which must have made tremendous appeal to the leaders of the coming Movement, Coleridge asks whether anyone can be really in earnest with the current doctrine that Scripture is the great bond of Protestants throughout the world. Is it not precisely on the interpreting of Scripture that they have fallen into sects innumerable and into feuds indescribable? As Bossuet had so well shown, this doctrine of Inspiration as a principle of unity must be ironical.

[1] *Confessions*, Letter IV.

If Coleridge had thus broken away from the Anglican scripturalists, how was he related to the opposing rationalists? Had he no belief at all in the inspiration of Scripture? His answer was that the Bible proved itself unique, not by external witness of accomplished miracle or fulfilled prophecy, but by the unexampled fitness of the truth it makes known to our human nature and needs. Only when read without the presupposition of being exceptional could it disclose its exceptional character, and that experimentally. "Whatever *finds* me bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from a Holy Spirit." [1] By the long trial of the Christian centuries it was made clear that other books were to this Book but as subordinate spiritual luminaries, that it alone shines by its own light, the ultimate manifestation of the Sun of Righteousness. It was this corporate consciousness of the Church, becoming ever more articulate and definite, that attested the divine message—the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits. A sign or a miracle was at best but an interlining of the great statute-book, so that man was not only excused but even prohibited from "receiving as the King's mandates aught that is not stamped with the Great Seal of the conscience and countersigned by the reason." [2] The stamping and the countersigning, however, had been executed all through those great ages of faith of which we are the inheritors. Had not Wordsworth compared the intimations of God in Nature to those sonorous cadences which a child may hear in the "convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell" betokening mysterious union with its native sea, and bringing to him authentic tidings of invisible things? [3] So too Coleridge in *The Æolian Harp*:

> And what if all of animated Nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the Soul of each and God of All?

[1] *Confessions*, Letter I. [2] *Aids to Reflection*, 108. [3] *Excursion*, IV.

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Such was one side of the work done by these Romantic poets who were precursors of a great spiritual change. They had other sides, from which Tractarianism had nothing to hope. Even such relatively stable Romantics as Wordsworth or Coleridge had to be used with caution. It did not escape the notice of Newman that this faith in feeling as against reasoning had a great variety of possible developments, and that the passionate exploration of history might lead different investigators to different goals. Only a certain part of *Lyrical Ballads* could be fitly translated into *The Christian Year*—not, for example, the portrayal of Lucy, upon whose child-mind must be allowed to rest without disturbance such truths as "Nature" had imparted, whatever might be their content. Keble's idea of a Christian education was not satisfied by that account of Lucy's training-school in the floating clouds, the bending willow and the motions of the storm; of the composure she should learn from the silence and the calm of mute insensate things; of the stars of midnight that should become dear to her, and of the winding rivulets amid which beauty born of murmuring sound should pass into her face.[1] To Keble this was perhaps right enough so far as it went, but it did not go far, and it might easily take a wrong turning. There was a suspicious ring of Naturalism about it. Swinburne and Oscar Wilde were yet to show that the doubt was not unjustified, and that there is indeed a vigorously pagan upshot of this faith in self-fulfilment or self-expression. Again, though no one perhaps will ever find out just what was meant by *Tintern Abbey*, the poem has a suggestive note of pantheism. The devout, too, would prefer not to think of one's death as but the prelude to being "rolled round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees."[2] Wordsworth indeed afterwards developed a tone so much more orthodox as to exasperate Shelley with "the things old parsons say in burying-grounds."[3] But whether

[1] *Lucy* iv. [2] ibid., v. [3] Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third.*

the later orthodoxy was a development or a recoil from the earlier Romanticism, is open to debate.

Nor did Coleridge's abstract speculation affect any except the keenest minds of the Oxford Movement. That "luminous haze which made the Coleridgean atmosphere" [1] was attractive to but a few. To the rest it was mere mistiness, and the caricaturist soon found in it some excellent material. It seemed to Thomas Love Peacock that Coleridge had proceeded by reaction from the lucid mind of the French to the muddled mind of the Germans, just as revolutionary horrors had changed his love of freedom into enthusiasm for despotism. "Mr. Flosky" in *Nightmare Abbey* is not hard to recognise:

> According to his system of logic, he drew a conclusion that the overthrow of the feudal fortresses of tyranny and superstition was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen mankind; and that their only hope now was to rake the rubbish together, and rebuild it without any of those loopholes by which the light had originally crept in. To qualify himself for a coadjutor in this laudable task, he plunged into the central opacity of Kantian metaphysics, and lay *perdu* several years in transcendental darkness.[2]

But although the rank and file of the Tractarians could not understand, and at times even distrusted, the basis Coleridge had laid for their Movement, there was at least one Coleridgean doctrine that was after their own hearts, and that constituted no small part of their inspiration.

They remembered him as formulator of the great doctrine of *The Church's spiritual independence*. For in his survey of the centuries Coleridge saw continuously at work a guidance of human life to the diviner issues, and such guidance as always mediated by the Christian society. It had stood against the principalities and powers. Its unceasing witness had been, for him, the embodiment of what our latest Anglo-Catholic essayists call "Holy Spirit." In its charge had been that spiritual power by which Western Europe had been transfigured. Was it then to be regarded as

[1] Morley, Essay on Carlyle.
[2] T. L. Peacock, *Nightmare Abbey*, pp. 135–6.

dependent on the creation or will of man, as resting for its title on those privileges or honours which man might see fit to bestow? The political manœuvring of 1829 roused Coleridge to issue that trumpet blast called *Church and State* which might well have come from either Keble or Newman. In the years which followed, such invasions by the civil power seemed to grow ever more numerous, more arbitrary, and more intolerable. What wonder, then, if the metaphysical "mistiness" was forgotten, and it was for his ringing challenge to the political intruder that the Anglo-Catholics kept Coleridge's memory in reverence?

In the year before he died he had seen the challenge of his book made the battle-cry of an organisation. It is essentially the same fight that is proceeding still.

CHAPTER IV

"NATIONAL APOSTASY"

I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in defence of *real* Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages!) to have an influence upon men's beliefs and actions. . . . Every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of *nominal* Christianity, the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

DEAN SWIFT.

CHAPTER IV

"NATIONAL APOSTASY"

On 14 July, 1833, in an ever memorable sermon, John Keble proclaimed a crusade against "National Apostasy." The date has since been kept by leading Anglo-Catholics, as Lutherans keep the anniversary of 31 October, 1517, when the ninety-five theses were nailed to the door of the church in Wittenberg.

Keble's sermon was a bitter arraignment. But when it is now re-read by those who are not of the preacher's school, and even by some who are, the evidence seems ludicrously insufficient to support the charge. Had England really apostatised in doing the things he mentioned,—even if the things he foresaw were in her programme for the future? Ways of judging in this field have altered. The reader of to-day is not sure that to curtail the privileges of the Anglican Establishment must mean a lapse from Christianity. He thinks that Christianity has sometimes been strengthened by sharp handling of its institutional forms. In his more cynical mood he can perhaps enjoy Mr. Bernard Shaw's epigram: "Religion is coming back upon men—even clergymen—with such power that the Church of England itself cannot stop it."

What were the occurrences by which Keble had been shocked? He was shocked because Roman Catholics might in future, if elected to parliament, take their seats without declaring upon oath that the central act of their own worship was a blasphemous idolatry. He was shocked because the opportunities of university education were no longer to be limited to those who could sign the Thirty-Nine Articles, but might be enjoyed—though in an inferior degree—by Englishmen whose faith was expressed in the

Westminster Confession or in Wesley's *Sermons*. He was shocked because within the Established Church certain clergymen showed misgivings about the priestly absolution, hesitated to say that in baptism all infants are regenerated, and begged to be excused from repeating at the altar the damnatory clauses of the *Athanasian Creed*. He was shocked because Thomas Arnold had proposed to bring all Christian sects by Act of Parliament within the State Church, and because there was not an immediate outcry against such condoning of Presbyterian or Methodist heresies. He was shocked because ten Irish Sees had been suppressed, in defiance of strong objection from their occupants, and at the behest of those who hated to pay for spiritual ministrations they despised. He was shocked because bishops who opposed Lord Grey's bill for reforming the franchise had been hooted and jostled on the streets. He was shocked because the premier had hinted at the likelihood of Church Disestablishment, and still more because no one could mistake the public joy with which this hint had been received. To the preacher of that Assize sermon at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, in the midsummer of 1833, these were tokens that the nation was repudiating God, and that the cabinet was leading the apostasy. Had not the palace of the Bishop of Bristol been burned to the ground by a mob which derisively shouted the name of the Reform Premier over the smoking ruins?

To the thought of to-day these complaints seem simply absurd. About two items in the series the reader may be in doubt. One may still disapprove the proposal to amalgamate Churches by legislation. And though the Bishop of Bristol may have been deservedly unpopular, it does seem regrettable that the mob thought it would please the Prime Minister to see his palace burned. But for the other matters the reader probably thinks that the Reform Government should have been praised rather than blamed.

Why, then, did a man of Keble's powers judge this to be a formidable indictment? Why does that sermon still stand

as an historic manifesto of the party? Keble thought it formidable because it convicted the Government of professing one view about Church and State while it acted on the view precisely opposite—and so it did. Circumstances have greatly changed, but relative positions have changed far less. That sermon is still revered by Anglo-Catholics because it was related to the situation of a hundred years ago just as a manifesto of the English Church Union is related to the situation of to-day.

I

What Keble called "apostasy" caused all the greater shock because it followed a time of apparently intensified devotion.

During the eighteenth century there had been an ever-widening chasm between the cultured classes and the Church. But the chasm seemed to have suddenly closed. In the last decade, before the spectacle of revolutionary France, there was an abrupt recoil from secularism in England. It was not indeed an alliance between religion and intelligence, rather an alliance between Church and State, which had been cemented. But to distinguish these two was an intellectual feat for which the men of that time were not quite prepared.

After the fall of Napoleon there was an eager and even a passionate return to those religious forms which the revolutionary movement had attacked. The same sort of people who in our time interpreted the collapse of Germany as a judgment upon German rationalism were quick to read the moral of Waterloo as directed against the heirs of the *Encyclopédie*. A touch of national pride helped English observers to this pleasant conclusion; and even when it was not openly stated, it was implicit in general behaviour. Whether piety was the ground of British patriotism or British patriotism was the ground of piety, might perhaps be discussed. But it was at his peril that any man questioned

their intimate connection. It had been argued by Paley that English law was justified by its source in the law of God, while Warburton seemed rather to justify the ways of God by showing them conformable to English constitutional practice.[1] These, however, were but speculative points; and however they might be settled, the consequence in practice was the same. "Jacobin" was then the term of horror, as "Bolshevist" is to-day, and with the same politico-religious implications. The orthodox argued about revolutionary France, as they now argue about revolutionary Russia, that it was speculative Radicals who had destroyed the social order by first extinguishing faith, and Carlyle had not yet appeared with his searching prior question—Who was it that had rendered faith "extinguishable"?[2] It would indeed have been premature to raise so subtle an inquiry at a time when opinions were so simple and so clear-cut. The men who dimly hinted at it were fortunate if they escaped impeachment, suffering only the contemptuous nickname of "doctrinaires." In a very practical if not a very genuine sense, Christianity was declared to be part of the law of England. Blasphemy trials were short, sharp, and frequent—conducted as Bossuet had shown they ought to be, on the principle that it is absurd to preserve vipers like doves and the compounder of poisons equally with the discoverer of remedies.[3] A sample was the case of the tinsmith, Richard Carlile, who spent some eight years in prison for circulating Deistic pamphlets. His wife, his sister-in-law, even his assistants, had a like fate. To give deeper impressiveness to the prosecution, the Duke of Wellington's name headed the list of those who subscribed the necessary legal funds.

It was not purely religious fervour which prompted these drastic measures. The conqueror of Waterloo was not particularly pious. But it was thought that Church and

[1] Warburton's *Works*, v, 164.
[2] Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Book II, chap. viii.
[3] Bossuet, *Défense de l'Histoire*, Sect. 3.

State must cohere firmly—like those signatories to the American Declaration of Independence whom Franklin bade hang together, adding sardonically, "lest you hang separate." All that had happened across the Straits of Dover, from 1789 till 1815, was construed as an omen from Providence against the Radical. Patriotic complacency was encouraged by the thought that God had thus set His seal upon "the matchless British Constitution"—that exquisite balance of things civil and things ecclesiastical, which the historian knew to have been adjusted by hands far from holy in the cabinet of Henry VIII, but which had at least proved its worth by "surviving the moral hurricane."

Believing themselves the most favoured nation in the world, the British people were easily persuaded that their one peril lay in experiments with change. The "Six Acts" to preserve social order as the wisdom of their ancestors had established it, were a token at once of official rigour and of official nervousness. James Mill and Jeremy Bentham ventured indeed, from time to time, to challenge some atrocity in the procedure of the law courts, and even to advocate a theory of morals by which the whole administration of justice was in the end to be transformed. But it was long before they could impress the public mind. Not even the immense personal popularity of Henry Brougham could make head for such Radical views against the Conservatism of the hour. Mill and Bentham were scarcely safe under that fool's pardon which is granted by the "practical man" to mere philosophers. The distinguished headmaster of Rugby, Liberal though he professed himself to be, said that views like theirs should not be permitted to circulate except in the guarded area of Botany Bay—just as, a hundred years earlier, *The Guardian* had proposed to deprive Anthony Collins of the common benefits of air and water,[1] and Dr. Johnson had said the Devil was the first Whig because he was the first to resist authority.[2]

[1] In No. 3. The article was probably written by Berkeley or Steele.
[2] Boswell, IV, p. 163.

On the whole, the public agreed with such judgments. Very few persons in England would call themselves free-thinkers—so great was the fear of being classed with Hébert and Chaumette and other ogres of a generation ago in France. Even the "pious Deists" were afraid of being reminded that Robespierre had delivered an unctuous oration on *L'Etre Supréme*. The unbelief which in Horace Walpole's time was merely fashionable had passed away, not less than the unbelief which a little earlier had been intellectual. It was no longer decent to suggest that religious matters were other than *res judicatæ*. No controversial sermons investigated as before, once a week, whether the Evangelists had committed forgery; nor was there any longer a market for Sherlock's *Trial of the Witnesses*. It was the convulsions in France that had thus saved what was curiously called "religion." Disraeli was able to note with glee that even Mormonism was making more converts than Benthamism.[1] Men who prided themselves on their common sense joined in the usual outcry against those whose sense was deeper, but not common. Like Lord Turntippet in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, they complied with all the compliances, swore all that was to be sworn, and abjured all that was to be abjured.

How long this enforced and regimented orthodoxy would last, what was its value even if it could be made to last indefinitely, to what excesses of reaction its victims might proceed when they escaped from it—these were questions that occurred to but a few. To the rest it seemed enough to keep the system efficient.

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The so-called "national acknowledgment of God" had thus quite specific forms. It was consonant with the English temper to act corporately in matters of faith. The sixteenth-century Reformation, for example, had been accomplished at a stroke, not individually, but—as H. B. Wilson would have said—"multitudinously,"[2] with Henry VIII re-enacting the

[1] *Coningsby*, IV, xiii.

[2] Cf. *Essays and Reviews*, pp. 146, *seq.*

part of Constantine. Ever since Hooker had written the classic of Anglican theory, it had been assumed that the fabric of the national worship was as closely articulated as that of the national citizenship, and that each Englishman was by birth a member of the English Church as surely as he was born a subject of the English Throne. It followed that heretics—like traitors—though tolerated so long as they were unobtrusive, must be excluded from positions of public influence or control.

Thought of late has moved so far away from this idea that it has become hard even to state it in terms which will be intelligible, except to very elderly readers. But there was a spaciousness and a splendour about the conception of the English Church as co-terminous with the English people. Our grandfathers were even thrilled by the argument of Gladstone that the statesman "must be a worshipping man," and that in their public and collective as well as in their private character the members of our Government "must offer prayer and praise."[1] The House of Commons has still a chaplain, whose vicarious worship may be thought to comply with this requirement. But in what form the present members of the House could offer collective prayer and praise, it would be difficult to guess. The change, which all can now see, had not, however, proceeded far a hundred years ago, nor would it be far from the truth to say that the Oxford Movement was the protest of those who then saw it beginning. To-day, in the wistful reflections of the Bishop of Durham, the place of Westminster Abbey, with Houses of Parliament, Law Courts, charitable and philanthropic institutions grouped round it, supplies a parable in stone of the order that was once intended, that was long a reality, but that is now drifting faster and faster out of sight.[2]

The men who heard or read with rapture that sermon by Keble on national apostasy were men who had come

[1] Gladstone, *The State in its Relations with the Church.*
[2] H. Hensley Henson, *Anglicanism*, pp. 232–3.

to see that by national religion as emphasised in their time little more was meant than a politician's dodge to keep public order. They had taken very seriously those reverential forms in which the offices of the State religion were publicly described. To discover that what they had supposed to be a supreme end in itself was no more than an instrument —quickly becoming superseded—for quite other ends, was a shock. Politicians using the Church's worship, like everything else, as a means to keep themselves in power were a class not then so fully known as they are now. The cabinet apostasy was but moving in step with movements outside. For outside, things had happened, and were still happening, fast.

II

In one of his Reform speeches Macaulay said that the English people had greatly altered within his own short recollection of them. The men of 1830 were no more like the men of the Gagging Bills than the men who cried privilege round the coach of Charles I were like the men who changed their religion once a year at the bidding of Henry VIII. With catastrophic suddenness, and despite all the penalties, the belief that the constitution was impeccable had broken down. It broke down first in that part which related to the National Church. In view of Anglo-Irish relations in the past, it was but poetic justice that the first decisive blow was struck by O'Connell.

For the religious organisation known as "The United Church of England and Ireland" had indeed an extraordinary record across the Channel. It was supposed to be evangelising a people who—for imperial security, if on no other ground—must be protestantised. A young and quick-witted Hebrew of the time, free from prejudice on either side, described the policy as he saw it at work. It was assumed, said Disraeli, that what Ireland needed was more Protestantism, and that Protestantism could be ex-

ported thither as easily as potatoes.[1] But though the exporting was simple enough, it was found impossible to get the product accepted. Ireland remained stubbornly Roman Catholic, even though, under what was humorously called a "Legislative Union," this meant that five-sixths of the country must be "represented" by men of an alien faith. The story of the Catholic Association, the strident demand for repeal, and the repeated return of O'Connell for the county of Clare, showed how the régime of enforced submissiveness was beginning to crack.

It was in this tumult about Emancipation that the quasi-theocratic order revealed its essential hollowness. That the measure accepted by Peel and Wellington was but justice and wisdom—nay rather, that it was the wisdom which is rooted in justice and in justice alone—is now obvious. But it is no less obvious that it was a measure in flagrant conflict with all that had been implicit in the Church policy of a generation, and with what had been loudly proclaimed by the very men who now set it at naught. If Wellington and Peel had turned emancipators, this was not because argument had changed their minds. It was because threats from across the Channel had changed their strategy. Men like Newman, who had been among the annual petitioners for Catholic Emancipation, crowded to the polls at Oxford to unseat a Minister who had done what they asked, but for reasons they could only despise.[2] The professed zeal for "National Religion" had been exposed as a hustings artifice, to be used while it was effective, and discarded when it had become a hindrance. If in the light of a wiser age this liberalised policy appears a great change for the better, it is to be observed that in the men who adopted it there was no accompaniment of regret for that general

[1] *Tancred*, II, iv.

[2] Cf. Newman's language about Peel in his letters: "An infamous thing if Oxford was to be blown round by the breath of a Minister, signing a petition one day and approving of the contrary the next." "One of the signs of the times, of the encroachment of Philosophism and Indifferentism in the Church." (*Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 175.)

system of tyranny in which the injustice to Irish Catholics had been but a phase. The question arose, What will happen next, when some other group threatens civil war? And already the agitation was becoming hot for parliamentary reform.

In the next two years the question began to answer itself. A tergiversation similar to that of 1829 was made by the same men in dealing with the Reform Bill. No reason was assigned, and everyone knew that the only reason for surrender was fear of the consequences of longer resistance. Gone was all semblance of care for the interests lately declared so precious. When the exigencies of party called for a still sharper breach with the old Church tradition, when Government found its ecclesiastical connections a handicap rather than an advantage for keeping down public unrest, when bishops had become so unpopular as to be a liability rather than an asset in the campaign for votes, short shrift was promised to the "lords spiritual." Even in the Upper Chamber they were expected to do as they were told, like other civil servants with doubtful tenure. In the pages of Hansard for 2 April, 1829, may be seen the apology offered by the Bishop of London in the House of Lords for daring to oppose the policy of the Minister who had made him bishop. Greville records how in the summer of 1833 "the king did write to the Archbishop of Canterbury a severe reproof to be communicated to the bishops for having voted against his Government." [1] The cabinet, adds this diarist, was elated at such signal token that the Throne was ready to co-operate against an insubordinate priesthood. Before long, the Established episcopate was bidden to prepare for its end. As an arm of the State it was secure only so long as it was useful!

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Keble and his followers used to denounce this national apostasy as "Erastianism." The name carries us back to

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, II, p. 169.

those curious speculations of a sixteenth-century Swiss physician, who—in the intervals of writing about infectious disease and the properties of drugs—tried to leave his mark on the current theology. For Thomas Erastus the chief peril of the Reformed Churches was that their reform might not be sufficiently thorough. His *bête noire* was the medieval "power of the keys," and in truth a Swiss, watching the city of Geneva under John Calvin's "Consistorial Court of Discipline," had some reason to think that the old Church was at least as merciful as the new. In fierce disgust, Thomas Erastus wrote a monograph on the subject, arguing that ecclesiastical discipline was a thing of the exploded past, that the very idea of "Church Court" is superstitious, for there is no spiritual authority on earth that is competent to impose penalties, excommunicate church members, grant or withhold absolution. To the scripturalist Reformers, he had Scripture to quote for this view: *Let both grow together until the harvest.* Perhaps it was as sound a piece of exegesis as many another that has passed current in such controversies both before and since.

A doctrine of the sort would commend itself to such a ruler as Henry VIII, naturally resentful of clerical inquisitiveness about a man's private life. It did commend itself, with great force, to Elizabeth, who had reason to wish that it had been the doctrine of the Church half a century earlier. It commends itself still to certain people as a rule to "prevent the Church from interfering in secular concerns." As often as Church Assemblies dare to pass resolutions about a new liquor law, the correspondence columns of the Press are strewn with Erastian protest. Often one hears that such meddling with "politics" is a degradation of the Church's sanctity, just as one heard the argument against female suffrage that this is wrong "not because women are unworthy of votes, but because voting is unworthy of women." The minister, said Erastus, should confine himself to the office of instructor, like him who dispenses any other branch of knowledge, providing the

ordinances of religion indiscriminately for all citizens. Punishments of any sort, disqualification of any kind from the usual privileges, must be treated as the province of the civil magistrate. There can be no *imperium in imperio*. The inference seemed to be that a "national" Church is an aspect of the sovereign State, one of its departments, like the army or navy, and thus there can be no divided control.

In the Anglican Establishment such principles were pressed far beyond anything that even Thomas Erastus had intended. Elizabeth had the fabric constructed to her mind. To-day it is impossible to make the slightest change in the Thirty-Nine Articles or in the Prayer Book until after a parliament, consisting in great part of Jews, agnostics, and atheists, has affected to consider what is essential and what is accidental in former statements of the faith once delivered to the saints. It is ultra-Erastian principles that lie at the basis of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. It is like principles that were reiterated again and again by Cranmer, by Whitgift, by Lightfoot. In denouncing them a hundred years ago, the Oxford leaders were no doubt correct about their impiety. But it was impossible to dispute that they were indeed part of the oldest Anglican tradition.

What Keble, however, saw quite clearly and pointed out very fiercely was the strange impasse to which the English Church of his time had been brought by the operation of these doctrines in practice. The king was supreme in things ecclesiastical as well as in things civil. But what kings they had had! And on what Ministers those kings had leaned! George IV, that "fat Adonis of fifty," whose authentic lineaments Leigh Hunt had drawn, at the cost of two years in jail for his truthfulness! Earl Grey, the Reform Premier, dealing with bishoprics as if they were political jobs, to be reduced or expanded or rearranged from time to time as national economy and the exigencies of an electoral contest might suggest! Henry Brougham, keeper of the king's conscience, but relying for advice in Church

matters more upon the utilitarian sagacity of Bentham than upon the wisdom of the "Fathers in God," and in all likelihood deferring in a crisis much more to some group of philosophic Radicals than to a Convocation. And Lord Melbourne—what sort of religious leadership might be expected from him? To do him justice, it must be confessed that he hated his task of ecclesiastical patronage. Often he declared—with that torrent of oaths for which he was famous—that the bishops died to annoy him. He was an eighteenth-century *bon vivant*, born a hundred years out of due time. George Greville, who knew him well, has described his heavy drinking, his after-dinner anecdotes of the sort that alcohol is known to call forth, his adventures in the divorce court which made men rehearse again the frailties of his mother and the stigma of his own birth.[1] By chance he was leader of a Whig Government, and thus officially obliged to profess some sort of social enthusiasm. But it was recognised by his intimates, and by degrees it became recognised generally, that if there was one thing in which he disbelieved more than in any other it was the current idea of "progress." At a cabinet meeting, when forward policies were discussed, the enthusiastic were distressed to see that the Prime Minister frequently fell asleep in his chair. Nor did it commend Melbourne to the Oxford leaders that he had a hobby for patristic literature, and that his lady friends used to talk about his marginal notes to some commentary on the *Apocalypse* which he had lent them to peruse.[2] Greville sometimes found him of a morning in his study, deep in the Greek text of the *Acts of the Apostles*. But the spirit in which he turned to such devotional reading seemed to require further elucidation. Biblical researches often have a charm for minds far from devout. Did not Blackstone make a study of the Old

[1] Cf. *Greville Memoirs*, II, p. 263: "He is certainly a queer fellow to be Prime Minister. . . . Unfortunately, his reputation is not particularly good; he is considered lax in morals, indifferent in religion, and very loose and pliant in politics."

[2] Ibid., p. 288.

Testament to discover whether the English rector's right to tithe could be grounded on the Levitical law? Melbourne's advice to Hampden, when the clamour against him became fiercest, was characteristic:—"Be easy, Doctor," he said; "I like an easy man."

That very Hampden case was instructive. In 1836 the Government chose as Professor of Divinity at Oxford a heretic who had advocated the admission of Dissenters to the ancient university, and who in his *Bampton Lectures* had dwelt upon the contrast—now so familiar but then so revolutionary—between religion on the one side and the creeds on the other. Melbourne had at first intended to appoint another candidate, and finally chose Hampden, not *although* but rather *because* he was so distasteful to the zealots for the independence of the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury was asked to send in six names of men suitable for the chair, but the Government ignored them all. Amid an intense tumult from the ecclesiastics, its choice fell on one who was personally unorthodox, and whose eligibility in Church circles was not greater because he was the descendant of him who had died fighting "on the wrong side" at Chalgrove Field. Another item of the series of grievances was the Jerusalem bishopric—the "Jerusalem abomination" as Newman called it.[1] By a diplomatic deal with the Prussian ambassador, it was decided that the English Church and the Lutheran Church should nominate alternately a bishop for service in the Holy City. What the attitude of the English Church was to the Lutheran heresy, Lord John Russell did not care to inquire.

Both these occurrences took place after the Oxford Movement had begun, but they were taken as just the natural development of tendencies which had been in progress ever since Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act. It was plain that if the Church's old status was to be saved, something must be done, and done quickly. How far that status was altering was made apparent further by the succession

[1] *Apologia*, p. 152.

of books and articles written to re-define and re-justify the prestige that was in peril. Coleridge and Gladstone both published elaborate studies of "the State in its relation to the Church." Thomas Arnold discussed the same problem from a different point of view, and with a different intent. In truth nothing shows more clearly that a cause is weakening than the outburst of theoretic arguments which are needed to demonstrate what has long been taken for granted. Nor was the situation of the Anglican Establishment a case by itself in those days. The experience of ecclesiastics on the other side of the Straits of Dover furnished an alarming parallel.

Under the Concordat in France—as Lamennais had lately shown—a national Church there too was fast developing a national apostasy. The *Affaires de Rome* was an excellent companion volume to Keble's Assize sermon. It told how French bishops were periodically instructed by "circular" from the Minister of Religion, how a document under the same authority and almost in the same form as a tax-assessment prescribed what prayers were to be offered, what festivals were to be dropped, in what manner baptism was to be administered. It showed how the French clergy were forbidden to confer with one another or to appeal for guidance to the supreme pontiff, very much as civil servants in general were limited in their rights of association and were prohibited from taking part in politics. It depicted the priest in each parish under the surveillance of the local mayor, with his salary curtailed or stopped for offence to a Government official. It cited cases where the very funeral service was determined by the civil power, and where recalcitrant clergy who remained obstinate in their attachment to Rome rather than the Palais Bourbon were expelled by the police to make room for some "separatist" divine who was complaisant to the powers that be. Such was the habitual usurpation in Cæsar's name of the things which assuredly were not Cæsar's. One is not surprised that this book by Lamennais produced a sensation in

Oxford, or that it suggested to the Tractarian group the old maxim of Burke: "When one's neighbour's house is on fire, it cannot be amiss to pour a little water on one's own." [1]

There was a brief, but abortive, effort in France too, which looked like a parallel to the Oxford Movement. After the July Revolution there, two priests and a layman—who realised the trend of things better than their brethren—had proceeded without either invitation or welcome to Rome, that they might warn the Holy See against further experiments on the model of the Concordat. It was their plea that all this crafty conciliating of secular Governments, all this paring and trimming of the Church's message to suit the peculiar exigencies of this or that civil order, meant a betrayal of the Church's chief purpose in the world. In truth they could quote many an alarming precedent in French experience extending from the very day the Concordat began. Had not the catechism been recast by order of Napoleon I, so that it should include question and answer about the duty of Frenchmen to the head of their State, and even one most singular passage intimating that he who failed not only to obey but to "love" the Emperor would be damned? One preacher, who was supposed to be delivering lectures on theism, had been specially expert in devising the *double entente* by which compliments to the Court might be insinuated in the language of devoutness. Even he, however, had fallen short of the required standard, for Fouché—acting on behalf of Napoleon—had pointed out to him that a really patriotic address on the existence of God should include some words in support of military conscription. When, in defiance of the Holy See, all manner of State-nominated bishops were thrust into dioceses, the clergy had been forbidden to express the smallest disapproval, and on one occasion two hundred and thirty-six seminarists who had refused to assist at the Mass of an imperial bishop were at once unfrocked and drafted into a regiment. Priests,

[1] Burke, *Reflections*, p. 284.

like all others, must be "hundred-per-cent Frenchmen," Frenchmen first, last, and all the time. Such records help one to understand the strange declaration of that other "constitutional" priest, Cimourdain in Hugo's *Quatre-vingt-treize*, "je suis prêtre, mais je crois en Dieu." [1] But in vain was the appeal of Lacordaire, Montalembert and Lamennais, that His Holiness should trust rather to the human conscience as such than to the doubtful and wavering allegiance of the politician.

In a like spirit, across the Rhine, Schleiermacher was protesting against a State-imposed liturgy for the churches of Prussia. The poor pretence that it was the preacher's most important task to provide sanction for civil obedience, so that religion must be first State-sustaining before it could ask to be State-sustained, was everywhere passing into burlesque. Even the English novelists had begun to turn it to account—no bad token of a decaying tenet. That droll book by John Galt, *Annals of the Parish*, has a delightful story of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, who complained that smuggling continued to flourish though he had done his part by preaching sixteen times from the text "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." And, in the same piece, Mr. Cayenne summons a clergyman to his deathbed, because "you know that in these times, doctor, it is the duty of every good subject to die a Christian." [2]

III

At such a troubled time, what of "the God-fearing, God-sustaining University of Oxford"? Had it forgotten its ancient office, fulfilled with such fidelity and at such sacrifice among countless national commotions in the past? Had Oxford too been caught in the whirlpool of change?

It was as the training-school for the clergy, and for that wider class which Coleridge called the *clerisy*, that conservative thinkers valued Oxford and Cambridge. Side by side with the policeman, the parson was expected to

[1] *Quatre-vingt-treize*, ii, 3. [2] *Annals of the Parish*, p. 151.

combat social unrest. Even in Scotland it was the appeal of Chalmers that the supply of divinity students must be kept up for this purpose, while the mocking *Edinburgh Review* remarked that those acquainted with the habits of Scottish parish ministers would realise at once "how sovereign a specific this is"! At the Cambridge Union young John Sterling was making inquiry about "the black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse meat and man's meat," whose duty it was "to patrol and battle for" the interests now so much imperilled.[1] With the pertness of youth, but interpreting the mind of his time, he wanted an audit of that soldier's achievement.

Formally at least, Oxford remained a bulwark of the old régime. Not an inch had there been yielded, for example, to this novel doctrine of the Radicals, that youth may be educated without being sanctified. Each college proclaimed itself a devout society, into which none could even matriculate except on signature to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion. Its instructors must be priests of the Church of England. The undergraduate must attend matins or evensong, must receive at stated times the Holy Communion, and in regular college exercise must reproduce the main drift of last Sunday's sermon at the university church. Against the caustic satire of current magazines, edited in the unregenerate north, Oxford resolutely kept that scheme of education in "the humanities" by which science was vetoed as an intruder. It was known, indeed, that strange and perilous sorts of intellectual inquisitiveness were stirring in some of the younger minds. A youth named Shelley, for example, had been notoriously impatient under the routine instruction. In the quiet of his own room he had pried with keener interest into what Faraday and Sir Humphry Davy were then doing with test-tubes and batteries than into what Aristotle had done with the syllogism twenty-two centuries before. But when he had gone so far as to circulate among his friends *A Defence of Atheism*, Shelley had

[1] Cf. Carlyle, *Life of Sterling*, Part I, chap. iv.

been expelled from the college he had thus disgraced, as traitors or cowards are drummed out of a regiment.

On the same benches with the young men who were afterwards to lead the Oxford Movement sat another youth named Charles Lyell. He was destined to lead a movement of a very different character, and even in his undergraduate years he was often noticeably *distrait* as he heard with conventional deference the stock expositions of an obsolescent medievalism. But a touch of the impious still clung to the geological researches he had in mind. It was thought that the Mosaic record of the earth needed no supplementing, and the geologists were suspected of having little or no religion. Buckland had been a reasonably safe man, who had been careful of what he said about the Flood. But such studies pursued alone might conduct a man anywhere. The new University of London, which proposed an unnatural divorce for those enterprises of learning and piety which God had joined together, was among the horrors of contemporary Radicalism. Thomas Arnold insisted that the Bible should form part of its required curriculum before he would consent to be a member of its senate. Even at Cambridge, shaken as it was by new thought, Thirlwall was immediately asked to resign his tutorship, when, in 1834, he issued a pamphlet against compulsory attendance at college chapel. At the sister university, more stringent in keeping its sacred tradition, Fellows were allowed but a limited period within which, on pain of forfeiting their fellowships, they must kneel before a bishop for ordination. The Oxford colleges of a hundred years ago were at least very different from the Magdalen of Gibbon's picture—used by its instructors simply as a tavern or a shooting-box.[1]

But the exactness with which these old guarantees were preserved had become like the punctilious regard of the early Cæsars for the *simulacra* of republicanism. In pre-Tractarian Oxford, as in the councils of the Melbourne

[1] Cf. Gibbon, *Autobiography*, chap. vii.

cabinet, it was understood that the required salaam to the Church was but a precautionary measure against invasion by "the lower orders." The spiritual formulæ were a dialect of social and political exclusiveness. When it was provided that in Oxford none but Anglican clergymen should teach and none but Anglican communicants should be taught, that the Thirty-Nine Articles should be signed at the beginning and the university sermon summarised at intervals during the course of an undergraduate's career, it was realised by those on the spot that this was just a piece of good old English Conservatism by which certain "undesirable" people were kept out.

In truth there was not in all England a more characteristically English institution than the University of Oxford a hundred years ago. Nowhere else was there such reliance upon the keeping and re-interpreting of old forms. Nowhere else was there such instinctive resort in a dispute to the retrimming of some old ambiguity. But from time to time such methods confront the sort of man who is intolerant of them. To him a religious diplomatist is just an apostate. The inevitable explosion occurred when, about 1832, a few young Oxford dons, of exceptional talent and of honesty more exceptional still, refused to treat solemn vows as if they were the mere routine of official etiquette, and declarations of faith as if they were the by-laws of a club. There is always a risk of this kind, that one who has taken pledges before he knew that they were not seriously meant, may refuse to treat them lightly even after he has been disillusioned. Carlyle called it the danger of "keeping Enchanted Wiggeries alive." [1] Someone will misunderstand, and something irreparable will have happened before he can be undeceived or stopped.

It was the advent of one such intractable person that has now to be recorded.

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To a university which he thought rooted and grounded

[1] *Frederick*, XII, ii.

in ancient faith, standing four-square against the gusts of outside scepticism, there came in 1817 a young undergraduate called John Henry Newman. Whether there would have been an Oxford Movement without him, whether the history of the English Church for the next hundred years would have been widely different if his father—still hesitating even when the post-chaise was at the door—had chosen to send him to Cambridge rather than to Oxford, is the sort of speculation that has fruitlessly diverted many an idle mind. One may compare it with the conjecture in *Coningsby* that if the Duke of Wellington had not quarrelled with Lord Grey on a coal committee, there would have been no Reform Bill;[1] with the theory of seventeenth-century Royalists that but for the death of Prince Henry, Charles I would have been Archbishop of Canterbury, and there would have been no Revolution; with the judgment of Pascal that a grain of sand in Cromwell's bladder had altered the destinies of a kingdom, and that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole current of the world's affairs would have been transformed. "Alas," exclaimed young Heinrich in Mr. Wells's novel about the Great War, "such things must be, so long as people will not learn Esperanto." [2]

At all events—as our pious ancestors would have said, "humanly speaking"—we must take John Henry Newman as the great driving force in the strange events that followed. By the acknowledgment alike of friend and foe, who were in a position to judge on the spot and at the time, his was the mind and his the will that mattered. Without him, antecedents and predisposing causes and philosophic background might all have gone for nothing. Just about a century earlier, another boy—curiously similar and curiously different—John Wesley by name, had come to the same place. Surprises were in store for each of them. But neither was of the plastic sort that can be refashioned by circumstances. Each was to leave a mark that time has been unable to efface.

[1] *Coningsby*, VIII, iii.

[2] *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, I, v.

CHAPTER V

NEWMAN AND THE "TRACTS"

Three and twenty years I have seen truth practically nullified by modification to suit circumstances. I will have none of it.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER V

NEWMAN AND THE "TRACTS"

It was with awe and transport, as he afterwards said, that Newman approached Oxford that June day in 1817 "as a sacred shrine."[1]

I

He came of an Evangelical family, which Methodism had profoundly influenced. His mother, of French descent, was the sort of Protestant who could look back on ancestors expelled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, Low Church Anglican by birth, and in the banking profession, had the tempered piety which one expects from such a blend. John Newman was indeed "the common banker" whom Robert Louis Stevenson used to cite as typical, and he showed some prescience in warning his son at an early age against "religious extremes."[2] Like Wesley himself, he desired to be Evangelical without being schismatic. The household was one of prayer and hymn and Bible-reading and Sunday recitation of the catechism. By the fireside, young John Henry heard much about repentance and conversion and the fruits of the Spirit. To him these were not just conventional formulæ, to be received with filial respect. They awakened echoes and responses within.

It is a facile but foolish theory about him that all his later hospitality to dogma began with his act of submission to the Church of Rome in 1845. He fled thither, we are often told, as a refuge from the native scepticism which—to his terror—was gradually closing in upon his mind.

[1] Ward, *Life of Newman*, I, p. 32. [2] *Letters*, I, p. 111.

This seems to be the precise opposite of what occurred. In the view of eighteenth-century foolishness, it was the priest that made religion; we now know it is rather religion that makes the priest. Likewise it is not submission to authority that makes the dogmatist; it is rather the temperamental dogmatist who alone can submit to authority. There was no native scepticism in John Henry Newman. From childhood he was of the number of those who realise in an exceptional degree the Unseen Power. His was that rare personality marked always and everywhere by "the practice of the presence of God." Not even Bunyan was more convinced of providential guidance after his "conversion" than Newman throughout his whole adult life. As a mere boy, he knew when and where and in what manner he, too, had been "converted." He had had his "experience," fit to be narrated at a Methodist revival meeting. At sixteen years of age he was sure that he had been "elected to eternal glory," and henceforth before his mind stood ever the thought of just two "luminously self-evident beings," himself and his Creator.[1] It is not perhaps a very wholesome or a very generous disposition —especially in the young—which thus limits the field of all future concern. In Newman it produced from the beginning some habits which those nearest to him found hard to bear.

But at least this mood makes a resolute and determined character, and it is the mood which in him never altered. Supernatural influences were constantly in his scheme of things. As a child, he crossed himself in the dark. In mid-career, as leader of the Oxford Movement, he thought it quite likely that an apparition of Laud might occur for his encouragement. Nor was he, in these fancies, so very singular for his time. Men not long past middle age could still remember listening to the founder of Methodism, and it is recorded of Wesley that he used to hear a Jacobite spirit rapping on the wall when prayer was made for the

[1] *Apologia*, p. 4.

House of Hanover at family devotions. Herein is one out of many features of disposition and temperament in which these two leaders were alike. That complicated system of surrounding angels which Newman worked out in his mature reflection, and the accompanying imagery of devils with which he surprises the reader of *Callista*, might—with a few alterations of detail—have met with Wesley's wholehearted approval. It was but the development of Newman's boyhood reverie. We can readily believe that he was an odd boy, little interested in the usual diversions of his age.

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Nor was he precociously intellectual in his concern with the affairs of older people. Those had been tremendous years during which he was at a private school in Ealing—years big with crisis after crisis for England and for Europe. He might have been expected to keep, as long as he lived, some recollection of the period between 1808 and 1816. But in his autobiographic memoir Newman has almost nothing to tell about what he saw or heard in that tense time. Young T. B. Macaulay, just one year his senior, was writing excited letters to his friends about Bonaparte. Newman, on the other hand, except for a reference to the candles stuck in the windows of his father's house to celebrate the victory of Trafalgar,[1] seems to have forgotten every impression left upon his mind by what was then indeed "the Great War." Not a word about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, about Wellington in the Peninsula, even about Waterloo. Yet he was keeping a juvenile diary at the time, a diary in which at nine years old he had entered certain "Lines on Nelson." Significantly enough, the next item in the diary is entitled "Moral Axioms." And at the school in Ealing, where he spent more than eight years, he was never known to play a game. There is a legend that, on the street, he had an occasional wrestle with a youngster about his own age called Benjamin Disraeli.

[1] *Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 14 n.

He had a dim recollection of writing, at the age of eleven, some sort of mock-drama about the Prince Regent. Two school periodicals—with names suggestive of the time, *The Spy* and *The Anti-Spy*—had contributions from him. But while he forgot all about the contents of these youthful papers, the memory of another kind of interest—belonging to the same period—never faded. Thomas Scott's scripture commentaries were in great vogue, and at fourteen Newman was deep in the *Essays* and the *Force of Truth*. He was much concerned to demonstrate the Holy Trinity, and for this purpose he made an original collection of proof-texts from the Bible, appending his own comment upon the significance of each.[1] Next in order of treatment, at the age of sixteen, came the *Athanasian Creed*. He assures us in the *Apologia* that he went through this lengthy document verse by verse, writing opposite to each the Scripture evidence upon which it rested. In his old age he still preserved this memorandum, which must have been indeed a remarkable piece of exegesis. In 1815, the year of Waterloo, he had a vigorous theological argument with one of his teachers about Pope's *Essay on Man*.[2] Though keenly conscious of his own "conversion," he was painfully unable to satisfy himself that all the stern requirements of that process as he understood it had been fulfilled in his case. He used to fret about this, and re-argue the matter introspectively many times. Such was his temperament when, in 1817, he entered Trinity College, Oxford.

With a precocious gift for writing admirable English, both prose and verse, with the musical taste and some measure of the musical accomplishments of his family, and with no discoverable turn for amusement—unless we include under that name a passion for Scott's novels and *The Arabian Nights*—but with the awful sense of his own recent "regeneration" and its responsibilities, he must have seemed a strange youth indeed, as Oxford estimates went. His parents desired that he should take up some

[1] *Apologia*, p. 5.

[2] *Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 19.

wholesome outdoor sport, but he offered the uncompromising resistance of one who had risen above such worldliness. Even *The Arabian Nights* and *The Waverley Novels* soon gave place to a brooding over Bishop Beveridge's theory of baptism and the problem of infants that perish unbaptised. These high mysteries were so much in his mind during his first term at Oxford that a casual sermon heard at the university church would send him back to his room to torment himself for the rest of the day about predestination and efficacious grace. About the same time he composed verses on "Solitude," comparing the Arab, so meditative amid the encircling skies of his desert, with the mediaeval saint alert for the accents of a heavenly choir, and deploring that "earthly din of toil or mirth" which made his college associates deaf to such celestial harmony. On his seventeenth birthday his thought found expression in a poem about the manifold temptations of this world, about the glorious gift of life for those who will use it to noble ends, and about that dutiful patience with which the faithful must serve his God "till this worn body slowly sink to rest." There is a stanza, too, of appropriate vehemence, on the very different outlook of another poet who, a year earlier, had reflected upon life with no such devoutness. It was in 1817 that Byron published the second canto of *Childe Harold*, and—strange to say—young Newman must have read it, in intervals of leisure from Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*. On the day before the Trinity "Gaudy" of 1819, his mind was full of sombre expectation, foreseeing a company of intoxicated "men of Belial" at the convivial board, and wondering how the angels would be distressed at such revelation of undergraduate apostasy.[1]

When he became Fellow of Oriel in 1821, he was still in the sharply critical mood of a religious devotee. His autobiography shows much introspection, much accusing of himself for the lusts of pride and vainglory. But it was not upon himself alone that his suspicions rested. When

[1] *Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 33.

he took part in the election of two new Fellows in 1823, he committed to his diary the hope that they are "at least favourably disposed towards religion," and a prayer that they may be brought "into the true Church"—that is, apparently, into the Evangelical group, which was by no means popular at Oxford. One of these two was E. B. Pusey, about whose spiritual state—despite the respect and affection he felt for him—Newman had for some time grave misgiving.[1]

When he became curate of St. Clement's Church, tokens of the same disposition were multiplied—his systematic visitation, his individual warning to worldly parishioners, his founding of a Sunday School, his enthusiasm about foreign missions, even his use of the word "Sabbath." In his private memoranda for 1823 he dwells upon the error of regarding sin as an *infirmity* when it is in truth a *disease*, points out how man is by nature a foe of God and the object of God's wrath, and reflects how among those who differ on an issue of such moment one or other side must "fearfully mistake the Scriptures." He recalled how as an undergraduate he had profaned the Day of Rest by reading a newspaper, but had later come to look on this as so sinful that he could scarce credit one who did it with "a renewed mind," and how he had even been so far in spiritual darkness as to frequent the theatres.[2] Law's *Serious Call to the Unconverted* became his favourite book of devotion, while Newton's *Dissertations on the Prophecies* made him perfectly sure that the Pope was indeed Antichrist.

It is not remarkable that onlookers should have described the John Henry Newman of those days as a Methodist.[3]

[1] Cf. the entry in his diary: "That Pusey is Thine, O Lord, how can I doubt? . . . Yet I fear he is prejudiced against Thy children." (*Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 103.)

[2] ibid., I, p. 70. Cf. his conjecture that the fever he caught in Sicily was due to his having travelled in that island on Sunday. ibid., I, p. 354.

[3] ibid., I, p. 82.

II

But the Methodistic phase was soon to pass. One influence after another played upon his sensitive mind during the first five years of his Oxford ministry. By degrees he came to doubt whether "the truth" meant just Evangelicalism—whether John Newton and Thomas Scott and Charles Simeon had hit the exact middle course between rationalists and papists. In 1827 his friend Keble published *The Christian Year*, with its haunting line "Speak gently of thy sister's fall," and Newman could not afterwards think quite so savagely as before about the Church of Rome. The Provost of Oriel had heard him preach one of those flaming sermons that might have come from Wesley himself—about the utter contrast between children of God and children of the world. In conversation with the preacher, Hawkins insinuated a deprecatory doubt, suggesting that between black and white in character there are numerous intermediate greys.[1] Newman's daily experience among the poor in his Oxford parish served as a comment on this. He began to wonder whether the Calvinistic doctrine of election, so clearly stated in the *Articles*, was adequate to human nature as he saw it. Within the next few years he visited Rome, where there came upon him the inevitable spell—the spell which, twenty years later, was to be cast even upon the hostile spirit of Ernest Renan. Somehow in Rome the all-pervading Presence seemed to be felt as well as asserted, and worship to have a reality commensurate with the Creed. In Oxford, on the contrary, one had often to think of ceremonies performed to keep up a charter. Newman sought an interview with Wiseman, to discuss whether it was really an insuperable barrier that parted them. Stranger still, he talked with that alarming rationalist, Chevalier Bunsen! Plainly new tumults were stirring in his mind. English newspapers reached him,

[1] *Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 105.

with disquieting reports. As he read these, the thought of the national apostasy became ever more distinct and intolerable. Like Mohammed, he was suddenly possessed with the sense of a personal mission, and he started for home. On the way, he fell into a high fever, and the watchers at his bedside were doubtful of his recovery. But he himself had no fear. He had a divine task imposed upon him, and—in true Puritan spirit—he knew himself immortal till his work should be done.[1] Ill at ease about methods, he was sure of his objective. On the voyage home he wrote *Lead, Kindly Light.*

. . . . . .

He was returning to attack with all his energy those tendencies he had come to call "Liberalism." Afterwards he doubted whether this was the right name; for Lacordaire in France, whose purposes were very much like his own, persistently called himself a Liberal.[2] But whatever might be the appropriate word, Newman had very clearly in his mind the main features of the thing. What horrified him was the prospect of a restored Deism, and of the English Church drifting back into the habits of the time before the Wesleyan revival. For though he had abandoned the Methodist theology, Newman kept his Methodist enthusiasm —and all around him enthusiasm was the one thing that seemed to be disparaged! The chief sign of this was not in any explicit statement, for mistiness was still taken to be the mother of wisdom.[3] It was shown rather in the very fact that the explicit was so generally disapproved and avoided. Was not this the well-known intervening period of cautious silence—between the period of robust faith that was past, and the period of fierce denial that might be expected to come? Ancient forms, ancient institutions, ancient creeds, were still the object of a courteous and even punctilious gesture. They were safe from the grosser

[1] Cf. *Letters and Correspondence*, I, p. 364 *seq.*
[2] *Apologia*, Note A.
[3] Cf. ibid., p. 102.

sort of attack, because they were still valued as part of the machinery of public order. But let anyone take seriously, and propose to carry out resolutely, what the Church's faith directs, and in Church circles he would at once become conscious of a chill in the atmosphere. It was the eighteenth century coming back, after the Evangelical interlude.

For example, Newman had a passion for foreign missions, and for a time he had made up his mind to be himself a missionary. But in Church assemblies of a hundred years ago such a project was treated as Dickens treated the scheme of Mrs. Jellyby for the natives of Borrioboola Gha. He undertook his Oriel tutorship, in accordance with the statutes and traditions of the place, as a religious charge. But when he tried to fulfil this as a reality rather than as a mere form, he was quietly superseded by the Provost, who —as Mark Pattison said—used to preach in Oriel chapel sermons of an "eminently judicious" character.[1] Newman's pupils were sent to a different instructor, of the sort that knew how change can be made without at the same time making a fuss. On every side paradoxes like this were to be met. Dissenters were still excluded, and Anglican worship was compulsory in each Oxford chapel, professedly because higher learning cannot safely be pursued apart from sound religion. But the same men who kept Dissenters out of Oxford were willing to set up for them the University of London, in which higher learning might be pursued on a foundation avowedly "godless." Rumour had it that the Reform Government, having united Irish dioceses to save money as it might have gerrymandered constituencies to increase votes, had next in mind to make large alteration in the Liturgy. The newly-elected Roman Catholic members would have their say about this! Quite possibly such men as Whately or Arnold would support it, as they had supported Catholic Emancipation and the Irish Church Reform Act—not because they approved of either, but because such was the spirit of the age.

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 83.

Thus gradually there faded from Newman's mind his old thought of Oxford as a sacred shrine. One by one, the high sanctities of his young imagination became resolved into their constituent parts—an element of sheer habit and the *vis inertiæ*, an element of political precaution, an element of social caste. And in this respect Oxford was but a microcosm of the Church of England throughout the country. Still the grand old Prayer Book, with high and solemn appeal—its message of what God had given power and commandment unto His ministers to proclaim. That was repeated each Sunday. But what were those ministers actually proclaiming? Was it not rather, in increasing degree, that for which power and commandment was given at the polls?

The more he reflected on all this, the more Newman felt that its source lay in a profound, though still covert, *disbelief*. All that quasi-medieval Oxford environment, all those solemn regulations in the statutes of colleges, all that full-throated profession of faith as creeds were recited and litanies chanted and the gesture of worship everywhere executed—did it correspond to any conviction within? If it did, how then should one explain the constant readiness to abate or transform or abandon this spiritual inheritance as soon as the menace of the politician or the clamour of the mob became insistent? Did the statesmen, so-called, who had the Church in their keeping, believe anything at all? One already heard proposals to turn the Church buildings into mechanics' institutes, and to find employment for the dispossessed clergy in teaching popular economics or natural science! When a Melbourne or a Grey used the conventional language, which could not as yet be omitted in a speech on ecclesiastical affairs without shocking an English audience, did he mean anything, except to preserve the usual decorum? Sometimes, lapsing into a dangerous candour, he did not preserve even this. And Brougham—was there in his mind a real faith in anything, except some sort of "Useful Knowledge Society,"

secular to the core? Perhaps, as seemed to be very widely assumed, the whole legacy of the Ages of Faith had been superstition. Why not, then, repudiate it? Or, if it was truth, why thus desert it?

As he turned this dilemma over and over in his mind, it seemed plain to Newman that, under the prevalent "Liberalism" of thought, men regarded a religious doctrine as just what certain people happen to believe and others—with equal right—happen to deny, while one particular set of doctrines by a like accident happens to be established in the institutions and usages of the British State.[1] As he put it long afterwards, in *Loss and Gain*, the one mistake was thought to be committed when men "go too far" with a belief; that is, when they act in consequence of it otherwise than as they would act without it! For beliefs were held to be in truth "neither good nor bad in themselves, but personal, national, or periodic," and to insist on them was "like insisting on a Hindu dressing like a Finn, or a regiment of dragoons using the boomerang." [2] And, for the time, since the English Crown recognised one system of doctrines to the exclusion of all others, the clergy of the Establishment were officials to promote this, like revenue officials to enforce taxation!

As he sat with his intimates round the fire in his Oriel room, such a picture recalled by contrast one very different —the picture of the Church in the great Middle Ages. In eager debate with Hurrell Froude, Newman would raise the question whether what had been so magnificent in that old order might not be restored without restoring also what had been so corrupt. The first need was to make real to the Anglican priesthood a conception of their office higher than that to which they were sinking. To those content to remain as they were, it might be possible to bring even yet a sense of shame. To those distressed, but whose very hearts were failing for fear, there must sound again the old trumpet call, *Sursum Corda*. So far as at

[1] *Apologia*, Note A.

[2] *Loss and Gain*, p. 70.

present appeared, there were just two or three young Oriel tutors to whom this heavenly vision had come. But they would not be disobedient to it.

Would they form an association, a Church Defence League —or something of the kind? Newman disliked this, partly because it had a ring of conspiracy—like the Jacobin Club —and partly because he had no belief in what could be done by committees, with their "combined action," weak enough to secure agreement! He consented, indeed, to join in an address to the Archbishop, dwelling on the imminent peril that confronted the Church. To the surprise, but to the great encouragement of these few pioneers, this address was signed with eagerness by no fewer than seven thousand clergy and nearly a quarter of a million laymen! It was clear that there was professional and even popular strength waiting to be called forth. What was wanted was vigorous expression, and—above all—men who could write. This at least Newman felt that he could do, and in September 1833 he issued the first three of the famous *Tracts*.

By reason of his faults as well as his virtues, he had in him the stuff of which leadership is made, and as a leader he was enormously successful for the next six years. There is a clarity to which narrowness is no obstacle, but rather a help. His success was not like that of Wesley who, a century before, in the same Oxford, had been roused by the same question—*Son of man, can these bones live?* Wesley soon found that Oxford was not his proper sphere. The organising gift shown in the formation of the Methodist "societies" was not a gift possessed by Newman in even a low degree. But neither was this the gift by which the Oxford Movement could have been started. The founder of Methodism could never have written anything comparable to the *Tracts*. It was not the emotions of a crowd of twenty thousand Cornish labourers and fishermen that had to be stirred. It was a far subtler intelligence, and the beginning had to be made at Oxford. For good or for ill, no other man ever lit there such a torch as Newman.

From the first, he dominated the propagandist series. Others indeed co-operated with him, and the papers published were very various in character. Pusey, for example, contributed an immense disquisition on Baptism. Some wrote about fasting, others about the divisions of the Christian year, others again about the general duty of public worship, the value of private prayer, the need for systematic observance of the Holy Communion. These papers looked harmless enough, sometimes too dull to be alarming. But everywhere there was a latent suggestion in them; and as they were scattered by volunteer agents among the vicarages of England, they spread abroad the idea that the high purpose of the Christian priesthood had been sadly forgotten. Their appeal was to a Church still nominally established, but conscious of its fast waning strength. Why was it in such peril? The answer of *Tracts* was that the Church was failing, not because her claims had been pitched too high for public endurance, but because they had been pitched too low for public inspiration. And that, perhaps, is an eternal truth.

It was the apostolic character of the ministry that was held ever in high relief. Such was the office of the priesthood, or it was nothing; and the moment it allowed itself to become a mere agency of the civil power, its title to respect was gone. The keynote was sounded in the first *Tract*:

> Stir up the gift of God which is in you. Make much of it. Show your value of it. Keep it before your minds as an honourable badge, far higher than that secular respectability, or cultivation, or polish, or learning, or rank, which gives you a hearing with many. . . . The times will soon drive you to do this, if you mean to be still anything. But wait not for the times. . . . Choose your side. . . . HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME, AND HE THAT GATHERETH NOT WITH ME SCATTERETH ABROAD.

Those who issue electioneering pamphlets in our day might learn from this apparently prosaic series how much more effective is a constant suggestion than a proclaiming of

explicit policy. For the terms of the explicit policy can be attacked. The suggestion works itself quietly into the blood.

Among the few who have read these memorable papers it is clear that some of their most voluble critics are not to be included. An afternoon's perusal would astonish many of those who profess "a general knowledge of their purport," but who in truth have not even seen them summarised, except in a vague diatribe against their "sophistry." Much of their argument, if examined without this initial expectation, would now be thought intensely Evangelical. From time to time the writers turn aside to discuss some contemporary Modernist document, and their reasoning will not appeal to Modernists of the present day. But it ought to appeal to Evangelicals, for the test of an infallible Scripture is everywhere invoked. No doubt it would require a very rigid scripturalist to maintain now, with Pusey in *Tract LXVII*, that the Sacrament of Baptism is clearly foreshadowed by "waters of refreshment" in the twenty-third Psalm, whose author is assumed to have been King David. But when it was a "doctrine of grace" rather than a sacramental practice which had to be defended, one has seen equally daring Old Testament exegesis in other schools. Duncan Forbes [1] argued that the Trinity was involved in Ezekiel's passage about the lion, the bull and the eagle, while the leading Broad Churchman of our time says there is a dim perception of the same dogma in the words "Holy, holy, holy," from the Prophecies of Isaiah! [2]

Thus originated *Tracts for the Times*. They were a manifesto against the policy of drift. Plainly the problem of Church and State in England was passing into a new phase. Catholic Emancipation, the growth of Dissent, the deepening unpopularity of the Establishment in large cities—a dozen such causes had destroyed the old idea of "the Commonwealth-Church." What the Tract-writers demanded was that the theory of the régime which was

[1] *Works*, p. 148. [2] Dean Inge, in *Christian Mysticism*, p. 18.

coming should be stated in logical form, even as Hooker had stated the theory of a régime that was past. But a challenge of this sort was just what the official English mind disliked. It was thought to be part of the national genius, and it was certainly part of the national disposition, to "muddle through," leaving things to "adjust themselves," under an order which it was judged safe to follow but dangerous to state. The Tractarians, with a more robust faith in truth, held that it can never be dangerous to state what it is really safe to follow, but that immense peril lies in the opposite choice. Much as he differed from Henry Brougham, it was Newman's purpose to do for the Church something like what Brougham was doing—amid similar reproaches—for the national constitution. He too, in Bagehot's terse summary, was "a vehement, industrious person, proposing to untie papers, and not proposing to overlook errors." [1]

. . . . . .

The style of the *Tracts* is austere, unadorned, even bald. Such too was the style of Newman's preaching in his Anglican days—chosen not accidentally, but deliberately. And it is worth examining, for it reflects the very spirit of his Movement.

In the pulpit of St. Mary's he used to fascinate an audience that was generally unimpressionable. Most of those who have left their reminiscences of him speak about his subtle analysis of the human disposition, about the poignancy with which he searched and probed the recesses of the soul, about his startling effectiveness in making the listener feel that the preacher knew him better than he knew himself. Here and there, as one reads those sermons still, there is a catching of the breath at the pathological exactness of some descriptive paragraph, or the intimate accuracy of some new phrase by which the secret moods of the heart are disclosed as one had never seen them dis-

[1] Bagehot, Essay on Henry Brougham.

closed before. Of course, too, much has been said about that extraordinary vividness of metaphor and that mastery over the resources of simple, nervous English, by which the reader is still thrilled, and which must have meant so much more from the living voice. But these are only occasional, and quite plainly unstudied, episodes in an address whose general tenor is as prosaic as that of a piece of college lecturing.

Never was there a preacher who made less use of the conventional methods to attract attention. Goldwin Smith could remember how he read the service in a mechanical monotone, that nothing of his personality might display itself, and that he might seem to be but "the mouthpiece of the Church." [1] Gladstone, who had listened to him often, spoke of the voice that seldom changed its inflection, of the complete absence of gesture, of the manuscript closely read with eyes ever on the book—and yet of a general effect singularly attractive, a solemn music and sweetness in the tone, a stamp and seal upon "the man as a whole." [2] When the eager admiration which Newman aroused in his first years gave place to the sullen suspiciousness with which he was afterwards watched, people said the simplicity of his diction was but an artifice, the dodge of him who knows how *ars est celare artem*. Their conjecture was probably wide of the mark. He preached thus because he thought of himself as indeed but a messenger, and of the arts of the rhetorician as a sort of profanity in the pulpit. Feeling, with Dr. Johnson, that "repentance is not at leisure for cadences and epithets," he might well have said, with Wesley, that he dared no more write in a fine style than wear a fine coat.[3] Never, he has told us, did he compose for the sake of composing, but always because he had something which he felt ought to be said, and his task was to say it as clearly and as briefly as he could. It is such

[1] Goldwin Smith, *Reminiscences*, p. 61.
[2] Cf. Justin McCarthy, *History of Our Own Times*, i, p. 142.
[3] Wesley's *Works*, IX, p. 110.

a preacher whose success is a mystery to himself. Like Moses descending from the Mount, he knew not that the skin of his face shone. So he did not remind his listeners of any other whom they had heard, but he did seem to them like some prophet of the past whom they knew only in legend. Just thus, they thought, might Ambrose be supposed to have faced his audience, with a message from God.

III

Was Tractarian doctrine a sheer novelty in the Church of England? The authority of Tradition, Apostolical Succession, Sacramental Grace *ex opere operato*—had belief in these ever been taught before in the Reformed Church? Or was this just a gesture indicative of repentance and desire to return to the old fold? For an answer one must plainly consult sources of two kinds. The Church had her written standards; and she had likewise accumulated, during two centuries and a half, a great body of more or less authoritative interpretation by which their doubtful points might be cleared up. On both these fields the Tractarians did not await the attack of the enemy. They went out to meet him.

Very naturally, for those so much concerned to establish the right of Tradition, they made much of the precedents they could themselves invoke. Postponing for a time the much less manageable *Articles*, they ransacked the works of Hooker, of Jewell, of Andrewes, of Ken, of Jeremy Taylor. For England too had her *catena patrum*. As the spirit of the British constitution was to be sought less in written formulæ than in the interpretative decisions of the judges, so the spirit of the Anglican communion could be found less easily in any formal creed than in the long and glorious testimony of the authoritative divines.

In the *Tracts* such evidence is presented both copiously and dexterously. No one can rise from their perusal without

feeling that the men of the Movement were indeed often restoring rather than innovating. The sharp Protestantism of the early nineteenth century was extremely remote from the spirit of passage after passage cited from the works of men who guided the Church of England at least a hundred years after the Reformation had been accomplished. Such passages were exactly in the spirit of *Tracts for the Times*. Perhaps what the Tractarians aimed to restore would have been better left to complete the decay that had begun. But at least what they were claiming the right to hold and to teach had the support of men with authority second to none in the past for what had been believed and taught in the Church of England during at least two centuries after the adoption of Articles and Prayer Book. It is quite plain that the seventeenth-century divines who wrote the passages quoted in *Tracts* would now be judged Anglo-Catholic by any Evangelical audience patient enough to hear those passages read. By whom, for example, was the Christian minister described as inheriting those keys which the Lord had committed to St. Peter, and as wielding the power which "translateth out of darkness into glory"? Who defined the visible Church of God as endowed with such privilege that "for anything we know to the contrary, all without it are lost sheep"? These are the words of the judicious Hooker.[1] Illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely.

Following the analogy of legal definition by decisions of the judges, one might ask for proof not only that certain "authoritative divines" of the past had been Anglo-Catholic, but that prior to the supposed Protestant apostasy under the House of Hanover there was substantial agreement in that direction. So long as the argument was no more than a plea for permission to construe the standards in the Anglo-Catholic sense, it was exceedingly strong. For there was abundant evidence that this had been done

[1] *Eccl. Pol.*, v, sects. 68 and 77. Cf. ibid., v, 60: "Baptism which both declareth and maketh us Christians."

in the past by the greatest leaders of Anglicanism, and that in restraint rather than in latitude an innovation would arise. But the *Tracts* often tried to prove too much, and their argument thus became ridiculous—as Newman perhaps felt later, when he explained how little "editing" he had done, and how various had been his co-contributors.[1] One suspects, too, in some of the propagandist group a touch of what is worse than simple-mindedness. There is no such unanimity as they pretend in the witness of "the great Anglican divines" for their particular school, and their *catena patrum* had to be drawn up with the utmost cunning to supply even a plausible appearance of it. First, of course, the godless eighteenth century was dismissed, as a period in which—for some unexplained reason—the divine guidance must have been withheld. That was a time to which Newman was reluctant even to refer, except for an occasional word of execration against Hoadly—so hateful to all Tractarians because he had questioned the penitential discipline of "the Visible Church." In truth they might have blamed him with more reason because, as a representative of the Church, he had not been personally visible in his diocese of Bangor for more than six years! But even though, omitting altogether the eighteenth-century bishops, they might proclaim reunion between the Anglican leaders of the seventeenth century and the faithful remnant of the nineteenth, they could do this only by a sharp censorship of names and a dexterous isolating of passages from their context. Seventeenth-century prelates were far from being a homogeneous group. It was clear that the Apostolical Succession—in Newman's sense—had not only been unrecognised by such men as Burnet and Leighton and Stillingfleet, but had been repudiated by them, explicitly in words as well as implicitly in acts. Burnet and Leighton are ignored in the new *catena*, whilst the short passages cited from Stillingfleet in *Tracts LXXIV* and *LXXVIII* give a thoroughly misleading impression of his opinions. Still

[1] *Apologia*, p. 59.

less to be quoted, of course, was such a seventeenth-century prelate as Tillotson, whose essential Deism was never disguised, and of whom Anthony Collins said with truth that all the freethinkers in England should own him as their head.[1]

But the Tractarians had at least shown that the authoritative interpreters of the past were divided. They could quote an imposing array of evidence to prove that it was the ultra-Protestant who was departing from the Anglican tradition. It was a harder task to reconcile Tractarianism with the text of the Thirty-Nine Articles. And in whatever sense it might be shown that "men of light and leading" in the Church had understood these, it could not be denied that on the face of them they were plainly, even belligerently, Protestant. Hence the difficult enterprise of *Tract XC.*

One must here distinguish between the position of Newman and that of his less temperate followers. When W. G. Ward published his *Ideal of a Christian Church,* arguing that a man might honestly sign the Articles while holding "the whole cycle of Roman doctrine," people felt that it was a waste of time and too great a trial of patience to listen to Anglo-Catholic argument any more. If Article XXII about Purgatory, Article XXVIII about Transubstantiation, and Article XXXI about the Mass did not commit those who signed them to a denial of Roman doctrine, there was an end to the binding character of any contract. But Newman never contended for anything so monstrous as that plea by Ward. Against Romanism the protest in *Tract XC* was definite and vigorous. But, asked the writer, in condemning the Roman doctrine of Purgatory—with its whole apparatus of indulgences and reliance upon the treasury of merit accumulated by the saints—is one committed to denial of an intermediate state, and to insistence that the soul proceeds at once either to perfect glory or to perfect torment? In condemning the crude materialism

[1] Collins, *Discourse of Freethinking,* p. 171.

of the Mass, is it necessary to abjure at the same time the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, and to embrace the ultra-Protestant doctrine of a mere memorial? No doubt in the light of Newman's secession, just four years afterwards, to the Roman Church, this appeared as a sort of preliminary hair-splitting. But in the light of the later return, by persons of quite anti-Roman views, to belief in Real Presence which is not Transubstantiation, and in an intermediate state which has no colour of the Roman purgatorial penances, can we now feel equally sure that in 1841 he was on his way to the change? In later years he constantly pointed out that not until *Tract XC* had been condemned was there the beginning of a movement towards Rome. It is to be remembered, too, that the Articles did not constitute the only written standard of the English Church. Newman drew attention to the language of the Prayer Book, which in such passages as the order for Visitation of the Sick placed upon the Protestant at least as great a strain as the Articles placed upon the Tractarian. That order provides for a full confession by the sick to the visiting priest, who then addresses the penitent as follows:

> Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and *by His authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins*, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.[1]

What does this mean? Newman pressed for an answer. "I challenge, in the sight of all England, Evangelical clergymen generally to put on paper an interpretation of this form of words, consistent with their sentiments, which shall be less forced than the most objectionable of the interpretations which *Tract XC* puts upon any passage in the Articles." It was distinctly embarrassing.

Yet, did not everyone know what the framers of the Articles had intended? And if they had allowed some questionable phrases to appear in the Prayer Book, was it

[1] *Apologia*, p. 87 n.

not captious to pretend any doubt that they meant to be Protestant even there? This raised the question whether these standards were to be understood in the sense intended by their framers, or in that sense which might legitimately be drawn from the words used. Here too the Tractarian argument has certainly grown no weaker with the progress of events since then. With quick prescience of what might be coming, such Liberals as Jowett and Stanley resisted a resolution to the effect that the purpose of the framers should be binding. One might well ask certain Broad Churchmen of to-day, eager for a latitude for themselves alone, to define what they suppose the framers to have meant by such words as these: *Born of the Virgin Mary. . . . The third day He rose again from the dead.* It was by a grim irony of fate that within twenty years certain contributors to *Essays and Reviews*, who had been so valiant for "the intention of the framers" when this was transgressed by Newman, should have been found urging the Privy Council to hold the framers in little esteem when their intention was transgressed in another interest by themselves. Such is the extraordinary condition presented by the two rival sources. Articles and Prayer Book, left in flagrant conflict, which the diverse interpreting of the centuries has done little to assuage! It takes a bold man to arraign his theological opponent in the Church of England as a setter forth of doctrine that is "wholly without precedent."

One cannot wonder that prosecutions for "illegality" should now be so hard to sustain in an ecclesiastical court. But it is indeed a wonder that of late lawyers have been heard to clamour in the House of Lords for securing uniformity by "a strict enforcement of the standards"! If they had studied those standards as they have studied the civil law, they would realise how in keeping them just as they have existed for centuries is the one guarantee that each clergyman may do exactly as he pleases.

IV

The once famous *Tracts* now stand, in bound volumes, almost undisturbed on the shelf of the antiquary. Probably few even of the present Anglo-Catholic school read them with any great care, because the debate has passed into a new phase, and these discussions seem obsolete. Though the principle at stake may be the same, for minds that can think it out, it is the details that interest the general reader, and the details have become very different. Inquiries into tradition and sub-apostolic practice and the growth of dogma seem very arid when one is eager to hear about incense and coloured vestments, about pyxes and chalices, about acolytes and thurifers and the whole apparatus of "sartorial piety." Nothing will be found in *Tracts* about "Ritualism," and the ritualist has an unpleasant feeling that the writers would have despised him. Even for the historically-minded the whole series constitutes but a *livre d'occasion*, and with the passing of the circumstances which called it forth, its appeal—except to the abnormally inquisitive—has passed away.

There is a further reason why by men of our day the series is little read. In most of them the name *Tracts for the Times* awakens interest only to disappoint it, like that strange title of a volume by Newman, *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*. By a tremendous effort the general reader can still regain, or reconstruct, that state of mind for which the *Sermons* and the *Tracts* seemed opportune and urgent. He can perhaps think himself back into that theological period of the middle of the nineteenth century. But constantly there recur to his mind those other problems of the time, of which neither preacher nor tract-writer took note, and he cannot easily endure that unearthly detachment from current life.

In this respect Newman's *Sermons* were typical. Those on "Subjects of the Day" were preached during the dark

industrial period between 1838 and 1843. One knows well what were then the pressing public questions, for conscientious persons who could think. But one looks in vain for the list in those sermons by Newman. Famine in Ireland, the vast selfishness of the Corn Laws, Chartism, the opium war with China—how a Hebrew prophet would have dealt with them! But one would gather from Newman's sermons that the social passion of an Isaiah or a Jeremiah had no place in Christianity.

His texts were provokingly suggestive. *Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening*: and again, *With righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.* Men like Frederick Maurice and Charles Kingsley knew how to make application of such passages. They too thought that England was apostate—not so much, however, because heresy was appearing, as because humanity was vanishing; not so much because men were missing the finer implications of "Triune Godhead" as because they were despising the obvious implications of Christian brotherhood. They were less alarmed about the way Hampden might treat the Nicene Creed in an Oxford lecture-room than about the way the Golden Rule was treated on the coalfields of Durham or in the mills of Lancashire.[1] It was the England of Disraeli's *Sybil*, of Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, of Carlyle's *Chartism*, of Dickens's *Hard Times*, of Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*. What had Newman to say at such an hour? A great deal about "the usurpations of reason," the contrast of "faith and knowledge," "the principle of continuity between the Jewish and Christian Churches," or about "Christianity as an Imperial Power." Attention is roused, only to be dulled again, by the title "The Church and

[1] Even Pusey was moved, in those "hungry forties," to make Margaret Chapel a centre of social appeal. It was the selfish luxuriousness of the rich, he exclaimed in a famous sermon of 1847, that was precipitating a national catastrophe. "We will not limit our self-indulgence; and so, in order to obtain it cheaply, we pare down the wages of our artisans. . . . Full often the clothes we wear are, while they are made, moistened with the tears of the poor." (Quoted in Liddon's *Life of Pusey*, IV, p. 171.)

the World." For what we find is something about the eternal righteousness of the doom under which fallen mankind was cast, so that in the sweat of his face the sinner should eat bread. Elsewhere we get something about the insurgence of wicked discontent which is seen when "the lower orders rise up against the powers that be, in direct opposition to the word of Scripture." [1] It is indeed with a sigh that the reader now lays down such a volume, where the felicity of phrase has never failed, where each thought is illumined by some illustration vivid or piercing, but where this supposed preacher for the times has not for a moment confronted the stern social issues by which the men of that time were especially distraught.

There were some curious coincidences, too, in that *annus mirabilis*, 1833, and they make this mood of detachment all the stranger. It was not just the Oxford Movement for whose rise that year was so notable. In the field of social reform it saw also the triumph of one long effort and the opening of another. The *Tracts* began to appear in September, while in the preceding two months there had been passed into law the first Factory Act, and the Act that abolished slavery under the British Crown. Were not these events worth some notice in a tract "for the times"? But the apostle of a higher national life had not a word to say of either of them! The heroes of each belonged to a class that was not his. It was Liberals like Brougham and Mackintosh who had pleaded the cause of the slave. It was Evangelicals like Sadler and Ashley who had won back their birthright for the children of the mill. Yet it was upon such men that ceaseless scorn was poured by the Tractarian group for forgetting "the prophetical office of the Church"!

Within the hard limits of such "other-worldliness" Newman's talents were exercised, and only those who can—at least provisionally—grant him his presuppositions will be able to appreciate his rare but thus narrowly fettered

[1] *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 143.

power. When he passed from Anglicanism to Romanism, the fetters became closer still, and the talent more rigorously directed. Not only citizenship of another world, which made the concerns of this one seem trivial, but citizenship in a visible institution whose control must be everywhere obeyed, and whose cause must be promoted in the precise way the institution itself directs! Newman the Roman priest preached very differently from Newman the Anglican vicar. In his Oxford sermons there had been no trace of that "pulpit eloquence" which Dean Inge classifies under "professional advocacy." [1] But there is a professional note in the rhetoric of the Brompton Oratorian. One feels the change for the worse—comparable to that lowering of power in his poetry which separates *The Dream of Gerontius* from *Lead, Kindly Light.* The enthusiast for Newman's earlier sermons will turn with eagerness to a volume of his later, but will often turn from it again dissatisfied. What is it that is missing? And why did so many listeners, who had been fascinated in Oxford, feel chilled by the same voice in Birmingham? The orator, they sometimes thought, had begun to weaken under the burden of his years. It was a poor explanation, for Newman in that Birmingham period was not very old, and in few indeed was mental elasticity so little impaired by time. Under a stimulus he thought it justifiable to obey, he was still to show that like Moses he had an eye yet undimmed and a natural force yet unabated. From that retirement at Edgbaston there was yet to flash again the old fire. As in the past, it was to dazzle and subdue. In the words of the motto Newman loved so well, the motto he so fitly chose for his own as Cardinal, *cor ad cor loquitur.* But the motto was indeed his own, not that of his new Church.

It was not the weight of his years, it was the constraint of his changed position that had begun to show itself. Among the sacrifices which Newman made in 1845 was the sacrifice of his individuality, and what his later audiences

[1] Cf. *Faith and its Psychology*, p. 79.

missed was just that individual note which had thrilled his earlier. The Roman Church has had its pulpit orators—a Bossuet, a Massillon, a Bourdaloue, a Lacordaire. But their art, great as it was, differed in kind from the art that was native to Newman. Harsh and unfair as were many of his critics in the Church of his adoption, they made no mistake in regarding his sort of temper as exotic in the religious world into which he had come. Bitterly, too, as he often resented his isolation, he understood quite well that it must be so, and he was prepared for this living sacrifice as his reasonable service. Great indeed is the toll which Roman Catholicism exacts from life. And the toll it takes of genius is greatest of all.[1]

Fortunately for English literature, it was not just the skill of the controversialist that was released again, temporarily, in 1865. Who ever wrote another such book as the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, wholly about the author himself, and yet never for a moment seeming egotistical? Nowhere even a touch of that obtrusive self-advertisement which is so tiresome, or of that obtrusive humility which is more tiresome still. It is our misfortune that the book stimulated so many imitators. If the Rev. R. J. Campbell returns to the Anglican fold and the Rev. R. A. Knox forsakes it, both alike must justify themselves by a feeble simulacrum of the *Apologia*. But let the imitations be examined by a reader who has never stopped to ask himself what it was in the *Apologia* that held him as by a spell. Let him look again at that deathless volume, side by side with *A Spiritual Pilgrimage* or *A Spiritual Aeneid*. He will soon realise the difference between the sort of autobiography it is hard to drop and the sort it is hard to finish.

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Was Newman a hero or a fanatic? Faithful to principles,

[1] Newman was himself conscious of his decline. Cf. the statement attributed to him by his biographer: "What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success, than my Catholic works." (Ward, *Life of Newman*, I, p. 578.) Cf., too, the obvious falling off by Father R. A. Knox in *A Spiritual Aeneid* from the talent shown in *Some Loose Stones*.

or just intolerant of personal opposition? Our question-begging epithets are innumerable. The features of his character, in these pages neither glorified nor derided, but just described, are at least such as his contemporary detractors noted no less than his contemporary eulogists, though they named them differently. His own brother, for example, drew his likeness with more than fraternal candour. It was a strange, and far from an agreeable, book which Francis William wrote about John Henry under the title *Contributions Chiefly to the Earlier History of the late Cardinal Newman*. Just two years had passed since the death of the Cardinal, at the age of eighty-eight. His brother, who was then eighty-six, set forth his qualities as they had been shown in the family circle sixty-five years before. It was long indeed since they had met, and they had been separated by a chasm deeper than that of distance in either place or time. But Francis Newman could still remember the over-mastering dominance of his will, the ferocity with which he swept aside all barriers to a purpose he deemed sacred, the passion of the devotee which forbade the sweeter human sympathies and enjoined the sacrifice of others at least as much as of himself. Translating this from the language of reproach into the language of admiration, one finds that the same sort of temperament is meant. Cardinal Manning's comment was characteristic. Francis Newman, he said, had produced a painting which revealed a most unenviable state of mind in a brother. But, he added, "if you ask me whether it is *like* our dear friend, it is a *photograph*, a *photograph*."

Another observer, who knew him well, who was at least free from professional jealousies, and who had the gift of vivid portraiture, has depicted him from a point of view taken by no one else. Froude's *Letters on the Oxford Counter-Reformation* are an invaluable piece of contemporary criticism. In the next chapter these will be summarised and discussed.

CHAPTER VI

A CONTEMPORARY CRITIC OF THE MOVEMENT: JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

I always hailed Puseyism, and prophesied that thought would sympathise with thought.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Whether the ideas of the coming age upon religion are true or false, at least they will be real.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

CHAPTER VI

A CONTEMPORARY CRITIC OF THE MOVEMENT: JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

In his *Life of Gladstone* Lord Morley speaks of the good fortune which gave to the Tractarian Movement three such historians as Cardinal Newman, Dean Church, and James Anthony Froude. But while he quotes with evident approval Gladstone's eulogy upon the tone and spirit of the first two of these writers, he contents himself with a reference to the "most winning, graphic, and melodious prose" which the last of the three had always at his command.[1] This may be only an accident, or it may not. That Lord Morley was far nearer in opinion to Froude than to either Newman or Church, does not need to be said. But perhaps the author of *Compromise*, however close he stood in some things to the author of *Letters on the Oxford Counter-Reformation*, could not bring himself to praise more than the form of a work in which the compromise he so hated has found an unblushing advocate.

Froude's account of the Movement has never received as much attention as it deserves. It is thoroughly typical of the sort of criticism which is still active, but which seldom displays itself with equal candour or equal force. I am convinced that among all the onslaughts to which the Anglo-Catholic leaders are fairly exposed, this one is most devoid of reason and justice. But it undoubtedly casts light—though a light very different from that which the historian intended to throw—upon the whole affair.

[1] *Life of Gladstone*, I, p. 120.

I

Kingsley's famous charge against Newman was that he was a deceiver, that he had held office in a Church which he was secretly undermining, and that he justified himself by an ecclesiastical morality which made light of the obligation to speak the truth. The same point had been emphasised by the same writer in *Yeast*, where the Tractarian curate declaims against superstitious reverence for mere verbal veracity. According to that young casuist, the soul's eye of the ordinary man has ceased to be a crystalline lens, and has become a sort of Labrador spar. Hence the only way to give "a true image of the Fact" is to allow for this quality in the optical recipient, to present "the Fact" altered, adapted to the obliquity of the common vision, so that the very refractive power of the common faculties may be made to distort it back again to correctness.[1] Of this somewhat sinister doctrine Newman was declared to be a living embodiment. As one reads the sermon entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," which was quoted in justification of the charge, one is at a loss to imagine how Kingsley—on even the most hurried and prejudiced glance—can have so misinterpreted it. But it is all the better that he did so. Otherwise we might never have had the *Apologia pro Vita Sua.*

Some fifteen years after that memorable reply, came Froude's contribution to the debate. In a superficial sense his advantages for intervening were quite exceptional. With all the consequence of a man whose brother had been a chief among the Tractarians, who had himself been resident at Oxford when the storm was at its fiercest, who had been so carried off his own mental balance as to become for a time a novice at Littlemore and to write one of the *Lives of the Saints* under Newman's direction, but who had soon repented and returned to a sane latitudinarian churchman-

[1] *Yeast*, chap. x.

ship, he set out to interpret the great revolt which he had thus watched and furthered and abandoned. The importance of the *Letters* does not lie in the trustworthiness of Froude as a reporting eyewitness—a qualification which, rightly or wrongly, many critics of his work on Carlyle would warn one not to emphasise. Nor does it lie in the sagacity with which he divined and the vividness with which he depicts the inner purposes of the churchmen he knew so well, though in both these respects he has shown his accustomed power. It lies in what he discloses unawares, in his self-revelation of the manner of man who viewed the Tractarians so, in the avowal of assumptions about truth and duty which led one like Froude to speak as he did of one like Newman. Even for those most remote from sympathising with the positions of *Tract XC*, it may well turn out that nothing published in its defence will plead for it so persuasively as this singular document in which it is assailed.

There is here nothing of the usual charges against the honesty of the Oxford Movement. Froude gives up Kingsley's case as not merely unprovable, but as quite unjustified and untrue. He lends all the weight of his historical authority—a weight of special importance in matters of the Elizabethan period—to the view that *Tract XC* was a fair construction of the written Anglican standards. Froude even argued that the framers of the Articles meant to countenance just such doctrine as the Tractarians were asking leave to hold and to teach. Moreover, our critic adds that, far from playing fast and loose with the obligation of truthfulness, "Newman's whole life had been a struggle for truth." So far as this issue was concerned, he finds the Cardinal unstained, and his opponent covered with confusion.

But, marvellous to relate, it was just this unbending veracity that Froude stigmatised as a fault, or at least as a trait of most unfortunate consequence. The *gravamen* of his charge is that the Tractarians were honest men when

they should have been ecclesiastical strategists, that they disrupted the Church of England by uncovering an incoherence which wiser persons would have glossed over, that they were indiscreet enough to think the issue of truth against falsehood a more important one than that of peace and popularity for the Church against sharp controversies and broken repose. His compliments to Newman's straightforwardness are, in short, those of an experienced man of the world to one who has no *savoir faire*, but whose too scrupulous conscience deserves a patronising respect while its embarrassing activities are deplored. And in all this Froude was judging, not the efficiency of a political wire-puller in elections, but the testimony of a Christian priest!

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His case may be paraphrased as follows:[1]

In the early years of the century the Church of England was in a condition of unexampled healthiness. A Church is to be called healthy when she exerts a powerful influence over the great mass of her people and when she uses this for their moral improvement. Anglicanism answered these tests in the pre-Tractarian years as it had probably never answered them before, and as it certainly did not answer them afterwards.

A large proportion of the clergy were like Wordsworth's vicar in *The Excursion*, men of unworldly aims, earnest in the cure of souls, dwelling habitually in thought upon the responsibilities of their high office and upon the realities that are unseen. Others of them, without being intensely spiritual, were at all events thoroughly reputable, and their presence produced on the whole a good effect upon the district in which they lived. It was something to have in each parish a man of superior manners and cultivation, revered by the peasantry, associating on equal terms with the squire, one who could be trusted to frown upon vice

[1] "Letters on the Oxford Counter-Reformation" (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, IV, pp. 230–360).

in those beneath him and to set an example of propriety to those in his own rank. The social prestige of the clergyman was an important element in his moral force. He would have lost much of his power for good if he had talked like a Methodist about sharp distinctions between the "saved" and the "world." It was very much better that he should mingle freely as he did in the life of his own class, act as a magistrate at sessions, indulge in wholesome field sports, organise local charities, show in his person that the religious man need not be either unrefined or unpractical, and thus serve as an unconscious but consequently more effective rebuke to narrow selfishness and *blasé* intemperance. When his wife and daughters managed penny clubs and taught in the Sunday School, the poor had it brought home to them that great folk found in religion a motive to be kind. The squire felt genuinely ashamed if the parson had been present when he was carried to bed the previous night after dinner. And, on the whole, there was no rampant unbelief which threatened to make this influence weaker. Infidelity was thought a horrible thing, and disregard of public worship was a reproach. Thus, at least in the country districts, the State Church was morally valuable.

But if anyone asks how either clergy or laity regarded the perplexing *mysteries* of the Faith, the answer—according to Froude—is that generally they did not regard them at all. Articles and creeds were signed in due course by every candidate for ordination. If these had been closely scrutinised, they would have been seen to contain tremendous propositions about the cosmic order, and statements of a very startling kind about historic occurrences in Galilee and Judea. But very few scrutinised them with any closeness. Having been signed, they were used as material for repetition on the statutory occasions, to be mentioned at all times with respect, but by no means to be the subject of brooding, or to have their difficulties indicated. That way danger lay, and in the good providence of God a veil of stupidity

had so far prevented the vast majority in England from either following it or even seeing it. Froude speaks of his own father's household as in these matters a pattern, and apparently of his own upbringing as justified by its results:

> About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it. . . . About the power of the keys, the real presence, or the metaphysics of doctrine, no one was anxious, for no one thought of them. It was not worth while to waste time over questions which had no bearing on conduct, and could be satisfactorily disposed of only by sensible indifference.

However, he goes on to explain, the intellectual climate began to change as the first quarter of the century closed. The struggle over the Reform Bill called forth a type of ideas which would not confine itself to politics. "Philosophic Radicals" were at work. All the old things of the country were to be reboiled in the Benthamite cauldron that they might take on immortal youth. A little circle of men who abhorred Bentham and all his party, but were themselves just one phase of the spirit of change, demanded a new reformation of the Church. They thought they were ultra-Conservatives, a bulwark against Radicalism. They were in truth apostles of a very violent movement —but it was a movement *backward.*

Their design was to un-protestantise the Church. As Hurrell Froude liked to put it, they would treat the sixteenth century Reformers as unskilful surgeons who had set a broken limb, but had set it very badly. The limb must be broken again, and readjusted to its proper place. In a word, these men were restless, like the other agitators of that troubled time, but their particular sort of restlessness was the most dangerous of all. For it was by just such a policy that the most sinister forces of that age were sure to be reinforced. The air was full of talk about emancipation, rights of man, progress of the species, and there was latent in this the beginning of all the anarchy—political and religious—which afterwards showed itself. It was plain

that any pretensions of an authoritative kind to control the individual reason would not be kindly received. Yet this was the moment which the maladroit Tractarians selected for issuing a Hildebrandic challenge in the name of the Church!

Might they not have let sleeping dogs lie? The dogs in question were sure to be more docile if left to awake of themselves, and they would not really awake for a very considerable time. Protestant faith had enough difficulties of its own, which some few persons here and there might suspect; but it was madness to extend the line which must be defended, so far as to include Roman incredibilities as well. What was said on Sundays, without giving offence to anyone, about the divine founding of the Church, about the Incarnation and the Resurrection and the Trinity and Miracles and Prophecies, would be placed in a very different light once it proclaimed itself in aggressive and combatant pamphlets before victorious modern science and fearless historical criticism. The whole *dossier* must then be turned inside out—and what might be expected to come of that? Why not keep these embarrassing theological inquiries at arm's length? To court conflict was to court defeat, and to spoil the Church's efficiency for that moral work which is her real vocation—a work quite independent of the truth of her dogmas, yet none the less bound up with these for popular thought. Her wisdom would have been to lie low until the storm was overpassed.

And, after all, Froude goes on in his sagacious way, the Church had so much on her side, if she had only known how to avail herself of it! "*The Edinburgh Review*, and Brougham, and Mackintosh, and Low Church philosophy, and the London University, were not so very terrible." England loved tradition and precedent. Methodism had so stirred the clergy that the old complaint about slothfulness could no longer be brought. The French Revolution had so scared people out of their wits that an unprovoked attack on the Established Church would suggest the cult

of Reason, and decent men would rally to her defence. The attack, however, must be unprovoked. What the Tractarians did was, in sheer wantonness, to rouse it!

Again, the moral responsibility which Newman took was very grave. He once preached in Froude's hearing a sermon on Miracles, in which he said that from the purely rational standpoint Hume's objection to belief in the miraculous was quite sound! Was it not most injudicious, thought his reflective listener, to put a view so disquieting before undergraduates hardly one of whom had until then entertained a doubt?

> It is a very serious thing when a man is brought to recognise that truths which he has been taught to look upon as indisputable are not regarded as truths at all by persons competent to form an independent opinion. Such questions need not have been raised in this country.

The challenge thrown down with such rashness was, of course, taken up. Looking back over forty years, Froude bids his reader observe the Nemesis that had been precipitated. The men who set out to claim higher ground for the Church of England had produced two results — an immense reinforcement of Romanism on the one hand, and the stimulation of militant unbelief on the other. The call to go back or go forward had elicited both kinds of response. But those who went back returned to superstition, and those who went forward plunged into atheism. The Anglican *via media* was abandoned with a vengeance. Half the clergy began to preach again the old delusions from which Europe had been rescued three centuries before. Monasteries and convents sprang up everywhere. Father confessors were once again causing division in English homes. But at the same time, with a licence previously unknown, science and criticism were repudiating the Bible, and the very existence of God was being argued as if it were an open question. Possibly the development of this clear-cut antagonism was, in any case, but a matter of time. Yet it need not have come nearly so soon, if

foolish zeal had not hastened it. Of the alternatives "The Church or nothing," some had said "Let it be the Church." But not a few others had said, and would continue to say, "Let it be nothing."

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I trust I have not misrepresented Froude, although I am conscious that I have selected from the *Letters* just those passages which are germane to the point I wish to argue. Quite possibly I have here and there turned his phrases with a sharpness which he would have repudiated, for he was a diplomatist in controversy, just as he would have had the Church be a diplomatist in action. With a great deal that he has said about the narrowness of the Tractarians, about their unfairness towards Evangelicalism, about their somewhat self-conscious assumption of superiority, there will be very wide agreement even among Anglo-Catholics of to-day. My endeavour in the preceding pages has been to set in strong relief what seems the central point in the *Letters*—the counsel of strategy which they everywhere emphasise. This strategy has indeed no selfish purpose. It is recommended, not in the interest of any school, still less in the interest of any persons, but for the sake of preserving in England the strength of a certain ideal of life. For this ethical—or *quasi* ethical—end, adventitious aids of a very singular sort are justified. A point of my own contention, on the other hand, is that so laudable an object will be furthered less by the religious strategist than by the sincere man who speaks his mind; that, in short, the wisdom of the Church no less than her duty is to say with the monk in *Hypatia* when he was asked, "Don't you see where your argument leads?"—"If it be true, let it lead where it will, for it leads where God wills."

Without doubt, there are those to whom Froude's analysis will appear quite penetrating. They will welcome it as about the freshest common sense ever put forward regarding Newman and his school. But the party of common sense,

though scornful of "visionaries," should at least bestow some respect upon historical facts.

Take, in the first place, Froude's astounding statement that the pre-Tractarian years saw the Church of England in a condition of unexampled healthiness, and that her chief need was to be left alone! It is true that there were at least some negative indications of well-being. A reticence which to-day appears strange was at that time enforced by social constraint upon speculative unbelief. The storm that was soon to rise from the fields of geology and astronomy had as yet made itself felt in only a few indistinct rumblings, and on the whole the Mosaic account of creation was still undisturbed. Movements like that of the Clapham sect and the Simeonites gave an occasional sign of robust Evangelical life. But from apostolic days it has been a poor boast for the Church that she is immune from attack, and the half-Methodistical "enthusiasts" so generally objectionable for their talk about "vital religion" were the very last whom men like Froude would have applauded. Samuel Butler has summed up the case in his epigram that Anglican parishioners would then have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion questioned and at seeing it practised.[1]

Those were the days when Mozley was declaring that the Establishment must now fold its robes to die with what dignity it could. If Mozley's evidence be discounted as that of a special pleader for the Tractarians, one may supplement it from the words of men who were more like special pleaders on the other side. Arnold declared in 1832 that "no power can save the Church as it now stands."[2] He thought that the one hope must lie in an attempt to unite with the Dissenters.[3] Whately wrote to Lord Grey

[1] *The Way of all Flesh*, p. 65.

[2] In a letter to Taylor, quoted in Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, p. 326.

[3] Cf. the complaint of the energetic rector against lazy curates in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* (published 1847): "No wonder Supplehough should have dipped sixteen adult converts in a day, which he did a fortnight since. No wonder Barraclough, scamp and hypocrite as he is, should attract all the weaver girls in their flowers and ribbons to witness how much harder are his knuckles than the wooden brim of his tub. . . ." (*Shirley*, p. 9.)

in the same year that it would be a great and glorious feat for the Ministry if it could prevent the overthrow of the National Church from being "utter." The *Edinburgh Review* poured out scathing articles about unbelieving bishops and idle clergy and the tables of the money-changers that had been set up in the holy place. Here and there, indeed, could be found a prelate very different from his brethren—a man like Blomfield of London, filled with the zeal of a forlorn hope. Surely, cried Blomfield in a diocesan charge, "it is not too late for us to put fresh incense into our censers, and to stand between the dead and the living." But there is a mournful, half-despairing note even in those least willing to abandon the fight. How, then, shall we begin to reconcile estimates so divergent as that of Froude on the one hand and those of Mozley, Arnold, Whately on the other? We may presume that the observation in each case was careful and honest. Can it be that the standards of judgment were very different? What seems to one man the symptom of imminent spiritual extinction, another may take as the token of a vigorous and self-justifying life. It depends on what each means by a Church being "alive."

. . . . . .

There is no reason to doubt, but ample reason to agree, that our historian drew with faithfulness the decent country church and the refined rural vicarage in the first decades of the nineteenth century. One may suspect, indeed, that idyllic conditions were not so common as he has represented. It was not very long since that melancholy trip through Gloucestershire in which Hannah More and William Wilberforce had found thirteen adjoining parishes without a single resident curate, a whole district in which the only discoverable Bible was used to prop a flower-pot, and a village whose fighting incumbent, drunk six days a week, was said to appear not seldom on Sundays with a black eye for which his parishioners were at no loss to account. The alleged decorum of the Establishment in rural communities

will be surprising to readers who recall a certain vivid paragraph in the *Memories of Dean Hole*. The Dean tells how, as a boy, in pre-Tractarian days he attended a country church where sparrows twittered and bats floated beneath the rotten timbers of the roof; how the baptismal font used to be filled with coffin-ropes, tinder-boxes, brimstone matches and candle-ends; how the altar was a small rickety deal table on which the officiating priest would throw his overcoat, his hat, and his riding-whip; how the curate-in-charge lived five miles away, hunted all the week, turned up only one day in seven for a single dreary service, and—as he sat in his surplice, chatting jauntily with the sexton while he watched the congregation come in—looked exactly like a customer waiting to have his hair cut in a barber's chair.[1]

Froude says that the period just preceding the *Tracts* had seen a vast improvement on the closing years of the previous century. What those years had been like, we have abundant evidence to determine. The average level of Anglican preaching has always been low, and according to Sydney Smith the sermons of a parish church in his early manhood preserved that "decent debility" which had become traditional. But, indulgent latitudinarian as he was, Sydney Smith could not contemplate without dismay some features of the Church as he saw it. In the England of 1798, he said, there was no religion whatever, except among middle-class ladies, and the clergy in general exerted no more influence than the cheesemongers.[2] Three years later, the same critic estimated that in the villages one-half and in the cities two-thirds of the population never went to Sunday service at all, and that even for those who attended them the churches might still be fitly described in the language of Swift—as "public dormitories." He wondered whether something could not be done to improve

[1] *Memories of Dean Hole*, pp. 135–6. Cf. account of the parish of Eversley when Kingsley came to it in 1842 (*Charles Kingsley, Letters and Memorials of his Life*, I, p. 123).

[2] *Memoir of Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland and Mrs. Austin, I, p. 30.

the situation by making the buildings more comfortable, the music more attractive, the sermons shorter and livelier, the preacher's delivery a little more graceful.[1] How far there had been a change for the better in Froude's boyhood we have only his own—not very reliable—word to tell us. Cobbett, one remembers, was still denouncing an idle clergy. He used to say that from the pen of his own leisure hours he had addressed more discourses to the poor than their appointed guides had given them in half a century, though the Church drew a great part of her revenue from the salt of the labouring man.[2] One must beware, of course, of sweeping generalisations. Archdeacon Hare, for example, in his country church at Herstmonceux, was doing his best to waken the minds of his parishioners, though often with more zeal than judgment. His biographer records how he warned them against "playing Ninepins with Truth," and against those heated controversialists who "carry Lucifer matches in their pockets." It is true that the labourers thought he referred to the rural pastime of skittles, and that the farmers understood him to have the burning of hayricks in mind; but this was the fault rather of his homiletic method than of his homiletic purpose. When Dr. Martin Routh, too, the President of Magdalen College, tried to teach Church history from the pulpit, observing in his sermon, "I know, my friends, that you may object to me what Irenæus says,"[3] his audience —though guiltless of any such argumentative intention— were perhaps benefited by the discourse as a whole. Such were at least tokens of a desire, here and there, to make the Church an educative influence. Coleridge's raptures over this, when he was in his more political and less religious mood, may be compared to the enthusiasm of Blackstone for the immaculate splendour of English legal machinery. It was the so-called "philosopher of the Oxford Movement"

[1] Sydney Smith, Preface to volume of Sermons, 1801.
[2] Cobbett, *Rural Rides*, I, p. 42.
[3] Cf. Goldwin Smith, *Reminiscences*, p. 55.

who used to point out how the scholar found in the State Church a career in which "the widest schemes of literary ability" might be combined with "the strictest performance of professional duties" [1]—a judgment which will perhaps surprise the hard-worked clergyman of our own time. He would call upon "the lower and middling classes" to be grateful for the germ of civilisation which had been transplanted to every parish, for the parsonage which formed

> a nucleus round which the capabilities of the place might crystallise and brighten, a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation.[2]

The early Victorian novelists, and those who in the next generation depicted the days of George IV, are full of such sketches of the clerical household.

Sometimes they were sympathetic, and rightly so. At other times, what Froude held up to admiration is presented with a touch of satire. We know the clergymen in Jane Austen's books, and we recall Mr. Gascoigne in *Daniel Deronda*, whose tone had become ecclesiastical rather than theological, what he would himself have called sound English, free from nonsense, such as became a man who looked at a national religion by daylight, and saw it in relation to other things.[3] Mr. Gascoigne would, no doubt, have endorsed the very singular dictum of Mark Pattison that religion is a good servant but a bad master.[4] *Felix Holt* introduces the reader to a vicarage that should have been after Froude's own heart:

> One of those rectories which are among the bulwarks of our venerable institutions, which arrest disintegrating doubt, serve as a double embankment against Popery and Dissent, and rally feminine instinct and affection to reinforce the decisions of masculine thought.[5]

No one can mistake the mood in which George Eliot wrote this. Anthony Trollope was much less disposed to be

[1] *Biog. Lit.*, xi. [2] loc. cit. [3] *Daniel Deronda*, I, iii.
[4] *Memoirs*, pp. 97–8. [5] *Felix Holt*, xxiii.

ironical. He was among those who looked back upon the pre-Reform days with wistfulness, upon the symbols of a cathedral town that are still lovely and fit to be loved. Moreover, his animosity was almost equal against the Puseyites who intoned and the Evangelicals who spoke of "Sabbath Day." But Trollope knew the past generation too well to keep back the figure of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Vesey Stanhope, vicar of Crabtree Canonicorum (a very nice thing), who also filled the prebendal stall of Goosegorge in Barchester Chapter, with the United rectory of Eiderdown and Stogpingum, dispensed the hospitality enjoined by St. Paul both in his London house and in his villa on Lake Como, and had a unique collection of Lombard butterflies.[1] Charlotte Brontë's curate, who found Yorkshire a beastly place because "You scarcely ever see a fam'ly where a propa carriage or a regla' butler is kep'," was drawn by a less friendly hand.[2] One is tempted to think that clerical manners had still a tinge of Arthur Young's time, and to recall the historic advertisement:

> Wanted, a curacy in a good sporting country, where the duty is light and the company convivial.[3]

After all, Froude's highly reputable squire, whose great house under mildly religious influence set an example to the peasants around, was not very unlike many a French *grand seigneur* of the bad old days whom Coleridge used to quote for purposes of patriotic contrast. Voltaire in his last years was taxed by d'Alembert with his profane observance of the Easter communion at Ferney, and the defence he offered does little credit to his fame. He pleaded that he had become a landed proprietor, and that —although Freethought was all very well in Paris—a pattern of decorum must be shown among the farms and villages of rural France. One wonders whether it was with the same moral purpose that he accepted office in

[1] *The Warden*, xiii.
[2] *Shirley*, p. 247.
[3] Arthur Young, *Travels in France*, p. 327.

a religious Order, gravely signing himself ✠ *Voltaire, capucin indigne*. Such cases are evidence that it was no caricature, but a genuine transcript from life, when Thackeray drew the portrait of Major Pendennis explaining his views on worship. A country gentleman, we are informed, need not go to church when in town, but when *sur ses terres*, he owes this to his tenants:

> If I could turn a tune, I even think I would sing. The Duke of St. David's, whom I have the honour of knowing, always sings in the country, and let me tell you it has a doosid fine effect from the family pew.[1]

But the most damning evidence of all is in those cold statistics collected in the famous *Black Book*, and published in 1820 by the party of Church Reform. They reveal at a glance the spirit which governed preferment at the time, and supply in consequence a key to the direction of clerical effort. Of the twenty-seven bishoprics, eleven were held in that year by members of noble families. Fourteen had been bestowed on men who had been connected in some way—as a rule through the tenure of tutorships—with royal or noble houses. Of the remaining two, one was held by a sturdy pamphleteer for Pitt's administration, the other by the favourite of a great city company. The conclusion is obvious. Such was the pathway to success, and no one thinks that the ecclesiastical ambition of the day was of the sort which would disdain it. Dickens was not wide of the mark when he said that the poor curate, recommended by great piety and learning, but destitute of family—except a large family of children—had much the same chance of elevation to the episcopal bench as a private soldier of being decorated with the Garter.[2]

Even the old régime of the controversial eighteenth century, when a See was the reward for adroit dissection of a Deist, shines by comparison with such a period of nepotism and sycophancy. Watson, whose career belonged to both centuries, was curiously illustrative of the spirit of

[1] *Pendennis*, ix.

[2] *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii, p. 173.

each. He used to say that he had taken much pains to mangle an unbeliever, and that if he had known how long his recompense was to be deferred he would not have thought it worth while. But when he came to his own, as chief shepherd of Llandaff, he was resolved to enjoy his leisure. According to De Quincey, his diocese never saw Watson at all, but his house at Windermere was a pleasant rendezvous for literary men, and the conversation at his table was by no means consonant with the Articles.[1] The bishop whose title to his place was the learned editing of a Greek play may seem to our age to have been curiously selected.[2] But a hundred years ago such recommendation for rulership in the Church was relatively decent.

One hears, too, with amazement about the splendour of their revenues. Money was worth far more in those days than it is worth now, so that contrast between apostolic usage and that of these "successors of the apostles" is all the more striking. His Grace of Canterbury received thirty-two thousand pounds a year. His Lordship of Durham received twenty thousand. The Deans of Westminster, Windsor and St. Paul's had incomes ranging from seven thousand to twelve thousand pounds, while rectories scattered here and there over the land were made attractive to aspiring youth by rewards that varied between five thousand and ten thousand pounds annually. In not a few cases these wealthy incumbents would engage a substitute at less than two pounds a week to "take the duty," whilst they retained the balance of the endowment for doing nothing whatever. A distinctly darker shade must come into the picture when one thinks of the Protestant lords spiritual in Ireland. Space and language would alike be overtaxed to render them adequate justice. Without accepting the reproach of a social leveller, one may be permitted to feel a shock at hearing of archbishops who

[1] De Quincey, *Works*, II, p. 111.

[2] Cf. the remark of Archdeacon Grantly in *Barchester Towers*: "Even the Greek play bishops were better than this." Cf. also *Coningsby*, VII, iii.

bequeath by will no less than half a million sterling,[1] at a time when that sum was probably equal to three times its nominal value to-day. They were *Irish* prelates too, missionaries of the pure religion to the Ireland of *Castle Rackrent* and *Lavengro*, of Carleton's *Tales* and Thackeray's *Sketch-Book*. Here is a suggestive passage from a speech delivered by Macaulay in the House of Commons in 1845:

> There are those now living who can well remember how the revenues of the richest See in Ireland were squandered on the shores of the Mediterranean by a bishop whose epistles—very different compositions from the epistles of St. Paul and St. John—may be found in the correspondence of Lady Hamilton. Such abuses as these called forth no complaint, no reprimand. And all this time the true pastors of the people, meanly fed and meanly clothed, exposed to the insults of every petty squire who gloried in the name of Protestant, were to be found in miserable cabins, amidst filth and famine and contagion, instructing the young, consoling the miserable, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying.[2]

Was the situation, then, very different from that of the last years of George III, when—according to Sydney Smith—the thermometer of the Church of England had reached its lowest point? Might not his picture of that time stand as a picture of much that still persisted—the jobbery and corruption which, he said, had triumphed over the virtue of the Church, the money-changers not only entering the Temple but driving out the worshippers, the name of curate having lost its legal sense, so that instead of denoting the incumbent of a living it had come to mean the deputy of an absentee?[3] One wonders what Froude had in mind when he spoke of ecclesiastical healthiness in such a period. It is easier to appreciate the ominous words with which Newman began his first *Tract*: "The times are very evil." Naturally, in such surroundings, any trouble which arose would have little to do with "metaphysics of doctrine."

[1] These magnificent episcopal legacies were bequeathed within the recollection of Cardinal Newman. Cf. Ward, *Life of Newman*, II, p. 518.

[2] Speech on the Maynooth College Bill, 23 April, 1845.

[3] *Memoir of Sydney Smith*, I, pp. 61–2.

The appropriate motto was neither *Dominus Illuminatio Mea* nor *Nec Tamen Consumebatur*. It was rather, *Surtout, point de zèle*. A consecration charge of the time actually contained the warning, "Preach the gospel, and keep down enthusiasm."

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It is probable enough that, by making dexterous use of all the adventitious support which such a situation offered, the Establishment might have reinforced itself. Fox-hunting parsons had a pretty secure hold upon county society. The bogey of French secularism might, as Froude suggests, have been turned to advantage, although the idea savours just a little of the quest by Messrs. Taper and Tadpole for an "election cry." Great play could still have been made for spiritual interests with what Scripture calls the "Mammon of Unrighteousness." Dissent was indeed getting up its head. The growth of Methodism was discussed with increasing horror at clerical conferences, in such a tone as might now be used about the ravages of an epidemic or a famine. A Catholic Revival was in full swing on the Continent. The persecuted remnant of English papists was drawing encouragement from news of notable conversions. In Germany not a few of the leading philosophers, critics, and men of letters, were returning to the old faith. In France a Lamennais, a Montalembert, a Lacordaire, were raising again amid popular applause such claims for the papacy as had been unknown since the days of Innocent III. But the average English mind is not readily inflammable at the torch of theologians. There were counter-stimuli upon which substantial reliance might be placed. Eager Evangelicals need not turn Methodist so long as the Simeonites or the Clapham sect could furnish the same emotional teaching within the National Church. The *beau monde* was amused when Sydney Smith wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* on the best schemes of ecclesiastical sanitation to check the progress of field-preachers, just as the timorous felt reassured when he

ridiculed the "No Popery" men for fearing what was as impossible as a return to witchcraft. Many who could still remember that the last outbreak of Protestant zeal had been led by a maniac, and that London had been set on fire at a dozen places by those to whom the papal menace was an obsession, were naturally reluctant to countenance once more a raving propaganda by which their fathers had been disgraced. Bishop Lavington made merry comparisons between the two brands of enthusiasm, the Nonconformist and the Romanist. De Quincey poked fun at those who preached about "shortcomings" and "backslidings"—"words horribly tabernacular, and which no gentleman could allow himself to touch without gloves."[1] These writers knew their public, and were in sympathy with it. Most of England was ready to laugh. It was plain that both Dissent and Romanism had still mountains of difficulty before them. Even sceptical philosophers, as Mill afterwards pointed out, were willing to support the National Church as "a bulwark against fanaticism and a sedative to the religious spirit." On the ground of mere tactics, Froude was perfectly justified in maintaining that Anglicanism had vast reserves in store. The cards were excellent, if they were played correctly.

But there were some to whom the religious problem in England did not appear in the light of a game with cards. The men who formed the Tractarian group, the little circle that arranged the meeting in Hadleigh Rectory at which an epoch-making Movement was launched, were not concerned to play such a game at all, or to exploit the sort of reserves which a critic like Froude could point out. They did not think of the Church as he thought of it. Not that they might exercise just a mildly beneficial influence upon English life did they conceive themselves set apart. Neither as a sinecure for the pursuit of polite learning and the emendation of Greek texts, nor as a vantage-ground of social prestige from which they might keep the less instructed

[1] Essay on Protestantism.

classes law-abiding and decorous, had they taken upon themselves the cure of souls. Far otherwise did they read their ordination vow, and envisage their "high calling."

They had been told that they held a divine warrant, and they believed this. Supernatural authority had been declared to be theirs; and if it was theirs, they felt bound to exercise it. The standards did not say that the Church is a refined co-worker with civilisation. They said that the Church is the unique channel of God's grace, that she holds the keys of the world to come, that she has power to bind and to loose. This may have been nonsense, but—if so—it was a nonsense to which they were solemnly committed. The point of interest here is not whether Newman's idea of the Church was pitched too high, whether it was superstitious, whether the notion of a mediating priesthood had long become intellectually obsolete. On such an issue I should personally abandon all defence of the Tractarians at once. But claims equally high, a reverence not less superstitious, a priesthood with just those awful functions, were clearly implied in the Prayer Book. By the same Articles and by the same Creeds the Tractarian and the anti-Tractarian in the English Church were alike professedly bound. The question between them was whether those formulæ were to be taken in earnest, or whether they were to be the object of no more than a mechanical and half-contemptuous acknowledgment from the pulpit and the chancel. What was notable about Newman was that he was resolved either to mean what he said or to cease saying it.[1]

This matter was brought to a very piquant issue at a dramatic scene in the Sheldonian Theatre, when William George Ward was on trial for deprivation of his Oxford

[1] Cf. Mr. Lytton Strachey's view of Newman, Hurrell Froude and Keble: "The original and remarkable characteristic of these three men was that they took the Christian religion *au pied de la lettre*. This had not been done in England for centuries. When they declared every Sunday that they believed in the Holy Catholic Church, they meant it. When they repeated the Athanasian Creed, they meant it. Even when they subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles, they meant it—or at least they thought they did. Now, such a state of mind was dangerous." (*Eminent Victorians*, p. 18.)

degree, and when he demanded from the angry clerical assemblage what section of it had the assurance to accuse him. It was true, he said, that he believed the whole cycle of Roman doctrine. But why should this be judged incompatible with one's signature to Anglican standards? Who in that audience was loyal to the standards? Who *could* be loyal to them, when it was notoriously one view that was taught in the Prayer Book and another view that underlay the Articles?

How did High Churchmen, believing in the apostolical succession, accept at the same time the supremacy of our sovereign lord the King in matters ecclesiastical not less than in matters civil? How did Low Churchmen read the baptismal service, which asserted just that view of baptismal regeneration so fiercely anathematised by a Newton or a Scott? Was it not acknowledged that when disciples of the school called Low advanced to the school called High, or *vice versa*, their exegesis of the standards varied with their varying opinion? Let it be admitted at once that all of them took the standards in a non-natural sense. Once this was understood, they might regard themselves, not as all dishonest, but as all honest together—in the new and now only admissible sense of the word "honest." It was at least certain that, in respect of candour, Evangelical, Tractarian, and Romaniser were in the same boat.

Benjamin Jowett was an undergraduate at the time, and he watched "thirteen hundred wild country parsons" listening to "some of the unpleasantest words to the ear of country clergy that were ever spoken." [1] The speech was heard with delight by those of Liberal mind, equally removed from Roman and from Evangelical dogma, but deeply concerned for freedom of thought. Nor were the surprises of the incident yet complete. Before long, narrow men of both schools were puzzled beyond their wits at the news that Ward had been throughout in close conference

[1] Abbott and Campbell, *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, I, p. 93.

with Arthur Stanley, and that the peroration of his speech was composed for him by Stanley himself! To the problem that had been pressed upon them, Froude's easy-going and non-theological divines must have been hard pressed for an answer. Some of them, perhaps, took refuge in our historian's comment, given by a man of the world, that this was all very well, but that "a century and a half of struggles and conspiracies and revolutions and dethroned dynasties were not to go for nothing." [1] The chief difficulty about this answer was that even the English clergy of 1845 were not quite prepared to accept the term "men of the world" as an adequate description of their character and office, nor had they unanimously risen to the idea that truth may be "all very well," and yet something quite different from truth may be a great deal better.

The standards of the Establishment had been constructed at a time when the Church was a name for the whole people of England religiously considered, even as the State was its name when it was politically considered. National Christianity was as much a part of the social fabric as monarchy or parliamentary institutions. Just as the German army of imperial days used to be described as the German *Volk in Waffen*, so the English Church was the English people regarded as worshippers. For very long a secession from the Church was treated as an offence against citizenship. The very line of territorial division was by Sees and parishes, thus indicating that the whole country had been mapped on the basis of ecclesiastical rule. Bishops and clergy were regarded as God's appointed ministers, to be heard with reverence in all things spiritual. They were not civil officers. They were priests.

At first silently, and then more explicitly, this principle had been repudiated. The repeal of the Test Acts was an admission that English citizenship did not involve English Churchmanship. As Canon Lacey remarks, its logical

[1] "Letters on the Oxford Counter-Reformation" (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, IV, p. 307).

sequel would have been disestablishment.[1] Catholic Emancipation had given political power not merely to men who were separated from the Church, but also to those who were avowedly hoping for the Church's overthrow. Lord Grey had suppressed ten Irish Sees, and had bidden the English bishops set their house in order. All this was being done while the nation, so far as its verbal statements went, remained as it had been when Articles and Prayer Book were compiled.

The change might be right, or it might be wrong. One can at least understand what Keble meant when he called it "national apostasy." But—on any view of its merits—it was a change which, if made at all, should not be made blunderingly, in a fit of absence of mind, nor be carried out in concealment, while the old formulæ remained as a sort of *camouflage*. Perhaps, indeed, tactically such a silent movement had much to recommend it. But Newman and his friends were not thinking—at least at this early stage—about tactics. They were thinking of truth, and of the tremendous responsibilities of the priesthood.

Hence the ringing appeals to pause and reflect. The Tractarians saw more clearly, and declared more candidly, than anyone else just what was going forward. If the Church was an oracle established in England by the Most High, was she behaving as such? How could she dare to compromise what was not hers to tamper with? How could she acquiesce while schismatics were given a share in controlling her future? Was she to look on without a protest while her holy things were made a wrangling-ground for the party politician, and while national religion was readjusted at the behest of lay commissioners, men of all creeds and of no creed? The first of the *Tracts* was a summons to rally to the Ark of God.

This dilemma was put again and again. It was evaded, misunderstood, postponed, by those who preferred to "muddle through," and who believed that muddling

[1] *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 53.

through was the policy which had in the past been amply justified by its results. Its presentation was definitely resented by more clear-headed folk, who were not consciously given to the traditional method of calculated confusion, but who looked upon Church ritual as a sort of ancient ceremony that can be perfunctorily continued with less inconvenience than would be caused by dropping it. There were, no doubt, Anglican priests to whom the whole thing was at once as repugnant and as inevitable as the "Invocation Prayer" to some American university presidents, who are forced by public opinion thus to begin the ritual of Commencement. But Newman was in earnest with his dilemma. Either the Church has a divine authentication, or she has no *raison d'être* whatever. If the witness of her Articles is true, she is shamefully unfaithful to them. If it is not true, she is a living lie. Let her go back or go forward. The awful mysteries which Froude thought it best to treat with "sensible indifference" lay at the very root of what she declared to the world. Honest men might view them differently. But what sort of man was he who could treat them as unimportant?

It was in this spirit that Newman preached his sensational sermon in support of "bigotry," expressing the hope that the Church of England might become more bigoted a hundredfold. This, too, was the idea he had in mind when he spoke of the need for passing beyond the eighteenth century. For that century had been—beyond all others—a period of genteel compromise. In the language that the Tractarians used about it, Froude, characteristically, could see nothing more than self-conceit. Newman, I think, would not have been abashed by his critic's scornful rejoinder that the eighteenth century had produced both Swift and Sterne. He would have replied that the Church of God has need of divines very different from either of these. When Mark Pattison said that the sermons of that epoch were not exactly like those of Baxter—a message about the other world delivered in the tone of a man who

had been there and had come back to report—but rather like the solid wisdom enjoined by a man of *this* world upon others like himself, one recognises at once to which spiritual kinship Froude belonged, and to which Newman.

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If charges of equivocation were to be brought against the Tractarians, it is plain that Froude at least could not be the accuser. Most of what has been alleged about ecclesiastical finesse, about *arrières pensées*, about living on tactics, about the resolve to let the end justify the means, may be illustrated from the programme which he would have recommended to the men of 1833. Its practical adoption by so many, both before and since, helps one to understand Comte's habitual term for the English Church, *l'hypocrisie anglicane*. But the plan may be examined on another side, as well as on that of intellectual insincerity. Upon what spiritual nervousness, upon what shallow postulates about human nature, upon how short-sighted an estimate of events, did Froude ground his theory of what those strange times required!

His own religious convictions are, perhaps, hard to define, but it is simple to reconstruct imaginatively his religious attitude. There is indeed no more familiar figure in modern society than that of the man for whom the old sustaining creed has been dissolved, but who has not the courage to consolidate a new spiritual foundation. The religion of his fathers has gone from him as a certainty, even as what Matthew Arnold would have called a "low degree of probability," but it lingers as a superstition or a charm. Wistful glances are cast backward, and the tenacity of old ritual operates as a sort of quasi-belief. He is in his pew in church, and he has his children baptised, and he turns the subject when some impiety is ventured by a friend in conversation—all for reasons which he would hate to be called upon to produce, but which act upon him steadily.

Whether Froude held in any real sense a single dis-

tinctive principle of the Christian view of the world—of man's origin and destiny—may be doubted. But he was very sure as an historian, and he kept repeating to himself with pathetic emphasis, how much the Faith had meant to morals and to progress. He trembled at the thought of the human collapse which might ensue if the sober truth were spoken to mankind. At times he appeared to be arguing with himself that such wonderful results must have sprung from a deep reality, and to be building up an apologetic against his own negations. He would launch fierce diatribes against the secularism of natural science, and call for a recognition of the Unseen in a way which made men think he must be a Christian still. He would talk so fervidly about what the world owed to Calvinism that naïve Scottish Presbyterians have been known to quote him as a Calvinist! And yet, in another mood, he would write about the disappearance of Great Pan from the cult of the villagers, how the nature gods had been superseded by the God of the saints, how the Conqueror in turn had become decrepit, how the new faith—like the old—stayed longest among the country folk, how the ruined rural abbey is but a symbol that "the new faith is dying as the old faith died, in the scenes where that faith first died, and lingering where it lingered."[1] He would wonder whether the Christian creed is already dead in the thoughts of mankind, whether one must cease to believe in the eternity of any creed at all, learning that "whatever grows in time is a child of time, and is born and lives and dies at the appointed day like ourselves."

And yet, through it all, Froude remained faithful to what one may describe as a rule of religious utility, and he has no more characteristic utterance than this:

> As you do not ask of a tree, is it *true*, but is it *alive*, so with an Established Church or system of belief you look to the work which it is doing. . . . So long as religion is a principle of conduct, the common sense of mankind refuses to allow it to be trifled with.[2]

[1] *Nemesis of Faith*, p. 40.
[2] "Lessons on the Oxford Counter-Reformation" (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, IV, p. 238).

Far be it from any of us to mock at such vacillation. Especially in these baffling days most of us vacillate more or less in the same way. But there are some who do not, and it is not for him who has lost his spirit and nerve to reproach him who goes straight forward, knowing no loyalty save loyalty to truth. For, however human it may be to keep casting up the consequences of one's conviction, and altering it when those consequences seem dangerous, one knows well that not thus is the human race led forward. At bottom Froude thoroughly disbelieved in the salutariness of making known what is true. That such knowledge would set men free, or that to obstruct it was to retard their freedom, he never really believed. That everyone should speak fearlessly the thing of which he was convinced, was no intellectual or moral ideal to this counsellor of the Church.

It was healthiness, he says, in pre-Tractarian England to punish by social excommunication all doubts regarding what is essential to the Christian faith. The natural science secularism he felt sure was unsound, but he would not have had it come out in the open to have its inadequacy exposed in fair intellectual conflict. It ought rather, we learn, to have been cunningly circumvented, and the men should be blamed who allowed it a chance to raise its voice.[1] Why had its advocates been given provocation, given an excuse to make themselves aggressive? Why were not measures taken to retard the day when the issue must be joined? This is not the heroic note of the Church Militant. Rather we might call it the diplomatic note of the Church Insidious. If Froude had detected such an attitude, let us say in Cardinal Wiseman, would anyone have been more trenchant than our historian in characterising it, or putting it in the succession of medieval impostures? Would anyone have coined more biting epigrams about the reptilian self-adjustment of a creed that feared the light?

[1] And yet, cf. for his other mood the "Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties" (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, I).

Again, how quaint was the notion that anti-religious developments of natural science were due to High Church claims of authority, and might have been delayed—if not prevented—by a preserving of the latitudinarian or the Evangelical traditions? If nothing that had any vital force in it had been put forward by the preachers, it is quite possible that their antagonists would not have been stirred to activity. Huxley and Tyndall would have been less easily irritated by divines like Thirlwall on the one hand, or Newton and Thomas Scott on the other, than by Newman and Pusey. In a measure this might have postponed the time when religious differences were to be tried in the court of the man in the street. Hyde Park secularists might not so soon have appeared to puzzle the wits without improving the character of the London artisan. But if the mid-Victorian sceptic would have left Thirlwall in peace, this would have been because he saw little to choose between their respective standpoints, except that the Bishop of St. David's was considerably the less honest of the two; and if Newton or Scott had given no provocation, it would have been because his intellectual grasp did not make it worth while for an unbeliever to join issue with him.[1] No one supposes that Evangelicalism was in any way more consonant with "the modern spirit" than Anglo-Catholicism, or that justification by faith would have seemed to W. K. Clifford a whit less absurd than the Immaculate Conception. The seeds of revolt against all positive supernatural belief were already in rapid growth long before the issue of the first *Tract*. It was part of the essential temper of the age that inquiry on this and all other subjects should become more and more widely diffused. And it seems at least highly doubtful if respect would have been conciliated

[1] Cf. e.g. that extraordinary passage in the Bishop of Durham's book *Anglicanism* (p. 230), which seems to mean that the Church of England has in this matter been a good tactician: "A large, tolerant version of Christianity has in England been met by a type of religious scepticism which is considerate and respectful." These are indeed times when an ecclesiastic is thankful for small mercies.

or opposition deferred by a disclosure to the world that the Church was ashamed of her creed, or that she was afraid to have it impartially investigated, or that she was content to dilute it into maxims of social expedience, or that she had no sense of how deep were the implications that her own formulæ contained. The eighteenth century had tried this sort of thing, with the results which we know, until Methodism had brought back the touch of reality. It was time to try again, on a larger scale, how mankind would respond to the voice of conviction.

But quite apart from the question of thus challenging a hostile critic, how singular was that mental habit which Froude thought it possible for Churchmen themselves to maintain! In a word, he saw no reason why theology should be pursued at all. He supposed that men might go on almost indefinitely, satisfied that what they called their creed was having a good moral effect, and resolved —lest that effect should become weaker—to leave the whole doctrinal content unexplored and uncriticised. This in the nineteenth century! Mark his words:

> Discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to discuss the rule of life which religion commands, and a ritual or a creed is not a series of propositions or a set of outward observances of which the truth or fitness may be properly argued. . . . Idle persons may properly be prohibited from raising unprofitable questions about it.[1]

In what way, one may ask, shall they be prohibited? Is not the asking of such questions a necessity of man's intellectual nature? Did not Froude himself see how inevitable it is when he wrote his *Nemesis of Faith*? It was a suggestive title, and the book is one which—amid all its literary charm—has a very surprising content. For it shows how crudely those problems which every boy of fifteen in a Scottish manse has heard discussed were desolating the soul of this university teacher upon whom, apparently, they were breaking for the first time. Perhaps Froude reveals some

[1] "Letters on the Oxford Counter-Reformation" (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, IV, pp. 237, 238).

consciousness of the defect in his own upbringing, when he says that he might have escaped some trials and some misfortunes if theology had not been quite so much taboo in his boyhood, and if his spiritual imagination "had been allowed some food which would have agreed with it."

An old delusion this, about the salutary effect of shutting off inquiry! Perhaps it reached its unsurpassable extreme when *The Times* censured Darwin for having published his *Descent of Man* at a moment when the Paris Commune was trampling upon all the securities of property and public order. Was that the season, it was gravely asked, which a scientist aware of his responsibilities would select for making known a doctrine so calculated to lower human dignity, to weaken all reverence for restraint, and to discount the mandates of conscience? [1] Truth, it was argued, like any other strong drug, must be administered with caution. On the contrary, one might reply, truth has a way of wreaking a fearful vengeance upon those who erect social barriers to stop it, or devise cunning expedients to manipulate it. It may be in the night-time that the owl of Minerva flies, but the night must come, and the alternative is between arranging for it beforehand and letting it come as it will. He who would forbid investigation belongs to one or other of two types, the intolerant dogmatist, against whom no one has railed more vehemently than Froude, and the unbeliever who looks upon religion as but a social dodge, to have its course marked out by the State, because its utility would be destroyed by candid exposure.

The ordinary English Churchman is neither of these. He thinks that the more his Faith is scrutinised, the stronger it will show itself. And, whether it stand or fall, to reflect upon it in some degree ought to be a task which he would not refuse if he could. Notoriously the Scotsman has never been able or willing to refuse it. The long record of his doctrinal wars is likely to move his southern neighbour to

[1] Cf. Lord Morley's comment on this: "It would be hard to reduce the transformation of all truth into a subordinate department of daily politics to a more gross or unseemly absurdity." (*On Compromise*, p. 17.)

mirth, but it is the mirth of the more shallow at the expense of the more profound. Old Scottish divinity is often an arid ground indeed. It produced a strife of tongues whose very language has now become uncouth, but the Scotsman who is not proud of it does not know his nation's spiritual glory. Those who in relatively vacuous days give thanks for the calmer time when Free Will has ceased from troubling and Predestination is at rest are unaware both of the character of that which has passed away and of the character of that which has taken its place. If men do not now emphasise differences of dogma, this need not be because they have reached the wider vision. If they dislike a sermon on the Decrees it is at least as probable that they have not seen the difficulty as that they have seen beyond it. And if what Froude really means is that a man knowing, or strongly suspecting, the hollowness of the whole theoretic basis upon which he stands, should go on preaching for the sake of an expected "moral" effect—what can we say of one who looks for anything moral to emerge from such systematised deceitfulness? Is it for him to cast stones at Loyola? Might not such a healthy divine adopt rather those lurid words of the vicar in *Yeast*—"Here I stand, sure of nothing in heaven or earth, except my own untruth"?

A final question about Froude seems suggestive. In all their intimate debates on theology, did he ever propound his remarkable view of Tractarianism to Thomas Carlyle? The sage of Chelsea had no love for "Puseyites," but his attitude towards them was not that of our facile historian. Carlyle never got it out of his mind that the Anglo-Catholics were concerned in the main about vestments and church millinery—"black and white surplice controversies"—and he inferred, not without reason from such a premise, that they were intellectually contemptible. Newman, he said, had not the brains of a rabbit. Keble was a little ape—and so on. These judgments, said Julia Wedgwood with great aptness, cast no light on their subject, and little even upon Carlyle, except to show that he could sometimes express

opinions which were without value.[1] But what outbursts might have been expected from the apostle of veracity once he had got an inkling of what his curious disciple had in mind! Once he had appreciated the suggestion that the Church should try to live otherwise than by proclaiming what she took to be the whole counsel of God, and challenging that place which she believed to have been appointed her by the Eternal! To feign in her creeds a supernatural sanction, but to keep this out of sight in her dealings with society, through fear of Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell! To save her funds and her moral influence and her social prestige by a series of adroit twistings and turnings, affirm or deny or compromise as the moods of the moment might indicate! Most ironical of all—to do this that she might keep her children within her fold, lest perchance they might lapse to the dishonesties of Rome! A dozen Carlylean objurgations leap to one's lips at the thought of the hardihood which should have ventured such a case in Cheyne Row. "Plastering together the True and the False, and therefrom manufacturing the Plausible." "The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever." "If the thing is true, I say in God's name take thy stand upon it. Front thereupon the Eternities and the Immensities."

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Believing that they had the truth, the Tractarians did so take their stand. Whatever might have been their attitude to the Eternities and the Immensities, they were at least prepared to confront Lord Melbourne. In dispute after dispute, during the years after the *Tracts*, they fought for their Church's "spiritual independence" against the intrusions of State authority. Their fight was all the more spectacular because in so many of these cases the State was plainly intruding on the side of common sense, while the Church was resisting on the side of some almost unimaginable folly. But the principle at stake was the same.

[1] Julia Wedgwood, *Nineteenth-Century Teachers*, p. 160.

CHAPTER VII

FROM "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES" TO "LUX MUNDI"

Pessimum certe omnium augurium est de consensu in rebus intellectualibus.

BACON.

In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my text; where that speaks, 'tis but my comment; where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but from the dictates of my own Reason.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In 1833 the first issue of the *Tracts* began, breathing the courage, defiance, and furious despair of a forlorn hope. In 1890 the men who have replaced the old leaders are within the citadel, victorious, proposing their own terms of peace. The revolution has come full cycle round, which means the counter-revolution is at hand.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

CHAPTER VII

FROM "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES" TO "LUX MUNDI"

THE *Tracts* ended with *XC*. A request had come from the Bishop of Oxford that they should cease, and Newman—as in duty bound—submitted. But no doubt he welcomed the opportunity, for his last argument had been addressed as much to his own wavering mind as to the minds of his readers.[1] Moreover, public resentment against the *Tracts* had become so fierce that it was obvious prudence to discontinue them. In the prevalent feeling that a gang of conspirators had been unmasked, it was forgotten that the mask had been removed by the arch-conspirator himself, who had practically announced—in Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful paradox—"Here is the thing that I am trying to conceal." Such a thought was too subtle for the common run of people, who preferred the rhetoric of Macaulay about Newman's "miserable sophisms." When the leader, four years afterwards, seceded to Rome, it was widely taken for granted that the Movement was over. The two systems he had tried to blend were seen to be in hopeless opposition. Accepting the logic of events, men must surely now choose their side, and news items in the Press made daily announcement of the sides that were being chosen. Which of the rank and file could any longer defend that *via media* whose own prophet had abandoned it? Newman himself bade his friends look back upon his enterprise as just a tale that was told. "Dear to memory," he said, "it may be. But, gentlemen, we are not concerned with that now. As an Anglican movement, it is ancient and rather absurd history."[2] Other events of the

[1] Cf. *Apologia*, p. 89.

[2] *Anglican Difficulties.*

period, too, displaced it from public interest. The railway boom was growing in financial promise, and the adoration of saints was soon to be abated in enthusiasm for a statue to Hudson. As G. V. Cox remarked, men ceased to talk about High, Broad and Low Church, attending rather to high embankments, broad gauge, and low dividends.

If the Oxford Movement had not meant far more than even the leader dreamed, if its sources had not been more deeply placed than even he had ever realised, the conjecture of its rapid disappearance would have been correct. But its history was not to close with that scene of 9 October, 1845, when John Henry Newman knelt before Father Dominic the Passionist. It was in truth then but beginning—as the French Revolution was but beginning on that day of the "whiff of grapeshot" with which the casual observer supposed that it had ended.

I

The years after 1845 were marked by a revival of the most bitter anti-Roman sentiment in England. Novels of the time, at once reflecting and influencing the general spirit, are strewn with lurid pictures of the Papacy. It was to a public already attuned for such reflections that so great an appeal was made by *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by *Hypatia*, by *Westward Ho*, by *Devereux*, by *Lothair*. A priest is the villain in each of these—thwarting the natural affections, persecuting new thought, intriguing against the British throne in the person of an Elizabeth or a William III, pillaging the possessions of the young and the rich, even taking a hand in common murder. Reade, Kingsley, Lytton, Disraeli, no doubt wrote as they genuinely felt. But they were likewise, as novelists, not deficient in Florian's "genius of the opportune."

Those were the days of panic about "Roman Aggression." One now finds it hard to understand the outburst in 1850 over Wiseman's letter, *e porta Flaminia*, in which it was

announced that Pope Pius IX had assigned territorial dioceses to bishops of his Church in England. The letter, and particularly its too suggestive heading, may have been indiscreet, though the change it intimated was no more than one of names, for purposes of administrative efficiency. But it seemed at that tense moment to portend a recall of the whole people to the Roman obedience. No longer bishops *in partibus infidelium*, but bishops in a land which would soon make—as it had made before—a formal recantation of Protestant heresy! The wildest rumours filled the air. Within a few months that eager Evangelical, Lord Shaftesbury, had founded *The Protestant Alliance*, "to maintain and defend against all the encroachments of Popery the scriptural doctrines of the Reformation." Thackeray, in his mirthful mood, suggested the nomination of an Anglican as Bishop of the Suburra or the Palatine.[1] Platform orators talked about the Spanish Armada. In a tumult of excitement Lord John Russell thundered to the House about this fresh national peril, and carried through all its parliamentary stages the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, forbidding the use of these territorial designations for a Roman episcopate upon the Protestant soil of Britain. Since the secessions of 1845, all eyes had turned to Pusey as the remaining arch-conspirator, and in a mournful letter to Gladstone, as early as 1847, he acknowledged that he had forfeited the public confidence, though he was still allowed to preach in two London pulpits "and here and there in a village."[2] In the same year the appointment of Hampden to the bishopric of Hereford was generally taken as a gesture of contempt towards Anglo-Catholicism from "the powers that be." It was received very much as the selection of Bishop Barnes for the primacy would have been received by Anglo-Catholics last summer.

But among those who had thus fallen under the frown of the civil power there was at first no semblance of panic. Though the open propagandism of the *Tracts* had ceased

[1] *Irish Sketch-Book*, p. 8.

[2] Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, III, p. 145.

in 1841, the vitality of the Movement continued to show itself otherwise. Its representatives talked and wrote less, but they acted far more, as men who had rediscovered the "authority of Tradition." During the next few years they diligently re-established in centre after centre of the Church of England just those ancient institutions and usages which the Reformers had been most eager to abolish. Alarming news began to reach Bishop Wilberforce about a revival, for example, of Anglican "Sisterhood life"—in which women took vows, lived under discipline, and made regular confessions to a priest.[1] In his correspondence with Pusey, Wilberforce learned that the school of Tradition was discovering more and more habits of the early Church which the later Church had abandoned to her loss. With horror he found that the list now included both Invocation of Saints and a doctrine of Purgatory.[2] Nor did Wilberforce fare well in the somewhat heated interchange of argument. His subtle antagonist could quote precedent after precedent from the teaching of Anglican divines about whom the Bishop of Oxford knew nothing, but whose orthodoxy he dared not impugn. Moreover, when a militant Anglo-Catholic of the time, the Rev. R. G. McMullen, was arraigned before the Bishop of Ripon for his sermon on the Intercession of the Saints, it was found impossible to show that such doctrine was condemned by any formulary of the Church of England. "By His authority committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins"—with what intent, asked Pusey, did the Church commission her ministers to use such language, if it was not intended to imply the Power of the Keys? Surely the men who had denounced Tractarianism for twisting the natural sense of the Articles would not themselves distort the plain meaning of the Prayer Book! "He has established a colony of semi-papists at Leeds," complained Hook. But under what law Pusey's colony could be disturbed, or to what sort of ecclesiastical censure he could be made amenable, was as

[1] Cf. especially, Liddon's *Life of Pusey*, III, chap. i. [2] ibid., p. 44.

desperate a problem as that of "controlling the ritualists" has been ever since. The loopholes and ambiguities of a standard reached as compromise between Church and State have provided a very charter of anarchy. And how hard it is to mend these, let the well-meant trial of last year attest.

There was an effort, indeed, to "do something about it" at Oxford. The authorities there, encouraged by clamour outside, at length began to act, though still after the tortuous manner which had become their habit. Anglo-Catholics at least have nothing to fear from a complete recital of that university manœuvring within the fifteen years that followed 1841. It is a sordid story—about plots to spoil the academic career of "the tainted," about blocking the candidature of men obviously best qualified for promotion, about suspending others who stood highest alike in talent and in character. Petty persecution was conducted against such "Puseyites" as it was possible to injure in fame or in advancement. No doubt the opposite party had often been equally ridiculous, if not equally unjust. F. D. Maurice, in 1853, was removed from his chair at King's College, London, because he had expressed a doubt —not a denial, but rather a misgiving—in regard to the eternity of future punishment. Surely, exclaimed the Principal, that matter is put beyond all dispute when one thinks of the case of Voltaire! [1] In one fatuous mood the Anglo-Catholics had opposed the grant of an honorary degree to the American ambassador because he was a Unitarian. But to cite such analogous cases on the other side was a poor excuse for the party of enlightenment. Foremost, too, among the persecutors were those who had so lately shrieked loudest against interference with their own freedom of thought.

Church rulers as well as college heads were, by degrees, taking heart of grace to move. Sharp episcopal charges were delivered at diocesan synods, and in some cases

[1] Cf. Prothero, *Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanley*, I, p. 487.

ordination was refused to men who would not definitely revile the *Tracts*. But gross as were some of the forms in which resentment showed itself, it was plain that the tide had indeed turned. Even a sense of humour prohibited further argument for the apostolic authority of bishops when the bishops themselves—*ex hypothesi*, apostolically—disavowed it. The remnant of Anglo-Catholics seemed to have been driven from the field. Nor did their next public display serve to re-establish their influence. Leaderless and desperate, they entered upon a fight which not even the wariness and skill of the chieftain they had lost could have saved from general contempt. Their performance in the once famous but long forgotten "Gorham case" revealed their school at its weakest and its worst.

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It was a crucial case on the theory of baptism. The Prayer Book quite plainly intimates that a baptised infant, if the rite has been canonically performed, has been regenerated by Almighty God on the spot. *Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate.* . . . The ingenuity of other interpreters, Low or Broad, might explain this away. But Tractarians at least had insisted on the clear meaning of the formula, and they had quoted a formidable array of authorities—from Jewell to Mant—in support of the view that rigorous literal interpretation was enjoined in the English Church. As *Tract LXXVI* put it, these divines had declared with one voice that "infants are by and at baptism unconditionally translated from a state of wrath into a state of grace and acceptance." The doctrine might be denied. But it was impossible for any honest man, aware of the evidence, to doubt that such was indeed the historic doctrine of the English Church.

Now, plainly, if those who had vowed allegiance to the Prayer Book and had habitually repeated this formula were in earnest with their professions, they were committed to belief in baptism as a momentous rite. It followed that he

who should administer it must know exactly what he is doing. A physician who prescribed powerful drugs of whose action he was misinformed, or an artillery man who had an inadequate notion about the range of projectiles, would be a public peril. So when, in 1850, the Bishop of Exeter was asked to institute to a parish a certain clergyman—the Rev. Charles Gorham—who, in his judgment, was utterly in the dark about what baptism can effect, he naturally refused. The lay patron of the living had nominated this incompetent divine. But the authority charged with care over the diocese overruled the nomination, as the War Office might dismiss an ignorant though popular gunner, or the British Medical Council might strike off the list of practitioners a winsome good fellow who held erroneous views about strychnine.

Mr. Gorham's opinions were indeed—to the lay mind—plausible enough. It seemed to him that among the multitude of persons canonically baptised only a certain proportion give later evidence of being regenerate. He was reluctant to assume that in the case of the others the purpose of the Most High had simply failed. So he propounded a new theory—that regeneration is not the invariable consequent of baptism, but is confined to those infants upon whom God has been pleased to confer "grace." This, however, raised a difficulty of its own. For grace, according to the orthodox doctrine, is conditional on faith, and it required a robust imagination to understand how faith could be exercised by an infant only a few weeks old. Mr. Gorham, hard pressed by these embarrassments, suggested that sometimes the condition of faith is not exacted, and that even in its absence grace may be conferred by a miraculous interposition of God. It is "prevenient."

But the Bishop of Exeter would listen to no such innovating latitudinarianism. In these high matters he was a Fundamentalist, with no tenderness to mental reservations in a priest. The condemned heretic appealed for redress to the Court of Arches, which approved the episcopal veto.

Thence the case proceeded to the Privy Council, and the majority there—unskilled perhaps in theological mysteries—decided that Mr. Gorham's view of baptismal regeneration was adequate for the Anglican priesthood. To make things still more perplexing, the heretic was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom the Bishop of Exeter forthwith renounced communion. Various other courts, Queen's Bench, Exchequer, Common Pleas, were invoked as various phases of the dispute suggested possible points of further litigation to the sagacity of canon lawyers. But all was in vain. Under the law of the land, Mr. Gorham was declared entitled to institution for that cure of souls. He was duly instituted by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was a case which had historical consequences. That Gorham decision drove Henry Edward Manning across the line—long growing thin—which had separated him from the Church of Rome. For, he argued, it involved far more than the justice or injustice of one particular act of episcopal authority. If the Privy Council was to dictate to bishops whom they should and whom they should not institute to cures, there was an end to "the spiritual independence of the Church." Keble, Pusey, and other Anglo-Catholics haunted Gladstone's house in London, pressing him to join them in a series of public resolutions against this judicial effrontery. Gladstone himself plunged into a research on the relations of Church and State, declaring in a letter to a friend how he did so "fully believing that the death of the Church of England is among the alternative issues of the Gorham case." [1] Carlyle, in a different mood, compared the whole business to discussions among Roman augurs about the side of the chicken's entrails upon which the midriff has fallen.[2]

[1] Morley, *Life of Gladstone*, I, p. 283.

[2] *Latter-day Pamphlets*, No. iv. "The select of the wisest heads in England sit with intense application and iron gravity, in open forum, judging of prevenient grace! . . . I consider them far ahead of Cicero's Roman augurs with their chicken-bowels."

This was, unfortunately, typical of the early stages of the Movement. To not a few observers it seemed to be, chiefly, a mania about baptism. If the Gorham case had occurred some years earlier, Newman would no doubt have argued the Anglo-Catholic side with less obvious foolishness. But even he had his wild sacramental moods. Who can forget the passage in which he objected to Keble's poems about infancy, because they failed to make clear how the infant soul is not blessed by nature, but only after it has been baptised? [1] Keble might have replied that such a thought did not lend itself to poetic expression. And perhaps therein lies a parable.

II

If Anglo-Catholicism had remained in that sphere of abstract speculation with which it began, the early excitement over it would soon have died away. South of the Tweed, at all events, interest of that sort is fitful and transient. Whether the Creed is based on the Bible alone or on the Bible interpreted by Tradition, whether grace precedes faith or faith precedes grace, whether the episcopal order is apostolic, sub-apostolic, or later still—are points that could never have divided the bulk of Englishmen as corresponding mysteries so long divided Scotsmen. These were "academic" points. Not until the controversy became far more concrete and practical, could the English temper become inflamed. Even the charge that Anglo-Catholicism "must logically" move towards Rome would have had little weight with the populace until they saw it in process of moving. The needful stimulus was found in two causes. In the first place, grotesque as the Gorham affair had been, it had roused bitter resentment against intrusion by the courts of the State upon "spiritual" affairs, and the cry for "spiritual independence" became shrill. In the second place, the originally abstract Anglo-

[1] *Essays Critical and Historical*, II, p. 435.

Catholic doctrine became suddenly plain and tangible when it began to express itself in the practices called "Ritualism."

. . . . . .

Conflict between Church and State has had possibilities of public turmoil in England ever since the time of St. Thomas à Becket. In the nineteenth century, as far back as 1841, when the Oxford Movement was at its height, there had been a dispute with the Crown about a colonial See. George Augustus Selwyn had objected to the terms of the Letters Patent under which he was appointed Bishop of New Zealand, because it was therein declared that his power to ordain was a grant from *Her Majesty the Queen*! The Prayer Book said that such power was committed to a man by the imposition, not of royal, but of episcopal hands, and Selwyn wanted to have this made clear. But a proposal to alter the language of Letters Patent was treated at Whitehall with the contumely that might have been expected. So with a muttered protest, like that of Galileo on an occasion both very similar and very different —that, no matter what the Letters might say, he knew the truth about the source of his spiritual mission—this vigorous Anglo-Catholic left for his diocese.

After the Gorham episode, grievances of the same sort were multiplied. Action after action came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to determine whether such and such tenets should be held "legal" in the Establishment. Such trials were plainly inevitable where one Church, in a nation far from homogeneous, drew exclusive revenues from the State. On the other hand, it was no less plain that priests with real belief in the sacerdotal doctrine of the Prayer Book could not submit to be stopped from what they judged their priestly duty because the Law Lords—incompetent and indifferent in such a province—declared this or that theological tenet to be "illegal." To suppose that in a divided country the State should never meddle with the Established Church

except to subsidise it, was absurd. But it was no less absurd that men who believed their commission was from God should wait to hear from the Lord Chancellor in what form and to what extent they should be permitted to fulfil it.

Again, this doctrine about Tradition soon revealed possibilities of quite practical significance. How much had been thus "handed down"? What if it should turn out that in the Elizabethan settlement of Anglicanism a great deal of the inheritance had been forgotten or repudiated? In 1853 Pusey electrified his audience in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, by declaring that the doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament was among the contents of a sacred Tradition which had been allowed to lapse, and immediately a cry was heard that Anglo-Catholicism meant —among other things—a revival of the Roman Mass. Though the courts decided that Pusey had not transgressed the limits of what was legal, an uneasy feeling was left behind, and—as of old—people doubted "whereunto this would grow." It grew fast. Before long, Newman's *Essay on Development* was re-scanned with deepening concern. It was seen that if the argument of that volume were admitted, "Tradition" might be taken to authorise not only what was original, but the multiform growth of the original into the whole scheme of medievalism, under cover of this plea about continuing guidance of the Church by the Divine Spirit. For instance, what about the symbolic apparel of the clergy?

State trials on such points became numerous. They were even welcomed by the younger Anglo-Catholic priests as a sort of martyrdom of the Church, in its modern "Babylonish captivity" to an apostate State—and this at least was a colourable token of the continuing Tradition. The habit of provoking prosecutions became popular, and such prosecutions were most easily provoked not by heresies of avowed doctrine, which were elusive, but by irregularities of external act, which were obvious. Inquiry into what a

man believed was far harder than inquiry into what he did in public ministration at the altar. The Law Lords, who were much puzzled by dispute about what a priest had taught in explaining the Sacrament, could at least investigate the vestments he wore in celebrating it, and the vestments were subtly suggestive of dogma. In this way what had begun as an intellectual refinement passed into visible practice.

Now, surely, thought the Protestant zealots, this revival of superstition will be checked. It has become overt act, and the obvious remedy is in stern application of the "standards." They little realised what those standards contained, and how delusive had been the English confidence in "leaving the old forms alone." Just before the order for Morning Prayer stands the following rubric:

> And here it is to be noted that such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof at all times of their Ministration, shall be retained and be in use as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI.

The second year of the reign of Edward VI! Back to 1548, when the Mass vestments were still worn in a Church whose order of worship was practically unreformed! It was in 1548 that the Roman Missal and Breviary of the past had been adopted, with slight modifications, for the English Book of Common Prayer. And now it appeared that the old Eucharistic vestments, full of sacerdotal import, and suggesting everywhere a sacrifice before the eye of the worshipper, were not only permissible but even obligatory in the Anglican service. Was it to be supposed that this prescription of form did not imply a continuance of the meaning which underlay the form? The opponents of Anglo-Catholicism had appealed to the standards, and by the standards they must abide. Invoking the courts was a two-edged weapon. Hence the extraordinary situation which for the last forty years has been seen in such fruitless indictments of illegality that indictment has been to all

intents and purposes abandoned. It was decided, for example, by Mr. Justice Coleridge, in a case tried by him some eight years ago, that not the Anglo-Catholic but the Protestant section of the English Church has broken the law about Ornaments, and that for three centuries the disuse of "Mass vestments" has been a breach of the plain meaning of a rubric in the Book of Common Prayer!

III

But the ritualistic outburst, though the most spectacular, was far from being the most important side of Anglo-Catholic development in the period prior to the second great manifesto by thinkers of the school. It was both furthered and modified by much that was taking place in other wings of the comprehensive Anglican communion.

Writing in 1865, Newman recalled his own forecast of thirty years earlier, that theological Liberalism would be fatal to the Christianity of the National Church. The forecast, he thought, had been abundantly fulfilled:

> Since that time, Phaeton has got into the chariot of the sun; we, alas! can only look on, and watch him down the steep of heaven. Meanwhile, the lands which he is passing over suffer from his driving.[1]

It is not difficult to identify the developments which Newman had chiefly in mind. The twenty years that had passed since his secession from the Church of England had been rich with products of the Liberalism he so feared. It was neither the Gorham case nor the Roman Aggression, for example, that had made 1850 most notable. That year saw the publication of W. R. Greg's *Creed of Christendom* —the book that "might well have been written by an early disciple who had heard the Sermon on the Mount, whose attention had not been called to the miracles, and who had died before the Resurrection." [2] It saw likewise the issue of *Phases of Faith*, by Newman's own brother, once

[1] *Apologia*, p. 58.

[2] Like so many other epigrams of the kind, this one came from Fitzjames Stephen.

an Anglican missionary, but afterwards a pure theist—known all over the world for his collaboration with Theodore Parker in the argument that Christianity by reason of its low moral tone is far inferior to some other monotheistic cults. These signs of a new time were quickly succeeded by such monographs as *Vestiges of Creation* and *The Kernel and the Husk*, all tending one way—to eliminate from the historic faith whatever had made it distinctive, and to find its essence just in what it shared with the product of man's undirected thought. At the old universities, too, the seed of pre-Tractarian Liberalism had been growing fast. In vain had Pusey struggled to bring Jowett to account for his *St. Paul* or for his *Essay on the Atonement.*[1] In Cambridge the Professor of History had published *Ecce Homo*, with its resolution of the Gospel into no more than a piece of propagandism for "the Enthusiasm of Humanity." There was some grumbling, but no authoritative voice was raised against what the leading Evangelical layman of the English Church had called "the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of hell." Thirlwall had been apparently rewarded for his free thought by elevation to the episcopal bench, having thus—as Thackeray said of Swift—"put out his apostasy to hire!"[2] What was to be the upshot of Darwin's *Origin of Species* was indeed not yet clear, for "Darwinism" was not yet long enough under discussion by the theologians. But already the signs were ominous. They had been focussed in a single corporate statement by Oxford Liberals, who had gradually gathered courage to be openly aggressive as well as passively resistant.

This was the book called *Essays and Reviews*. It appeared just after the Oxford meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science—that meeting made so memorable by the rude encounter between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce on the subject of biological evolution. It was the work of men who had become increasingly restive under

[1] Abbott and Campbell, *Life of Jowett*, I, chap. viii.
[2] *English Humorists*, p. 400.

the yoke of official orthodoxy, and who saw no reason why they should not issue their own kind of Tracts. Had they not a message more adapted "for the times" than that of the tract-writers who had preceded them? They were determined, as Jowett said, "not to submit to this abominable system of terrorism which prevents the statement of the plainest facts." [1] But only the most hardened obscurantist of the present day will be shocked by the main tenor of the volume they produced.

It dwelt upon such plain facts as the need to recognise that the Bible records a progressive revelation, in which not every part can be applied as directly as every other part to the life of the modern world. It urged the significance of geological and astronomical discoveries, pointing out how these were in conflict with the traditional cosmogony of the Pentateuch, and how it was no longer either possible or desirable to find in Scripture a key to the problems of natural science. It confronted the advocates of verbal inspiration with the evidence of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities. It set forth in painful clearness the insuperable difficulty of "harmonising" the historical narrative in the Old Testament, or even of reconciling the accounts given in the Synoptic Gospels, if one had to suppose that they were inerrantly dictated to human reporters. It arraigned the current Evangelical fancy that the future of the world is predicted in the apocalyptic literature, and can be deciphered by a comparison of "texts." Finally, it presented such an appalling historical *résumé* of the follies and confusions which had marked the course of rigorous literalism in the past as ought to discredit that method for all time. Throughout *Essays and Reviews* ran the plea—now such a commonplace, but then such a novelty—that the Bible must be approached by the critic without assumption of its unique character, and that only thus will its true uniqueness be so disclosed as to preserve its religious value for men intellectually honest.

[1] Cf. Abbott and Campbell, *Life of Jowett*, I, p. 275.

The keynote of the series was in the opening article. It affirmed a divine plan for the gradual education of mankind through those stages of development which Greece, Rome and Palestine had in turn represented. Such tracing of providential design might have been expected to refresh the spirits of the devout whom Thomas Henry Buckle—just three years earlier—had horrified with his impious *History of Civilisation.* Yet *Essays and Reviews* raised a tremendous storm. For a time even the excitement caused by Darwin's *Origin of Species* was forgotten in the public rage against clerics who seemed to be betraying the citadel from within while the enemy was thundering at the gates.[1] Carlyle, in a characteristic malediction, reminded his intimates that the soldier who deserts his post should be shot.[2] Archdeacon Dennison did his utmost to repair the damage by his counter-blast called *Aids to Faith.* The bishops, led by Wilberforce, issued a formal condemnation, and such was the pressure of public feeling that even Thirlwall—with such gravity as he could muster—joined in the general outcry! Hampden, forgetful of his own past, shouted with the multitude. The unlucky volume became the basis of a trial at law, first in the ecclesiastical and then in the civil courts, where H. B. Wilson and Rowland Williams were summoned to show cause why they should not be degraded from Holy Orders. Was it possible that men who had denied, or questioned, the eternity of future punishment should remain priests of the Church of England? It was not until tribunal after tribunal had been vexed by the enthusiasts for endless retribution that the Lord Chancellor closed the issue by permitting to the clergy of the Establishment a more moderate view of the penal justice of God. Fitzjames Stephen immortalised the decision in his epitaph for Lord Westbury: "Towards the close of his earthly career he dismissed Hell with costs, and took away from orthodox members of the Church of England their last hope of eternal damnation."

[1] Abbott and Campbell, *Life of Jowett,* I, pp. 290–1.
[2] Cf. Froude, *Carlyle's Life in London,* II, pp. 282–3.

In the debate over this disturbing book the Anglo-Catholic leaders took a prominent part. They found themselves in strange company, and with singular allies. No one, perhaps, expressed their view more accurately than the chief contemporary Positivist in England, who called these essayists and reviewers the *Septem contra Fidem*, and discussed their work in a humorous article entitled *Neo-Christianity*.[1] It was the paper by H. B. Wilson that exasperated the Anglo-Catholics most of all, for therein was propounded a doctrine the very antithesis of what they held dear. Wilson analysed the conception of a National Church, urging that it must be as wide as the nation, and that within its pale there must be the largest latitude for differences of dogmatic belief. "The freedom of opinion," he said, "which belongs to the English citizen should be conceded to the English Churchman; and the freedom which is already practically enjoyed by the members of the congregation cannot without injustice be denied to ministers." [2] In this spirit the writer examined the standards, arguing that when a man "alloweth" or "acknowledgeth" the Book of Articles to be true and agreeable to the Word of God, he may with perfect propriety allow or acknowledge that which he does not approve or that which he is merely unprepared to contradict! [3] Though there was a distinct ring of *Tract XC* in this very questionable piece of exegesis, the method was now being used in a different interest—which made a world of difference.

And yet how could those first Anglo-Catholics have regarded such a book with composure, or even with patience? It was strewn with piquant insults to themselves and to their cause. They were described as self-satisfied sacerdotalists, vain of their supernaturally transmitted illumination.[4] They were charged with bringing back upon Protestant Europe the shadows of the twelfth century. The school they had

[1] Frederic Harrison. The article was republished in his book, *The Creed of a Layman.*

[2] *Essays and Reviews*, p. 160. [3] ibid., pp. 182 *seq.* [4] ibid., p. 150.

founded was called "this last monster out of the deep," and such of them as hesitated to take the obvious step of submission to Rome were likened to those trembling senators under Tiberius who balanced terror against mutual shame. Their own cherished philosopher had his writings ransacked for material to show how far he really supported them, and passage after passage of the most latitudinarians peculation was quoted from Coleridge for their discomfiture.

Apart, too, from personal resentment, the book must have been to them "anathema"—not so much because of any single orthodox doctrine that it denied, or of any single heresy that it advanced, as because of its whole underlying assumption. For it granted the legitimacy, even at times urged the duty, of "doubt." It set up the tribunal of man's reason to judge, not only whether a revelation had been received, but also how far the revelation extended, and under what limits it was credible. Not the Puseyites and the so-called Evangelicals alone were in alarm about this obviously maturing product of thought. Only two years before, Dean Mansel—who was neither Evangelical nor Puseyite—had exclaimed in glowing eloquence from the university pulpit that once the word of God had been authenticated, the task of criticism was at an end, and nothing then remained for the devout heart but to cast down imaginations and every high thing which exalteth itself in the mind of man.[1] A climax surely had been reached, and the last word of orthodoxy had been spoken, in an article of the *British Critic*. The writer declared evidence for the Christian faith to be "tolerable only as an additional condemnation for its denial, not as active provocation to its acceptance"! Those Anglo-Catholics were indeed no compromisers.

Before long it became clear that the profanity of the Essayists and Reviewers could develop in soil other than

[1] Mansel, Bampton Lectures, *The Limits of Religious Thought*, p. 166.

that of academic seclusion. It is usual for a certain kind of Fundamentalist to say that the cure for doubt lies in earnest work, and that what heretical scholars specially need is to exchange the library of the British Museum for a settlement in the East End. But the next heretic turned out to be a missionary.

John William Colenso, Bishop of Natal, had been for some years on his mission field among the Kaffirs and Zulus of South Africa. Some of his converts, to whom Bibles had been supplied, proved to have inquiring minds. One of them was curious about the story of the Flood—how every kind of animal now existing had descended from a single pair in the custody of Noah. This keen-witted Zulu pointed out that the creatures must have been brought to the Ark from very different sorts of native habitat—hot countries and cold; further, that all the varieties of creeping things must have been assembled, and that Noah must have had a tremendous problem in providing commissariat for the beasts of prey. Certain Kaffirs, again, were much troubled by what they found in the *Book of Ezra*. The leader of the returning exiles had insisted on divorcing husbands from wives who were of the wrong faith. Would not the long established Kaffir liberalism in respect of marriage be imperilled if such a scheme were still imperative?

These and similar queries set Colenso reading his Old Testament again. He was not the sort of bishop to treat his diocese as just a place to furnish him with an income, nor did he think the souls of his people unworthy of enlightenment because their bodies were coloured. He had himself not only learned the Zulu language, but compiled a Zulu grammar and dictionary, besides translating the New Testament into the native tongue. Probably no bishop in such a quarter of the globe ever devoted himself with greater zeal to work for which he could expect no manner of personal reward. He made himself also the champion of that oppressed people in their appeal against

the harshness of those very scripturally-minded Boers who believed that the curse had been pronounced upon Canaan largely for their industrial benefit. In this spirit Colenso resolved to meet, so far as he could, the Zulu bewilderment about the Bible,—and, as a preliminary, to clear up his own mind on the subject.

The result was his successive books about the Pentateuch. As a mathematician, he frankly acknowledged what he saw to be the fact—that the statistics given by "Moses" must be wrong, for the simple reason that they were inconsistent. In great distress at the rumours he had heard, Bishop Tait wrote to Colenso's brother-in-law, the Bishop of Labuan, inquiring what was wrong with him. The answer was delightful: "Mathematical notions and western ways of viewing things have plainly led him astray. He says, in short, that he can believe in a miracle, but cannot believe in a bad sum." [1] Obstinately pursuing the sort of argument to which his Cambridge habits had led him, Colenso urged that inspiration cannot have been "inerrant" or "plenary," but that a human element of mistake must have mingled with the message of truth. Likewise, he conjectured, the belief in final punishment as "eternal" had no divine authority. And he took upon himself the risk of letting those Kaffirs or Zulus keep the wives to whom they had become attached before their conversion. Why not regard them as in a like situation with the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who in the matrimonial sphere had some latitude?

The storm which followed, when news of all this came to England, was terrific. Colenso, it must be confessed, often made his own cause needlessly hard to plead, so that even Stanley could keep his temper with him only by recalling how much worse were his critics. There were passages in his work on the Pentateuch [2] almost as ridiculous

[1] Letter from Bishop McDougall of Labuan to the Bishop of London, 30 June, 1862. (Cf. Davidson and Benham, *Life of A. C. Tait*, I, p. 334.)
[2] Cf. especially, Part I, pp. 31–4.

as anything said by his chief enemy, Bishop Gray. For instance, the command, *Gather thou all the congregation unto the door of the tabernacle* (Leviticus viii, 3), set Colenso calculating how many men, each of whom occupied a space two feet wide, could stand comfortably before a tabernacle whose width was no more than eight cubits of 1·824 feet each! His best friends, too, were driven to their wits' end when he announced that he could no longer either ordain or baptise according to the prescribed ritual, because of the statement in Ordination about Scripture and in Baptism about the Deluge. With great joy the Tractarians learned that the Metropolitan of Capetown had taken sharp action, and that the African bishops, acting together, had deposed the heretic. The missionary societies were induced to withhold contributions for work under so disreputable a "Father in God," and Bishop Gray enjoined the faithful to treat him as "a heathen man and a publican."

Africa seems to have more than its share of such scenes. One recalls the episode of fifteen years ago at Kikuyu, and the performances of the Bishop of Zanzibar.

But perhaps most significant of that change in the times which called for a change in the *Tracts* was the new atmosphere which, in the seventies and eighties of last century, had been created by the work of Ernest Renan. Particularly through the influence of Matthew Arnold, that remarkable thinker had been introduced to Oxford readers, and there were special reasons why for the Anglo-Catholic group his writings would be more disturbing than for any other religious school. Perhaps Renan had set forth in the *Vie de Jésus* little more than Strauss in his *Leben Jesu* twenty-six years before. But Strauss had been a Lutheran, from whom little better would have been expected by the straitest sect of the Anglo-Catholics. Renan had at no time been a Protestant. Not only by upbringing, but also by an individual temperament which survived all his scepticism, he had sympathies both strong and deep with Catholic Christianity. To the last he was ready to agree with all his heart that

such force as belonged to the old Faith lay in its Roman rather than in its Protestant embodiment. The "traditions" which other antagonists were content to ignore, Renan was at pains to explain. It was just this difference which made him so much more formidable. He pierced the very heart of the Anglo-Catholic creed, while the darts of the ordinary Protestant assailant "went wild."

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Amid the surge and swell of such debate, it seemed plain that a fresh challenge had been offered to the heirs of the tradition of 1833. There was need for a new series of *Tracts for the Times*. As A. M. Fairbairn said, the times had changed, and the Tracts must change too.[1] Herein, as in so many other ways as yet but partially discerned, the example of Newman has been contagious. The production of co-operative *Essays* is now a habit. Periodically, at fairly predictable intervals, we get another such volume from some group living and working by the calm waters of the Isis, whose members seem always to find themselves "by chance" associated under a common interest and a common impulse. They uniformly begin with a preamble about the unique character of the age in which their lot is cast, and —as Aubrey Moore acknowledged—it is natural for all men, or at least for all essayists, to believe that the present is the critical moment not only for themselves but for the world at large.[2] From such an estimate of imminent crisis, and perhaps of their own special qualifications to meet it, very different Oxford groups have given us in succession *Tracts for the Times*, *Essays and Reviews*, *Lux Mundi*, *Contentio Veritatis*, *Foundations*, *Essays Catholic and Critical*. In Cambridge, too, a like enthusiasm had shown itself in a like form, though with results as yet less notable. It is plain that the apostolic mission of the old universities has not, even in these secular times, wholly disappeared from view.

In the pages which follow, *Lux Mundi* will be con-

[1] *Catholicism Roman and Anglican*, p. 280. [2] *Lux Mundi*, p. 41.

sidered not as a work of general theology whose appeal may well be the same to Christian minds of every type, but in its character as representing what is specific in Anglo-Catholicism. This means that many of its most important and instructive sections will here be disregarded. The immediate question is how far that manifesto showed the Anglo-Catholic *as such* to be in a stronger or in a weaker position than the Christian of other schools, confronting the special forms of denial which had arisen during the period between 1845 and 1889. In pursuit of this inquiry it will be needful to determine how far such elements of strength or weakness arose from fidelity to the original form of the Anglo-Catholic system as it came from the Tractarians, and how far this had been modified in the course of forty-five years.

Of the varieties of attack, those which it is most urgent to consider came from (*a*) the so-called "Higher Criticism" of Scripture; (*b*) Darwinian Evolution; (*c*) the naturalistic argument against miracles, especially against the miraculous Person of Jesus Christ. As compared with its relation to other schools of Christian thought, how far was the impact of such assault harder or easier to meet if one held the Anglo-Catholic doctrines of Tradition, of the Church, and of Sacraments? The difficulties in which Protestant theology had become involved were apparent. It was the contention of the writers in *Lux Mundi* that, by a return to ways of thinking which the Reformers had interrupted or diverted, one could formulate a doctrine of Inspiration, of God, and of Jesus Christ which science, so far from refuting, would rather corroborate. The degree to which this claim was made good will next be discussed.

IV

They were much better equipped than the rival school to meet Higher Criticism, because what the higher critics attacked had never been an essential part of Anglo-Catholic doctrine. The *Lux Mundi* writers pointed out that the

verbal inspiration of Scripture was a peculiarly Protestant tenet, for the ancient creeds had no trace of it. To the reconstructors of the Old Testament they bade cordial welcome. Quite possibly, said Gore, there must be a change in the old view of the Bible comparable to the change Copernicus had made in the old view of the stars.[1] Every race had its own inspiration and its own prophets.[2] Two books, for example, often quoted as if they had the precision of legal documents, were clearly dramas — *Job* and the *Song of Solomon*. Even if there was a basis of history underlying *Jonah* and *Daniel*, just as such a basis underlay Shakespeare's plays, these two might well be in the main dramatic. The authorship of *Ecclesiastes*, though expressly stated in the text of that book itself, was doubtful. A great part of *Genesis* was likely enough to be myth,[3] and in the Pentateuch there might well turn out to be various strata not only belonging to very different times but composed in very different interests. The author of *Chronicles* seemed to have been a party propagandist, whose views were quite irreconcilable with the narrative in *Kings*.[4] On points like these, Charles Gore was not concerned to decide either way. But he was much concerned to show that the decision—when it should come definitely from the critics, with whom the last word must lie — could make no serious difference to the Church's doctrine. The Old Testament prophets he declared to have been simply wrong in many of their forecasts, just as St. Paul had been clearly wrong in expecting a speedy end of the world.[5] It is explained that there was no "fraud" in the professedly historical books whose contents could not be accepted as veracious, but that "unconscious idealising" had been at work, and that the writers read back into the past a ritual development which was really far later.[6] Thus, too, the *Lux Mundi* group denied that the *Psalms* were really by David. Most daring of all was their opinion that when our Lord spoke

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 261. [2] ibid., p. 250; cf. ibid., p. 146 *seq.* [3] ibid., p. 259 *seq.*
[4] loc. cit. [5] *Lux Mundi*, p. 254. [6] ibid., p. 259.

of *Psalm CX* as Davidic, or referred to the Flood as an event in world history, He just shared the common traditional error of His race and time.[1]

Concessions such as these showed indeed a sharp development, if not a sheer departure, from the teaching of *Tracts*. What a difference, for example, from the protest against all debate about even the selection of Scripture passages for use in church, because it might disturb those "who as yet happily have never dreamed of criticising the Bible"![2] There is not a word in *Lux Mundi* of that old warning against "appeal to the sense of an irreverent presumptuous age on the most sacred of all subjects."[3] But the Anglo-Catholic party of later years has never been bound to the plenary inspiration of *Tracts for the Times*, and there was much in what Newman called "Liberalism" which they have known how to receive with gratitude. The second manifesto exults in showing how many an early Father was Liberal in the same sense. We are reminded how even the sweeping attack by Origen upon the historical character of many parts of the sacred narrative elicited no anathema in his time; how Clement of Alexandria and the medieval Anselm had been able with impunity to allegorise the "Six Days";[4] how no prosecution had been levelled against Irenæus for his very original treatment of the Temptation as a "figure."[5] With equal emphasis it is insisted that many a shameful caricature of the Christian faith—unknown to the earliest patristic tradition—had been put forward by Calvinists or Lutherans on the strength of some isolated text whose poetry they construed as if it were the form of a civil contract. Election, predestination, imputed righteousness, forensic interpreting of the Atonement —whence, asked Aubrey Moore, came "the freezing chill and paralysis of all life"[6] which these dogmas had involved? It was the Reformers who set up the standard of appeal to the letter of Holy Scripture, thus denying by

[1] *Lux Mundi*, pp. 264 *seq.* [2] *Tract XIII.* [3] loc. cit.
[4] *Lux Mundi*, p. 263. [5] loc. cit. [6] *Lux Mundi*, p. 186.

implication the ever-present guidance of the Spirit in the Church, and inaugurating the age of biblical as contrasted with scientific theology.[1] *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

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Passing to the problem set by "Evolution," these Anglo-Catholics professed a still more decisive superiority over the mere Protestant. They could well understand how the appearance of *The Origin of Species* had caused dismay among those wedded to a Reformed theology of which Deism was in truth the logical outcome. For themselves, they felt that their position here had not only a negative but a positive advantage. The challenge of the biblical critic was one that they could meet without the Protestant handicap. But they could likewise confront Darwin with a system that seemed in many ways just the religious counterpart of his own. Moreover, they undertook to show that the philosophy underlying Evolution was latent in that line of patristic thought which the Reformers had so disastrously interrupted. For the Fathers, from Justin to Athanasius, had taught the faith of the *Incarnation*; in the sixteenth century, men like Luther and Calvin had narrowed it down to the faith of the *Atonement*.[2] This in turn had meant that over-emphasis of "the transcendence of God" which, thanks to Darwinism, Christian thought was being forced to revise.

The challenge of Darwinism had been twofold. (*a*) It was in flat contradiction to the cosmogonic account in *Genesis*: (*b*) It seemed, at least, to have invalidated that "Argument from Design" which had long made belief in God to appear a conclusion from science. The edge of the first difficulty could be turned with greater ease by the Anglo-Catholic than by the Protestant, because he was not embarrassed by a dogma of scriptural inerrancy. But it was more serious to have "final causes" disturbed. In what form, then, asked *Lux Mundi*, had the prevalent theology been stated? It had been put in phrases about

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 73. [2] ibid., p. 133.

"First Cause," "second causes," and the like, involving such radical separation between the Creator and the world as almost to necessitate the Deistic inference that God had fashioned the natural order as a mechanician fashions his machine, and in remote detachment had "watched it go." Feeling this to be an intolerable picture, for religion and for science alike, the better—but not the more coherent—minds had speculated about periodic interferences, making God "an occasional Visitor" [1] to His own universe. But plainly this was a poor makeshift. "Either God is everywhere present in Nature, or He is nowhere. He cannot be here and not there. He cannot delegate His power to demi-gods called second causes." [2] This was the religious message of Evolution, which found the same Power continuously active in the universe from end to end. Darwin, said Aubrey Moore, had come in the disguise of a foe, but he had in truth been a friend to Christian theology. In the light of *The Origin of Species*, the conception of God—so far from being lost—became far more spacious and far more convincing. Now at length could be appropriated the words of St. Paul that in Him not only all mankind, but all things live and move and have their being.[3]

Pressing home this advantage, the same keen controversialist goes on to show how the theological argument as stated by the Fathers might be thought rather an anticipation than a contradiction of what Darwin had maintained. A most subtle piece of reasoning is here set forth in *Lux Mundi*. Men who advanced such tremendous claims for Tradition might fairly be called upon to make their vaunting good by concrete evidence. Could they show that when Tradition was abjured in the sixteenth century, the Churches which abjured it began to drift into an antagonism to modern science which need never have arisen if they had adhered to it? Here is just what this Anglo-Catholic manifesto welcomed the chance of demonstrating. Not medievalism, it insists, but the Reformation doctrine by

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 73. [2] ibid., pp. 73–4. [3] ibid., p. 76.

which medievalism had been displaced, was at odds with the new biology.

For the Reformation doctrine had centred round "Atonement"; and, in those forensic terms so dear to Luther, it had represented the intervention of God in human life as due solely to "the Fall." The Creator, apparently, would otherwise have had no reason to attend further to the world He had made, but might have left it to run itself indefinitely—like a cunningly devised machine which is left alone till it gives proof that it needs the repairing mechanic. But how inadequate, how one-sided, was this pressing of a single metaphor until it became a complete doctrine! Deism had been quick to show that it depicted the Most High not only as a mechanic, but as a mechanic who had failed, and the Deists claimed with great plausibility a deeper devoutness for the assumption that there is nothing wrong anywhere—except to the finite mind which sees such a short distance. But the Fathers at least had never—like Gassendi—"relegated God to the far distant abyss of First Causes." [1] They had boldly maintained that the Incarnation was part of the eternal Plan, irrespective of that "Fall" for which it was indeed a remedy, but which was not by any means its sole ground.

With enthusiasm this manifesto dwelt upon the liberal spirit of that patristic literature in which the Eternal Light was shown as inspiring the highest minds of paganism. Had not St. Bonaventura spoken of every human creature as a Divine word? [2] And St. Thomas of every intellectual process as displaying the Divine Reason? [3] Had not the Incarnation been described in passage after passage of the Fathers as the very climax and keystone of the whole visible world-process—"the exaltation of human nature and consummation of the universe"? It had remained for others to suggest the infinite distance of God from His world. The closeness of His intimacy with it had been the

[1] Cf. Anatole France, *The Revolt of the Angels*, p. 207.
[2] *Lux Mundi*, p. 135. [3] ibid., p. 136.

thought of an earlier time, obscured if not actually denied by the Reformers. It had been brought back by that apparently irreligious Darwinism which needed but translation into Christian terms to appear as a correlate of the original faith of the Church.

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But is not miracle, at least, just such a catastrophic intervention as this theory would exclude? Is not the miraculous element in the Gospels a standing witness to a "transcendent" rather than an "immanent" God? Or is it possible that the *Lux Mundi* group would treat the miracles of the New Testament with the same dissolving alembic they applied to the miracles of the Old?

It is not possible. "What can be admitted in the Old Testament," said Gore, "could not, without results disastrous to the Christian creed, be admitted in the New." [1] In this the *Lux Mundi* men agree with the more cautious Modernists in the Reformed Churches. But again they claim for themselves that they can give a more consistent defence of such an attitude than can be given by those who rely exclusively upon private judgment and set at naught the corporate Tradition.

For how can such private judgment attest the New Testament miracles? Modernists of the Reformed Churches dwell specially on "the witness of religious experience." They speak as if, in some fashion for which their descriptive phrases are more copious than their explanations are clear, the individual Christian is "assured by experimental proof" of certain miraculous happenings nineteen hundred years ago. To the Anglo-Catholic this seems a mere caricature of the way in which such faith is actually reached. He is sure that, for himself, in isolation from the corporate witness of the Christian society, he would never have reached it at all, and he feels mocked by the challenge to extract it from "the records" as if none had lived before him.[2] He

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 260.
[2] Cf. R. A. Knox, *Some Loose Stones*, pp. 186 *seq.*

observes too, about the "experience" that is actual, in contrast with that which has become a technical term of the apologetic textbooks, that men believe in New Testament miracle because they have first believed in the miraculous Person of Jesus Christ. And they have believed in this because such has been the transmitted conviction of the Church all through the centuries, extending back to the time when it first arose in the hearts and minds of men who had companied with their Lord.

It is important here to appreciate the limits of the debate. The *Lux Mundi* writers were not constructing an apologetic argument for the unbelieving world. Nor had they in mind that present-day type of Modernism for which the miraculous element in the Gospels has been dropped altogether. They were engaged with the simpler task of showing how for the adherents of Tradition the obstacle against accepting miracles is by no means so great as that which may well deter the mere Protestant scripturalist. Belief in the Bible, it was commonly said, is comparatively easy, while belief in the Church imposes a harder strain. Not so, replies Gore. To believe in the Bible without also believing in the Church has become increasingly difficult.[1] Taking the miraculous element in the narrative of the Evangelists as attested solely by a written document, nothing is easier than to press the contention of Hume that the manifold liability to error in documents composed so long after the events they narrate makes it simpler to suppose such evidence false than to suppose a miracle true. But apart from the initial assumption that "miracles do not happen," it would be needless to subject the record to such capricious re-interpreting as is everywhere shown in a naturalistic *Life of Christ*.[2] And the initial assumption loses its strength if one can rely upon a continuous witness, apart from the

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 248.

[2] The point is exactly that made by Pusey against Essayists and Reviewers when he said that disbelief had been the parent, not the offspring, of their criticism, "the starting-point, not the winning-point, of their course." (*Daniel the Prophet*, Preface, p. vi.)

fallibility of documents many times copied, that the person of the Founder of the Faith was indeed unique.[1]

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In regard both to Church order and to Sacraments, one notices in *Lux Mundi* a distinct abatement of the high Tractarian claim. Lock's article on the Church persists indeed in maintaining that an episcopal order, with unbroken continuity of succession from apostolic days, was part of our Lord's appointment, and that they who innovate upon such a scheme are "in schism." But when he adds that "schism means something of evil," causing weakness, preventing the full work of brotherhood, one is immediately conscious of a far milder atmosphere than that for example of *Tract XXXVI.* A Church, said Lock, whose boast it is to have been founded by Wesley or Luther or Calvin is not historically founded by Christ, though it may have been founded to carry on Christ's work, in imitation of Him, and with the sincerest loyalty to His person. "Even if circumstances have justified it, it is at any rate not the ideal." [2] Those who have so banded themselves together "have done it at their own risk"; and the writer raises, but does not presume to answer, the question whether they have equal security with those in the genuine order that their Sacraments are valid, or that the Lord's special promises will be fulfilled to them. Such lines as the following, with their studied vagueness, reveal a real sense of conflict between the Anglo-Catholic tradition and the facts with which that tradition was confronted:

> We recognise that every atom of their faith is genuine; that so far as they have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, they are true members of the Church; that so far as they have banded themselves together into a society, they have something akin to the reality of the Church, and gain some of its social blessing.[3]

Newman and Pusey would have been very impatient indeed with language of that sort. Thought had clearly moved in

[1] *Lux Mundi*, pp. 195 *seq.* [2] ibid., p. 281. [3] ibid., p. 280.

the interval, not indeed to greater coherence, but to that wholesome incoherence which means that more sides of an issue have been seen. And in Paget's article on Sacraments there is not a paragraph which the spokesmen of the Free Churches of England might not endorse. What, then, has happened to Baptismal Regeneration? What has happened to Pusey's doctrine of the Real Presence? It is impossible to find in *Lux Mundi* either of these, so lately crucial in the Anglo-Catholic creed.

But, though one may suspect other causes for the omission, it is no more than fair to remember that *Lux Mundi* was written with a purpose in view to which neither of these doctrines was relevant. In the minds of the writers it was Darwinian Evolution that had changed the whole field of debate, and with high courage—in paper after paper—this new hypothesis was claimed as not only reconcilable but notably consonant with that theory of Providence for which Anglo-Catholicism had borne witness. Conversely, it was shown to present insuperable difficulties to that scriptural literalism into which the sixteenth-century Reformers had been misled.

But the strength of *Lux Mundi*, as presenting an alternative to Protestantism, is exhausted here. It showed with great clarity how, with the help of reasonable though by no means slavish deference to a continuing Tradition, the biblical witness is both corrected and reinforced. It had likewise the great merit of keeping far nearer in its psychological account of belief to what a genuine psychology in that field testifies. But the effort to prove that the Fathers were truer to modern science than the post-Reformation Calvinists and Lutherans, that Darwinism would have been more compatible with medieval than with modern ways of thinking, or that the oral inheritance of belief in a miraculous Person is exempt from the dangers to which documentary evidence is liable—all this seems special pleading. It invites an impartial *résumé* of what Fathers and medievalists said—not just in those passages which

the *Lux Mundi* men selected for quotation, but in other passages on which it is needless here to dwell. And about "immanence of God," as the record of theological vagueness from the Hegelians of a century ago to the *New Theology* of the Rev. R. J. Campbell has abundantly illustrated, perhaps the less said the better.

V

It is with a certain shock of surprise that one reads all the violent language in *Lux Mundi* about the extent to which the Reformers were bound to the letter of Scripture. What about Luther, for example, whose treatment of the *Epistle of James* is in principle as free as any Modernist could desire? And did not these controversialists recall that singular passage in the monograph entitled *Instruction on the Manner in which Moses is to be read*—a passage which would undoubtedly have brought Luther before the Church courts if he had been a minister in Scotland forty years ago? "Moses," he said, "is dead. His dispensation is at an end. He has no longer any relation to us. When anyone brings forward Moses and his precepts, and would oblige you to observe them, answer him thus: 'Go to the Jews with your Moses. I am no Jew.'" [1] That sounds sufficiently Modernist, so far as the Pentateuch is concerned. At the same time, it is undeniable that the Reformation theology was the beginning of an intense Scripturalism, and it was fair to point out how allegiance to a tradition has a flexibility which can never belong to allegiance to a book.

One often feels that these writers rejoiced in that same sort of development for the faith which has so often been seen in the British Constitution—the freedom slowly broadening

[1] The passage proceeds to discuss the Ten Commandments in a like liberal spirit. "'But,' say they, 'Moses has commanded that we should believe in God, that we should not take His Name in vain, that we should honour our father and mother, etc. Must we not keep these commandments?' Answer them thus: 'Nature has given us these commandments. . . . I keep the commandments which Moses has given, not because he enjoined them, but because Nature implanted them in me.'"

down from precedent to precedent, unhampered by a rigid written formula. There is much in the record of theological warfare, for the last half-century at least, by which this claim can be supported. Anglo-Catholics even in our own time can admit advances in biblical exegesis or in historical research which many a Protestant feels unable to deny without proving himself ignorant or to acknowledge without turning heretic. See the fruits of "Bibliolatry" in those Protestant Churches where the Higher Criticism has had to force its way! The fruits took long to ripen, but proved bitter indeed when they appeared. Half a century back, this controversy was hot in Great Britain. Making its normal speed of progress, according to the rate at which new thought travels westward, it has now reached America, to divide the Churches of the United States into Modernist and Fundamentalist. Nor is it entirely obsolete on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Two years ago in the North of Ireland two clergymen—an Anglican and a Presbyterian—were subjected to a heresy trial because they were judged to have "departed from the Book." One knows that in that region feuds long extinct elsewhere are still waged with Ulsterian ferocity, and spectators in more peaceful parts of the world have had many an occasion to wonder how there at least "still in their ashes live the wonted fires." But it is plain that Belfast orthodoxy was true to a principle avowed even yet in words elsewhere, though elsewhere ignored in practice. If the textual criticism of Holy Scripture has caused no such uproar of recent days among Anglo-Catholics, this is because the verbal authority of the sacred text taken by itself was never for them an object of worship, and hence could never be profaned. They have had comparatively little trouble, for instance, with disputes about the formation of the canon. Pusey declared his belief in the inspiration of Socrates. Newman wrote in his diary that he could never "find out why Hooker is not to be called inspired." [1] Those Anglo-Catholics had

[1] *Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, I, p. 187.

discords and frictions of their own. But from trouble about the arithmetic of the *Book of Numbers*, the date of the *Prophecies of Daniel*, or the literal historicity of *Jonah*, the school of *Lux Mundi*—fulfilling the spirit while boldly advancing beyond the letter of the *Tracts*—has been free.

. . . . . .

What did Newman think of them? Did he regard them as pursuing "a genuine development" from that impulse which had become so dangerous in the eyes of its own chief author? One would be interested to learn whether this sequence met his famous criteria—preservation of type, continuity of principle, power of assimilation, and the rest. But our curiosity is not gratified. No comment by Newman on this subject is on record. Though he was eighty-eight years old, he had not yet lost his eager interest in controversy, and there is even proof that he was revising some of his old opinions. Just at the time when *Lux Mundi* appeared, Manning was conspicuous as an arbitrator in the dockers' strike, and Newman wrote to congratulate him on such championship of the poor. But he was also at work, more in the old spirit, upon a vehement denunciation of the proposed statue to Giordano Bruno within the walls of the Eternal City. It is our likeliest guess that he would have seen in *Lux Mundi* a development, not of what the Tractarians had taught, but of what they had so inadequately resisted.

In truth the difference between the two manifestos was far more obvious than their agreement. There was the same recoil from mere Protestantism, the same appeal to antiquity, the same reliance upon the continuing witness of Saints and Fathers of the Church. But in the later book there was an economy of dogma which had no place in the earlier. The old glorying in "No Compromise," the old war *à outrance* against the pride of reason, the old harshness of reprimand, are gone. It is not to a people wilfully apostate, but to those sore troubled in mind, that *Lux Mundi* speaks, and the tone is everywhere sympathetic.

But it cannot be said that it was received in the spirit in which it was offered. The layman was indeed ready to see Protestant "Scripturalism" supplemented, but not to see it—as he thought—abolished.

So the complaints came thick and fast. To what purpose was this reverence for the first three centuries of faith and order, if Mr. Gore could show that Saints and Fathers had been as free to contradict the plain meaning of the Bible as any latitudinarian of the present? A middle course between Naturalism and Supernaturalism has always far less appeal for the common mind than the "clash of Yes and No." Huxley [1] pointed out, in his sharp fashion, what many of the "distressed" faithful were quick to appreciate. Welcoming the new evidence that even among theologians the more alert had not been able "altogether to close their ears to the still small voice of reason," this leader of the *enfants perdus* of science had to mourn that compromise and equivocation were still recommended. Either the freedom of light or the shelter of darkness was more reasonable than this dim gloaming. Had there been, or had there not been, a miraculous intervention? The testimony of the rocks, the significance of Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions, the obvious import of natural history, the unbreakable sequence of law in the universe, must—he said—be either frankly admitted, with full acceptance of the consequences, or explicitly denied, with such boldness as the faithful could muster. If admitted, it made an end of that whole fabric of Hebrew supernaturalism to which these compromisers so frantically clung, and there must result that "Exodus from Houndsditch" which Carlyle had so picturesquely described and yet so timidly deprecated. If denied, it left them where their fathers had been, and they had no genuine succour for that distressed faith. The average lay reader felt that Huxley's dilemma was unanswerable. It was the dilemma of Frederic Harrison's *Neo-Christianity*, posed again after thirty years.

[1] Article in *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890.

From other and kindlier sources, the *Lux Mundi* group were admonished that they had said either too much or too little. Wilfrid Ward expressed his fear that this new wine would burst the old bottles into which it had been poured. But from the pulpit of St. Paul's came a definite indictment. Canon Liddon had been made "miserable" by *Lux Mundi*, and to relieve his conscience he warned his cathedral congregation against those who dared to treat as a "problem" what Jesus Christ had settled once for all. It was the Lord Himself who had used the story of the Flood, the story of Lot's wife, the story of Jonah, to bring home His message to sinners. Who, then, would venture to argue that those were mere fragments of Eastern myth? What impious doctrine was this, that the divine Redeemer partook the popular ignorance of His time about the past of the Chosen People? "The trustworthiness of the Old Testament," exclaimed Liddon, "is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His divine authority."

It was clear that the issue had been shifted to a plane which the Tractarians never foresaw. What had happened within the Church itself was what they had judged possible only among the rank unbelievers. Henry Hart Milman indeed, as far back as 1829, had written a rather startling *History of the Jews*, in which—as Goldwin Smith said—he had led the way of later Naturalism by referring to the Father of the Faithful as a "sheik." [1] But Milman was not of the Tractarian group, and Newman had duly reprimanded him in the *British Critic*. The Colenso case had been bad enough, but not comparable to the case of *Lux Mundi*. For when the Bishop of Capetown had renounced communion with that heretic, the men of the Movement at least had applauded such drastic measures to the echo.

[1] Goldwin Smith, *Reminiscences*, p. 81.

Now in truth the last rampart was yielding. Among the more trenchant of the *Tracts* had been *LXXIII*, with its scornful denunciation of Erskine's *Internal Evidence* and Abbot's *Corner Stone*. But neither Thomas Erskine nor Jacob Abbot, pleading for an interpretation of dogma which should conciliate "the moral feelings," had said more than was now said by those supposed Anglo-Catholics, R. C. Moberly and Charles Gore. The *Psalms*, forsooth, were to be explained away to the modern mind as proceeding from a time of crude spiritual insight. "The sweet singer of Israel" had been so deluded as to suppose that in this present life divine justice must completely vindicate itself by recompensing every man here and now according to his deeds! An historic creed of the Church was to be dismissed as in truth no more than "a canticle," inherited from a remote past, whose phraseology was not our handiwork and in consequence need not bind us, while its insistence that such and such doctrines must be believed on pain of damnation was "the language not of judicial award, but of devotional loyalty"! What that last cryptic phrase might mean, let him explain who thought he understood it. At all events, in days when the leaders of the Movement had more iron in their blood, they said what they meant and meant what they said. Had not their high priest sent an ultimatum to the Primate, declaring that if the *Athanasian Creed* was not to be retained in all its plenitude, he for one must cease to minister at Anglican altars? Had he not devoted his very last university sermon to reaffirming the predictive value of Old Testament prophecies? Into what a misnomer had the name "Puseyite" been turned, and that *Puseismos* which in the magazines of German rationalism had been accepted as a name for the whole Anglo-Catholic Movement! Those who had read with joy the famous *Lectures on Daniel* must have watched with amazement when this new group of Puseyites committed the sacred text to the critics as eagerly as his persecutors would have committed the prophet to the lions. What

would John Keble have said about those passages in *Lux Mundi* on the mythical story of the Fall of Man? It was Keble who had argued against Buckland, the geologist, that God must have created—during the "six days"—just those fossil remains of former existences which are found in the strata of the rocks.[1] (Whether He had done so with the purpose of misleading His human creatures into a scepticism that might justify their eternal punishment, that father of the Anglo-Catholic Movement did not trouble to explain. Nor did the alert naturalist Philip Gosse, whose Scripturalism was as definite as his geology, and who maintained to the last that the earth was created a few thousand years ago, with those deposits ready-made in an advanced state of putrefaction below the surface!) The Anglo-Catholic school at least had been uncompromisingly Fundamentalist about the Bible, as Farrar with his *Eternal Hope* had ten years earlier learned to his regret. But now the blight of Modernism had infected the very citadel of the faith.

Thus the devout reflected and argued, often in sorrow, sometimes in anger. Across the Tweed too, a few years earlier, a like storm had broken around the figure of Robertson Smith. Whether it could be more successfully stilled by the methods of an Anglicanism descending from Canterbury or by the methods of a Presbyterianism descending from Geneva, is a question upon which experience in the forty years since *Lux Mundi* has perhaps cast some light. But our immediate concern is with the Anglo-Catholics alone, and the new phase of their argument will be best treated when one considers how that which began in the manifesto of 1889 has historically matured. The maturing of such movements is slow. After a generation, the inheritance of *Lux Mundi* came to fruit in *Essays Catholic and Critical*. It was helped by influences quite outside the Church of England, and to these we must now turn.

[1] Cf. T. Mozley, *Reminiscences*, p. 179.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM "LUX MUNDI" TO "ESSAYS CATHOLIC AND CRITICAL"

The mediaeval cathedrals are the most perfect expression of man's moral nature.

AUGUSTE COMTE.

In this we see the nobleness of a mind which, having been drawn forcibly to the truth by mature examination, burns for it with more inflamed love in proportion as it has gained it with greater labour.

POPE PIUS IX.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM "LUX MUNDI" TO "ESSAYS CATHOLIC AND CRITICAL"

"LUX MUNDI" ran through nine editions within less than a year. In the preface to the tenth, complaint was made that altogether disproportionate attention had been concentrated by critics upon some twenty pages in a single article out of the twelve which the volume contained. But experience has shown that the instinct of the critics was right. Those twenty pages about the inspiration of Scripture, and those few paragraphs about the limits to our Lord's knowledge, were an advance signal of the debate that was to rage for the next thirty-five years. In comparison with them, the rest scarcely mattered.

I

So far as the sections about the Old Testament were concerned, reinforcement quickly came to the *Lux Mundi* group from a source whence it was not to be expected. From time immemorial the most uncompromising defenders of biblical Protestantism had been in Scotland—and now strange events were reported from one Scottish theological college after another. The banner of "Higher Criticism," long floating above the schools of Berlin and Marburg, was unfurled in the nineties of last century above the Free Church lecture-rooms of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Anglican theologians, who had never been bound by the same close fetters to an inerrant Scripture, were now encouraged to find that the heirs of Scripturalism across the Tweed had begun to outdo them in free handling of the sacred text. What Jowett and Stanley and the rest had so long scarcely

ventured to whisper in secret, those Scotsmen were proclaiming on the housetops. Robertson Smith had set a pattern when he attributed the doctrine of angels to the contagion of Babylonish myth caught up during the period of the captivity, and talked of further "religious syncretism," as the key to many a long unquestioned article of the historic faith. James Denney described the first three chapters of *Genesis* as poetic rather than historical, and his *Studies in Theology* had to be searched as with a microscope for any definite commitment regarding the sense in which he held Scripture to be "inspired." What Gore had said about "inspired mythology," shocking as it had seemed in 1889, was thus soon to be repeated in a quarter from which no one had expected that particular sort of shock. George Adam Smith had published a commentary on the *Book of Isaiah*, in which it was vigorously contended that the last twenty-seven chapters were by a hand long subsequent to the hand which wrote the first thirty-nine, and in which the great section on the Suffering Servant was said to refer, at least in the first instance, not to Jesus Christ, but to the people of Israel. Heresy trials soon began in Scotland over cases like these. But it had at least become clear that such latitude in dealing with the Old Testament was not necessarily prompted by enthusiasm for "tradition." Scripturalism had been wounded in the house of its friends.

It would be a separate story, too long to tell here in detail, about that progressive abandonment of line after line once so keenly defended, but now hard for even the antiquary to recognise as the scene of old battles for "verbal inspiration." There are indeed those still living who can recall manifestos in which the very vowel points of the Hebrew were said to have been placed there under the guidance of the Holy Ghost! But some such decisive victory has been won for biblical criticism as that which has been won during the same period in the field of politics for the direct representation of Labour in parliament. Again and again it has been confidently declared that now

at length the last possible concession has been seen. In criticism, as in politics, it has become increasingly clear that the place where "the last stand" must be made is a place no man can fix.

By common consent, except in the most backward regions of the theological world, that struggle is over. Those puzzles about strata of the Pentateuch, about the conflict between *Kings* and *Chronicles*, about the date of *Deutero-Isaiah*, about the Messianic element in prophecy, even about the use of the Old Testament in the New, appear to have vanished. No longer is it worth while to argue and explain how writers were "inspired" without sacrifice of individuality, how the Bible is to be approached as "literature" and its parts owe their special form to the special gifts of the men who composed them. All this has passed into the realm of *res judicatæ*, to be expounded in Bible Classes, not debated in a controversial manifesto. Surely Matthew Arnold would have stared in amazement if he could have foreseen at least one group by whom his audacious speculations would so soon be taken as too obvious even for advocacy! The men previously reproached for "turning doxologies into creeds" have transmitted the leadership of their school to those against whom no such reproach can be made. Jowett's rule, "Interpret the Bible like any other book," was a novelty indeed in 1860. When, twenty-eight years later, the most disturbing of the chapters in *Lux Mundi* cited a like maxim from St. Thomas à Kempis —"Every scripture must be read in the same spirit in which it was written"—this was accompanied with such explanations as now seem otiose.[1] Despite the surer prestige of the authority of à Kempis as compared with that of Jowett, it had to be shown at considerable length, and with manifold examples, how the maxim was in accord with reverence due to all parts of the sacred volume. But the latest Anglo-Catholics have neither time nor energy to expend on a point now so clear. They are not troubled

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 257.

by the thought that Henry Liddon might have been expected to turn in his grave at the spectacle of such apostasy. Once again, the paradox of a generation ago is the commonplace of to-day.

But if old issues have disappeared, new issues have arisen. The whole question of "the miraculous" is before the mind of theologians now in a sense in which it was no such puzzle to English Churchmen of 1889. To Moberly, for example, the physical resurrection of our Lord was a central truth, not to be denied except at the price of lapsing into paganism. "If He did not, on the third day, rise again from that death to life, *cadit quæstio*; all Christian dogma, all Christian faith, is at an end."[1] Nor did Moberly entertain any theories of the manner in which the continued life of our Lord might have been attested to His disciples otherwise than by actual bodily appearance. That in these last days there should be priests in the Church of England prepared to say, "Far hence He lies in the lorn Syrian town," and yet to believe that their vital message to mankind is not weakened by such acknowledgment, was not a possibility with which the *Lux Mundi* school reckoned at all. Nor did they take account of a coming denial of the Virgin Birth, by men who should still remain in Holy Orders.

Again, where Christian apologetic of a past generation was troubled by textual criticism, the apologetic of to-day is troubled far more by the anthropologists, and in the field of history far less trouble is found in the record of Israel during the centuries before Christ than in that of religious syncretism in the Roman Empire during the first few centuries of our era. For things very new indeed have been brought to light. With enormous industry, spread over the best part of a lifetime, the author of *The Golden Bough* has made us realise strange features of primitive religion whose bearing upon Christian origins must surely be significant. They offer a special challenge to all sacramentalists. Such conceptions as that of "the Dying God"

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 172.

and "the Sacrificial Meal" have been exhibited as part of savage ritual throughout the world, and the disquieting relevance of this for Christian doctrines of Atonement and Eucharist must be at once apparent. Moreover, the persistence of such conceptions has been abundantly illustrated from cults now known to have been widespread throughout the provinces of the Roman Empire during the period when the usages of Christian worship were becoming established. Startling resemblances between Sacraments of the Church on the one hand and the rites of Mithra, Cybele, Osiris, on the other, have been disclosed by the patient deciphering of inscriptions and sculptures.

Herein the alarm of Darwinian days has reappeared in a different form. One remembers the shock with which many a devout churchman a generation ago made his first visit to a museum of comparative zoology. There in series stood the pre-human skeletons, the last of which—side by side with the skeleton of primitive man—had an uncanny likeness to *homo sapiens*. With a shudder, the thought came that between lowest humanity and highest apehood it required a fine analysis to distinguish. The pious visitor had soon seen more than he could bear, and hurried from the spot—but little comforted by assurances about a "missing link." Such, or nearly such, has been in these last days the effect produced upon many a simple mind by first acquaintance with the "mystery-religions." On the walls of Pompeii, on altar-pieces excavated from the soil of buried cities in Asia Minor, on rude emblems still visible amid the remains of a second-century encampment by the Rhine or the Danube, he can discern how the devotee of Mithra or of Magna Mater cherished hopes and fears and pious emotions alarmingly similar to his own. How like were those pagan deities to the object of devotion in the maturing ritual of the Church! At all events, they were similarly adored. The observer learns how in the third century the worship of Isis had its priests and its monks, its singers and its acolytes, its daily matins and its

daily evensong, its contemplation of the sacred image, its sprinklings with holy water, its ritual "with intention," its sacramental festivals and its emblematic vestments. In the language habitually used by the early Christians about their Sacraments one finds term after term whose technical meaning in the contemporary Mysteries is well known. They were actually called μυστήρια. To Gregory of Nyssa the Christian priest is the "mystagogue of hidden mysteries." Such words as παράδοσις, σωτηρία, οἱ ἀμύητοι have at once suggested the familiar pagan nomenclature, while the common Mithraic inscription on tombs, *renatus in æternum*, might well have been copied from a Christian sepulchre. *Because I live, ye shall live also*—was not the Egyptian of that same period bidden to believe that "As surely as Osiris lives, he shall live"? Was not the resurrection of Attis at once pledge and pattern of the worshipper's immortality? *Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you*—what more familiar in the cult of Serapis than just this idea of a dying god, whose substance was to be assimilated at a sacrificial meal? *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain*—do we not there catch the very accents of the ἄξιος ταῦρος? One thinks of what the *taurobolium* is now known to have meant in the worship of Cybele—the cleansing blood, the remission of sins, the blessed hope of a life to come—so close to Christian ideas that Tertullian was driven to think the devil had invented it as a caricature of the divine Sacrifice.

Finally, the suggestiveness of those pagan parallels has been intensified by what looks like corroboration from yet another source. It becomes all the more plausible to argue that the Christian Sacraments were copied from contemporary pagan rites if to the evidence from such striking similarities of detail we can add evidence from Scripture itself that our Lord never founded a ritual of Sacraments at all. Here again the more exact collation of manuscripts has raised in recent years a new doubt, and the thorough scrutiny of Jewish as well as Christian apocalyptic has

furnished a hint by which data otherwise discordant may be harmonised.

Suspicion has been cast upon the soundness of the text in *St. Luke* which alone records our Lord's prescribing of the baptismal formula. The passage in *St. John iii*, which speaks of baptism with water and the Spirit, must be read under that general misgiving long since attached to doctrinal passages for which the Fourth Evangelist is our sole witness. But more serious still is the argument that rites to be celebrated "until the end of the world" could not have been ordained by One who expected the world to end before the first missionaries should have had time to complete a single tour of the cities of Israel. That the apostles looked for the termination of all things at least within their own lifetime, is plain. Did our Lord look for this likewise? Certain passages of undoubted authenticity will bear the interpretation that He did, and is it not hard to see how —without violent straining to avoid an obvious but distasteful result—the interpreter can make them mean anything else? *Verily I say unto you, there be those standing here who shall not taste of death until the kingdom of God shall have come with power.* Perhaps that referred to the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost. But would anyone have guessed such a reference, apart from the burden of a Christology which the more apparent exegesis would embarrass?

Again, had not the *Lux Mundi* writers themselves prepared the way for such a daring hypothesis about the limits of our Lord's knowledge? They had argued that it was part of His humiliation in the flesh to partake of the general ignorance of His time about Israel's history, so that He accepted current legends and the traditional attitude of Judea towards the Old Testament prophecies. Why not, then, carry this doctrine of κένωσις a step farther, to include the view that He was under the delusions of His age and place about a speedy end of the world? The most eminent of British writers on apocalyptic can on this assumption fit our Lord's words into the framework of a prevailing

legend for whose existence he has accumulated an immense volume of proof.[1] Can those to whom the assumption is unacceptable explain these words without it?

Thus, for our Anglo-Catholic apologists, certain fresh problems have fallen in, as surely as certain old problems have fallen out. The present incidence of sceptical attack is upon the party of the sacerdotal tradition, just as the incidence of an earlier attack was upon the Scripturalists. Wellhausen and Künen, who vexed a bygone time, have passed out of sight. The battle of to-day is with such men as Cumont and Reitzenstein, Schweitzer, Sir James Fraser, and Dr. R. H. Charles.

Plainly such researches called for a further restatement of the Anglo-Catholic case. So, this time within far less than half a century, yet another manifesto has come from the heirs or—as some prefer to say—*epigoni* of the Oxford Movement.[2] But, *epigoni* though they be, those successors of Newman show little sign of that degeneration either in subtlety or in enthusiasm which marked the successors of Alexander. In *Essays Catholic and Critical*, Canon Selwyn and his colleagues have indeed been true to the more essential features of the earlier Movement. But they have either explicitly or tacitly abandoned much that was incident to its first and even its second presentation. They have appreciated those changes which time has wrought in the forces that oppose them, shifting many a strategic point, making marginal what once was focal and focal what once was marginal. Moreover, in some exceedingly significant matters they have so developed the teaching of their school that one is sure their predecessors would have been both shocked and indignant at the tenor of their argument. In doing so they have indeed made out a case stronger than that of *Lux Mundi*. But tribute should be paid them for qualities of far less doubtful credit than the skill of the strategist. In each paper of the new collection

[1] Cf. R. H. Charles—*Eschatology, Hebrew, Jewish and Christian*, chaps. vii–ix.
[2] Cf. e.g. Dean Inge, in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1908.

one is impressed not only by a constant clearness and often an arresting felicity of style, but also by a charitableness of mind deeper and wider than of old. In *Essays Catholic and Critical* we have before us at its best what the Anglo-Catholic Movement means to-day.

II

Judged by this manifesto, it means at least "Modernism" —in the sense in which Modernism is the name for a *method* rather than for a *creed*. It is a real reconciliation between religious faith and advancing secular knowledge that these writers demand. And they are ready for a sharp revision of traditional formulæ to secure it. In *Essays Catholic and Critical* we are at least as far beyond *Lux Mundi* as in *Lux Mundi* we were beyond *Tracts*.

One sees this in the very title of the first paper, "The Emergence of Religion." What was described a hundred years ago as *revealed*, the successors of the Tractarians now introduce to us as something that has *emerged*, and there is a century's progress in the change. Here is not just a renewal of the *Lux Mundi* welcome to Greek philosophers as "inspired," nor just an acknowledgment of the more profound dicta of pre-Christian thought as a foreshadowing of what in the fullness of time should be made plain. One knows that gesture of good will by the missionary of the past—often too like the diplomatic opening speech from the chair at an international conference. These essayists mean what they say. They realise that religion did not begin with bare philosophy or dogma, but also with symbolism, and they are equally sure that with symbolism it can never afford to dispense. So the impulse common to all faiths is now traced through primitive ritual quite as much as through incipient reflection. Funeral ceremonies of Neanderthal man, or Egyptian festivals of Osiris at the turn of the agricultural year, no less than the wistful conjectures of the *Phaedo* or the ethical maxims

of Confucius, become a token of "earliest striving after things unseen." [1]

Again, the so-called "higher criticism" of Scripture is simply taken for granted. What their predecessors felt forced to defend, these writers are content to exemplify. They dismiss in a very few words that doctrine of biblical inerrancy which—in the true spirit of their school—they once more remind us was started at the Reformation.[2] We hear that the value of the opening chapters of *Genesis* as literal history has been "for ever shattered," and that no historical "Fall" is any part of Christian faith.[3] Man's evolution from a non-human ancestry, involving the persistence of impulses and instincts which he shares with the lower animals, is definitely affirmed. Even the theories of Freud and Jung are welcomed, with a note of cautious reserve about details, and they are expected yet to throw important light on the structure of the human mind especially in its "subconscious" working.[4] In the paper on "The Christ of the Synoptic Gospels" the personality and teaching of the Church's Founder are reconstructed from the documentary sources with a cold analysis such as one might expect in a critical study of a play of Sophocles or of a character-sketch by Tacitus. The editor of the series has reconsidered the whole narrative of the Resurrection and of the "Empty Tomb." What would R. C. Moberly [5] have said to this conjecture by Dr. Selwyn, that the body of our Lord remained in the grave, while the appearances were a series of "veridical visions" by which He worked upon the minds of His disciples? At all events, this requires a very free construction of the evangelical narrative. Miracles in general, too, are here treated as an open question, not the basis but rather the outcome of a faith held on other grounds. There is certainly, for these writers, no longer an "argument *from* miracle," but at best an argument *to* miracle, which for some of them is precarious, though for

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 6.
[2] ibid., p. 99.
[3] ibid., p. 217.
[4] loc. cit.
[5] Cf. *Lux Mundi*, pp. 171 *seq.*

some it is clear. And to none does it seem *de fide*. The substitutionary view of Atonement is described as resting on language which may well have crept into Christian use "through an interpretation of *Isaiah liii* which neither the author nor—for example—his Septuagint translators would for a moment have endorsed." [1] These are samples of the Modernist tone. Not every contributor can be held responsible for it; but it so runs through the series as to give the book an unmistakable Modernist ring.

These, however, are not the distinctive features of *Essays Catholic and Critical*. What marks it off from its predecessors is the treatment of sacramental worship. And this is what makes it so significant for the student of Anglo-Catholicism in our time.

. . . . . .

Though the writers are Modernists, they are far from being "Liberal Protestant" Modernists. After four preliminary articles, which almost any kind of Christian could subscribe, Sir Edwyn Hoskyns has raised the real issue in that short fifth paper whose technical scholarship has frightened most ordinary readers from probing what it means. All this about "M" and "Q" and "L" and "S1" and "S2" may well have suggested to the ordinary reader a piece of mere arid philology. But it is surprising that the article has called forth so few rejoinders from the kind of expert it undoubtedly assails.

Sir Edwyn Hoskyns is concerned to show that sacramental worship was no late development of sub-apostolic times, but was part of the programme laid down for the Church by our Lord Himself. So he arraigns that whole "Liberal Protestant reconstruction" by which sacramentalism of every sort—Anglican as well as Roman—has been discredited.[2] He points out that in this reconstruction there is incessant and detailed contrasting of "the Jesus of history" with "the Christ of the Creeds." The result has been to create a definite disbelief that sacramental forms

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 270. [2] ibid., pp. 154 *seq.*

were any part of a "system" imposed by Him whose characteristic message was in the Sermon on the Mount, or in the parables of the Sower, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son. Fatherhood of God, brotherhood of man, ethical humanitarianism—these, according to the Liberal Protestant, are original, the very essence of the teaching of the Jesus of history. Christology, a programme of worlds to come, a hierarchic Church and sacramental initiation to the Mysteries—these are products of St. Paul, in contact with Greek philosophy and Oriental cults, and again of the "Cæsaro-papism" by which the tradition of the Roman Empire was perpetuated. What Sir Edwyn Hoskyns has to contend is that this effort to read the jejune ideals of Liberal Protestantism into the teaching of our Lord, and to represent whatever in His traditional teaching goes beyond those ideals as "a later gloss," is supremely unhistorical. He can see no ground for this alleged contrast between "the Jesus of history" and "the Christ of the Creeds." But he can readily understand how the contrast has commended itself. As his exposition proceeds, one almost expects him to endorse the famous words of George Tyrrell:—"Whatever Jesus was, He was in no sense a Liberal Protestant." [1]

The arresting character of Sir Edwyn Hoskyns's critique on the Liberal Protestant theory lies in his use of just the method these Modernists think peculiarly their own. He does not protest, as Anglo-Catholics of the past might have protested, against their conclusions as "heretical." He does not even appeal to that "witness of religious experience" whose "validity" is often supposed somehow to authenticate the most remote dogmas. His complaint is that to make good this Liberal Protestant reconstruction one must do such constant and arbitrary violence to the text of the records, must assume as obvious what would never have seemed even probable to any critic that had not a theory for which he was seeking evidence, must accept here and

[1] Tyrrell, *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, Preface, p. xxi.

reject there—though the authority is just the same—and must interpret language not in its natural sense but in the sense one needs to vindicate one's thesis. That a supernatural Person is implied in the Synoptic Report, not once but many times, is patent to the ordinary reader, so that without being prompted to look for a discrepancy he might never have conjectured that a discrepancy existed. "The popular reconstruction of the various stages in the development of primitive Christianity is found to rest upon a series of brilliant and attractive intuitive judgments, rather than upon a critical and historical examination of the data supplied by the documents." [1]

This is no place, nor is the present writer qualified, to argue the baffling Synoptic problem over again. Our concern here is to observe what is made of it in the Anglo-Catholic scheme of to-day, and Sir Edwyn Hoskyns's article shows that he and his friends are neither unwilling nor unable to face the facts. It is very difficult to resist the force of his argument against those who would place a developed Christology far too late to explain the primitive keeping of Sacraments. One sees how much is capricious in their assumption, how futile is their affectation of insight into the document which "must plainly have been the original," and with what gay assurance they solve difficulties either by shifting a date at their need or by accusing some evangelist of "wilful and unprincipled editing." Professor Percy Gardner wrote long ago that, to one who had passed through a serious schooling in ancient history, the shock was great when he found the methods of such history violated at every turn by New Testament scholars.[2] One might perhaps retort that a serious schooling of the kind he mentions, in the endless debates about Herodotus and Thucydides for example, can reduce one to a state in which docile receptiveness to "the assured results of criticism" will not easily survive.

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 166.
[2] *A Historic View of the New Testament*, p. 1.

A final point might have been made in Sir Edwyn Hoskyns's retort to Liberal Protestantism. Of late that school has shown a tendency to regard our Lord as actually deluded about the near approach of the end of the world. Its representatives were driven to such a view by the natural sense of passages that cannot easily be explained away through the usual method of post-dating them. But, on the whole, the school has in the past resisted the idea that these eschatological statements were literally meant, and that there was real mistake in our Lord's mind on such a vital matter. Does not this, then, involve a most extraordinary coincidence? For it would mean the appearance of One whose only real thought and teaching are those of the modern world, but who chose to express Himself in such language as would inevitably encourage in His audience the delusions prevalent at His time!

. . . . . .

Whether Sir Edwyn Hoskyns's Catholicism has more helped his criticism or his criticism has more helped his Catholicism, is uncertain. But the union of the two has enabled him to add a most suggestive chapter to a very living controversy, and a like union has served Dr. N. P. Williams who has taken up the same problem in another aspect. His concern is with the anthropologists, and with those who find in Christian Sacraments a copying of the pagan Mysteries. Seldom has one seen with greater plainness than in his paper how a grandiose theory may be made to crumple by patient testing—piece after piece—of those items whose force was supposed to be cumulative.[1]

Dr. Williams has asked for concrete evidence that the Eucharist reproduced some pagan ritual. In the first place, what about dates? At how early a date was the Eucharist part of the Church's worship? Plainly it is at least as old as the *First Epistle to the Corinthians*, and this in turn cannot be much later than A.D. 55, as agreed by all scholars

[1] The source for the next few paragraphs is in *Essays Catholic and Critical*, pp. 392 *seq.*

on grounds which the anthropologist as such is not competent to appraise. What proof, then, have we of sacramental custom in the mystery-religions of paganism prior to the second century? None. The Christian apologists actually maintained that it was the Eucharist which—under Satanic prompting—these mystery-mongers imitated; and though we may reject their explanation, what they say is some evidence about dates. If it had been notorious that pagan sacraments were long antecedent to Christian, such writers as Tertullian and Justin Martyr could never have put forward an hypothesis whose absurdity would thus have been apparent.

Moreover, in most conspicuous respects the Eucharist differed from what was essential to the rites of a mystery cult. Three features, by universal agreement, were marks of all pagan μυστήρια — (*a*) secrecy of the celebration, (*b*) priesthood, and (*c*) special reference to a future life. They were all of the nature of a propædeutic for immortality, mediated by a sacerdotal class with quasi-magical powers, and sedulously guarded from the intrusion of the uninitiated. The concealment was so successful that the details of their ritual are still sealed from the curiosity of our most indefatigable investigators. But the Eucharist had, in the first centuries, no priest. Its forms were open to the observation of all. And it had no special reference to immortality.[1] Again, if our anthropologists had the same acquaintance with the Old Testament which they at least believe themselves to have with the records of Græco-Roman μυστήρια, they would see that feature after feature of Christian sacramentalism is far more likely to have been taken from that source than from the source to which they ascribe it.[2]

[1] Much is made, e.g., by Bishop Barnes (*Should Such a Faith Offend?* p. 206) of the passage in Ignatius, *Epistle to the Ephesians*, xx, which calls the Eucharist φάρμακον ἀθανασίας. But there is nothing to show that this is more than an isolated piece of figurative writing, or that it has any deeper significance than the customary desire to communicate in those of modern times, ultra-Protestant though they be, who feel themselves seriously sick.

[2] Cf. H. A. A. Kennedy, *St. Paul and the Mystery-Religions*, pp. 31 *seq.*, 154 *seq.*

Again, how extraordinary is their picture of St. Paul! On the "mystery-imitation" theory of Sacraments, he appears as initiating the change from a primitive and simple worship to a ceremonial elaborate and mysterious. But, as Dr. Williams very aptly asks, who can reconcile this with St. Paul's own language? He attacked those very pagan cults with a vehemence unusual even for him. Men who practised them, he said, were devil-worshippers, with whom partakers of the Lord's Table could have neither sympathy nor dealings.[1] Their ritual was in general to be viewed with silent contempt, though it might at times have to be explicitly denounced, lest any "weak" brother should construe scornful indifference as tacit approbation.[2] Are we to suppose that, all the while, St. Paul was borrowing from those devil-worshippers feature after feature of their *cultus*, transferring it to the order of Christian Sacraments, even imposing it upon himself as part of the simple story he had "received" only a few years earlier from the companions of the Lord?

The critic here might have recalled how, oddly enough, Ernest Renan used to bring a very different reproach against the apostle of the Gentiles. To him it seemed that St. Paul had indeed exercised a disastrous influence on the early Church, but one of the reverse kind.[3] Renan saw in him the father not of ornate and poetical Catholicism, but of a Protestantism dogmatic, arid, and inhuman. He thought of the Pauline bequest to the future as by no means the germ from which arose the sacrifice of the Mass and the complexities of sacramental worship. To Renan it appeared rather the germ of forensic argument—as in those seventh and eighth chapters of the *Epistle to the Romans* out of which Calvin and Luther constructed their hard and fast "conditions of salvation." From St. Paul had come not the impulse to what Catholics *did*, but the impulse to what Protestants *argued*—doctrines of election,

[1] 1 *Cor. x*, 20, 21. [2] ibid., viii, 5 *seq.*
[3] Renan, *St. Paul*, especially chap. xvii.

of particular atonement, of imputed righteousness, of irresistible grace! It is at least a theory which does less violence to the text than this more recent speculation. And perhaps the chief moral to be drawn is the extreme precariousness of all such conjecturing.

Finally, Dr. Williams points out that a parallelism between Christian Sacraments and pagan μυστήρια may be frankly admitted without giving ground for any inference that the former were modelled on the latter. The Sacraments, in substantially their Catholic shape, are described in the pages of New Testament books at least as old as the middle of the first century of our era, while the infiltration of "thaumaturgical images" into Christian worship belongs historically to the fourth and succeeding centuries. It is at once explicable by the vast influx of "semi-converted heathen" who followed the lead of the emperor. But what, asks our Anglo-Catholic essayist, would be really proved even from the clear identity at many a point between Christian and pagan ritual? It would but confirm the altogether probable view that human instincts in religion tend to satisfy themselves everywhere in the same way. Here, as elsewhere, to the Christian mind—says Dr. Williams—it is not unreasonable to suppose that God made use in His final self-revelation of what man had attempted to do for himself through crude and imperfect means of his own devising:

> Christianity, as it claims in other respects to sum up and gather into one the various lines of man's secular search for God, may also claim—with pride, and not with apology—to be by divine appointment the supreme and ideal Mystery-Religion. . . . The Mystery-Religions may have been an integral element in the vast *præparatio evangelica* which began with the emergence of man from the ape.[1]

They were, of course, "sublimated." And the testimony of St. Paul that Sacraments were part of the undoubted tradition of the Church in his time—so shortly after the

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, pp. 396–7.

days of Christ Himself—is of such evidential strength as no historian would question in any other field.

So far there is nothing peculiarly Anglo-Catholic in this method of reply to the Cumonts and Reitzensteins of recent controversy. The reasoning in this part of *Essays Catholic and Critical* is very similar to that of such a Presbyterian scholar as Professor H. A. A. Kennedy of Edinburgh,[1] whose concern to defend sacramental worship is not indeed so deep as that of Dr. Williams, but who is naturally roused to refute an argument by which the reliability of the New Testament text is disparaged without ground. It is a task of greater apparent difficulty which confronts the Anglo-Catholic advocate when he has to deal with the plea that our Lord plainly expected the end of the world within a very short time, and can in consequence have founded no rites of perpetual obligation. Here too a certain special interest attaches to the development of the school, by reason of the precedent set thirty-seven years earlier in *Lux Mundi*.

Could that κένωσις assumption be carried still farther? It had been argued in the 1889 manifesto that our Lord, in His humiliation, shared the ignorance of His time about Israel's history, that He accepted the current legends and assumed the traditional view of Old Testament prophecies. But the Charles Gore of that date could insist with great force that such errors did not affect the essence of His spiritual teaching. The situation became different if this doctrine of κένωσις was to bear a still greater strain. Could room be made for the view that our Lord was subject to contemporary illusions about an immediate "End"? Surely this at all events could not be divested of enormous spiritual consequence? Would it not, as Schweitzer argued, reduce His gospel to a mere *Interimsethik*, whose validity must collapse with the collapse of the expectation on which it was based? Was the Anglo-Catholic prepared to accept, with Loisy and the so-called Catholic Modernists, such an

[1] In his book, *St. Paul and the Mystery-Religions*.

extended form of the *Lux Mundi* hypothesis? The subsequent movements of Loisy had shown how, for him, such a view had culminated in sheer humanitarianism. There, indeed, a crisis arose for every sort of sacramental school.

It is a crisis which in *Essays Catholic and Critical* has been met with remarkable skill, but by no means as Liberal Protestantism would meet it. Neither is the problem equally intense for these two groups, nor is the solution similarly reached by them. A writer, for example, like Bishop Barnes, can attribute the highest form of Christian faith and practice to a sect that has no Sacraments whatever.[1] But with the central and paramount importance of Sacraments, Anglo-Catholicism must stand or fall. Dr. Williams here again shows his strength in debate by presenting no understatement of the case he has to meet, but rather setting it forth in its most vivid and persuasive form.

He points out that everything here turns on what is meant by the "Kingdom of God," which our Lord, no less than the Baptist, declared to be "at hand."[2] Was this a term in current use, and—if so—in what sense would it be understood by an audience of that time in Galilee or Judea? Dr. Williams recognises at once the plain meaning it would suggest to listeners familiar with Jewish apocalyptic. They would think of that millennium which was to follow upon "The Day of Jehovah," and they would picture this in the distinctly materialistic terms of contemporary Jewish hope. Passages from *Zechariah*, from *Haggai*, from *Joel*, would come to mind. They would recall the promised overwhelming of all Gentile races in the Valley of Jehoshaphat,[3] the bringing of "the wealth of all nations" to the Temple at Jerusalem,[4] the destruction of all save a remnant which should be converted to Judaism and should come to keep the Feast of Tabernacles at the holy city.[5] From *Isaiah*, from *Jeremiah*, from *Ezekiel*, from *Daniel*, many a

[1] Barnes, *Should Such a Faith Offend?* p. 286.
[2] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, pp. 402 *seq.*
[3] *Joel*, ii, 9–17. [4] *Zech.* xiv. [5] *Haggai* ii.

thrilling picture of world-dominion for the Chosen People would at once suggest itself. If these passages seem to the reader of to-day to bear a very different sense, one must remember how they have been spiritualised in Christian interpretation. Turn to the "apocryphal" books, such as *Maccabees, First* and *Second Enoch*, or the *Assumption of Moses*, which one can examine without such bias, and the natural significance of "Kingdom of God" for a Jewish listener of our Lord's time will be made apparent. He would think of "a rejuvenated earth which would be possessed by the Saints, that is by pious Israelites, in boundless peace, wealth and happiness." [1] And this, the Messiah seemed to assure him, was coming almost immediately.

But, asks Dr. Williams, granting all this, are we compelled to suppose that our Lord meant by "The Kingdom of God" *no more than what His Jewish contemporaries meant by that term*? [2] Was it not His well-established custom to make use of current popular language, and reinterpret it to His own new purpose? If He was not doing so in this case, see to what an incredible conclusion we must come! We must then suppose that, in utter contrast with the whole tenor of His life and teaching as branded by His enemies no less than as witnessed by His friends, He was in this eschatological matter the slave of popular phraseology and of the materialistic dream of popular Jewish nationalism. Loisy seems to understand that He did actually promise to His twelve apostles twelve mundane thrones on which they should sit, judging Israel's twelve tribes! Is any other assumption quite so incredible as that? To regard Him as an ethical visionary and dreamer, out of relation to the facts of life, is at least arguable. But to reduce Him to the level of a common Jewish fanatic, attempting with some dozen followers a ridiculous insurrection against the Roman government, and predicting complete success for it within a few weeks, is to ignore all the sources for our knowledge

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 402. [2] ibid., p. 404.

of His character. And to suppose that in such an enterprise of pathetic delusion arose the Christian Church is to make nonsense out of religious history.

The point is well put, but by no means so well as by Canon Streeter in the volume called *Foundations*. One can see too why, this time, the Anglo-Catholic writer is less sure in reply than the Liberal Protestant. Canon Streeter agrees that there are passages which suggest our Lord's expectation of an early end of the world; but he confronts us likewise with other passages whose sense seems utterly different. If He spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven coming before some men then alive should have tasted of death, and even before a single missionary tour could be made of the cities of Israel, He also compared that Kingdom to a mustard seed whose growth was extremely slow, to the leaven which works so gradually, to the seed that grows in secret and whose development will be hindered by a too eager haste.[1] Moreover, again and again, He spoke of the Kingdom of God as *having already come*.[2] It is the juxtaposition of passages such as these which presents clearest proof that none of them is to be taken as literal or exact forecast, but that all of them would be understood by His listeners under the assumption of poetry or figure which they had learned to make as they heard Him. And, says Canon Streeter, let anyone look at the current Jewish apocalyptic of His time, with its mysterious signs to calculate the date, or the detailed picture of all that was to happen, and not the similarity but the contrast with our Lord's teaching will be at once apparent. Just as plainly as in his re-interpreting of "the Law" was He here re-interpreting the eschatological expectations.[3]

Why is this put so much more convincingly in *Foundations* than in *Essays Catholic and Critical*? The answer takes us some way into the character of our current Anglo-Catholicism. Dr. Williams is by no means desirous to repel the whole argument of Schweitzer and his school, at

[1] *Foundations*, p. 113. [2] ibid., pp. 114–15. [3] loc. cit.

the cost of establishing the "Liberal-Protestant" view of Christ. He is eager to concede that Schweitzer has shown the idea of the "Kingdom of God" *as future* to be a central part of the teaching of our Lord, and His ethical maxims to be relatively subordinate. To the Anglo-Catholic as to the Roman Catholic, the life to come must always remain an overpowering reality of Christian faith, and in this Liberal Protestant diluting of the evangelic message into *something about what has already been accomplished* Dr. Williams does not find a line of thought that he cares to pursue.

On the other hand, he is strongly attracted by the picture of a "Messianic banquet." [1] Quite readily he will accept the suggestion that our Lord at the Last Supper was not for the first time making use of symbolism by food. Whether the circumstances were "miraculous" or not (as Dr. Williams cautiously observes), this may well have been the significance of His feeding of great crowds, reported more than once. And did He not speak of a coming day when the Gentiles should "recline at meat" with patriarchs in the mystic heavenly communion? This, it seems, can help one to understand the Eucharist. For in that *sacrum convivium*—supposed by the Church to have been instituted by her Lord—the idea of a Messianic banquet is exactly reproduced.

One may be permitted to wonder at the ingenuity of interpretation which can find a reference to Christian Sacraments in that picture of men from north and south and east and west sitting down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God. But Anglo-Catholic resourcefulness has been wonderful—ever since the time when Newman justified much of the elaborate development of Catholic dogma from the commendation given to Mary because she "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, pp. 405–6.

III

The parallelism between Anglo-Catholic and Protestant apologetic in the last fifty years has been extraordinarily close. Side by side with the discrediting of Scripture through investigation of how the canon originated, there proceeded a discrediting of Tradition by more careful inquiry into the way traditions were formed. Side by side, too, with the debate about Darwinism and Design has come the debate about Sacraments and the pagan Mysteries.

In truth, as in the case of Evolution, the first alarm about these Mysteries has proved to have been enormously overdone. We now see, what Mill and Huxley saw and acknowledged from the first, that the Design argument remains exactly as it was before, though we have to suppose that the planning Mind worked gradually rather than abruptly, and by process rather than by separate creations.[1] So too, though the illustrative material has multiplied, this argument from pagan cults was essentially the same, and was urged with at least as much skill, centuries ago. Nothing is more frequent in the *Encomium Moriæ* or the *Colloquia* of Erasmus than comparison of the prayers to saints with prayers to the deities of paganism. How Erasmus delighted to marshal the fine points of this similarity—the bargaining for favours, the minutiæ of required ritual, the distinguishing of one saint as suited to one kind of relieving task from another saint as specialising in what was different! More than two hundred years ago, Conyers Middleton in his famous *Letter from Rome* described many features of Italian worship in which he had seen unmistakable revival of the religious ways of Italy in pre-Christian times.[2] He spoke of the incense which Vergil had watched ascending heavenward in the temple of the Paphian Venus, of the votive offerings

[1] Cf. Huxley's chapter in the *Life of Darwin*, and Mill's *Essays on Religion*.
[2] Middleton, *Miscellaneous Works*, pp. 97 *seq.*

that had hung in pagan shrines, of the ancient chapels in groves and on hill-tops, of the costumes of worshippers, of the relics and the miracles and the supernaturally descending pictures. What matter if for Vesta we substitute the Madonna, or speak of Cosmos and Damianus instead of Romulus and Remus? Was it not just the old idolatry which had taken a new form, whilst the very names of saints seemed to have been manufactured from those of old gods, "sometimes by a blundering interpretation of an old inscription"? [1]

When Horsley argued that there was here nothing to disturb one's Christian composure, and that one should rather acknowledge with gratitude a faint adumbration of the Trinity in the worship of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva,[2] he left his readers with much misgiving in their minds. Nor was such consolation much more effective when, a century later, it was reproduced under another form. Seventy-five years ago, Francis Newman in London and Theodore Parker in Boston were causing great distress to the evangelical conscience by their attitude to the non-Christian faiths of mankind. They spoke of even fetichism and polytheism as stages in the religious education of the world. Those who were solicitous for what has been called "the originality of the Christian message," [3] heard with alarm that in some of its aspects—by no means insignificant—that message had been disclosed to the leaders of "heathendom," so that the Light which lighteneth every man had not been limited to a single nation as its torch-bearers. Carlyle's lecture on Mohammed, in which the founder of Islam was depicted as a real prophet to his time and race, seemed rather impious. The devout actually preferred that other picture in Voltaire's play, which—they thought—exalted the Christian revelation by stigmatising Mohammed as a sheer impostor. Perhaps the climax of such sensitive-

[1] Cf. Leslie Stephen, *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, I, p. 356.
[2] Horsley, *Tracts*, pp. 43 *seq.*
[3] I take the phrase from the title of a book by Professor H. R. Mackintosh.

ness was shown when good people felt it a danger to faith that the story of the Flood was found in Babylonish or Assyrian legend. So far as this discovery went, it might surely with greater force have been hailed as corroboration of the narrative in *Genesis*.

It is often foolishly declared that comparative religion began as a study within the last few years. No one will contend that it has not made immense progress of late; but assuredly the roots go far back. Frederick Maurice, for example, insisted in his *Kingdom of Christ* that the Quaker doctrine of a Universal Inward Light was the real key to all the faiths of mankind. Milton himself had a misgiving about that harsh judgment of his own which ascribed all the ancient oracles to the Evil One, and which explained the prevalence of such delusion as a just judgment upon the nations for their idolatry. For he goes on to acknowledge that rays of light might be transmitted even through so improbable a medium. The purposes of God were not, of course, he says, known to the Prince of Darkness. But the angels from time to time had it in charge to put into the mouth of Satan what "to the smallest tittle" he should say at Delphi or Dodona.[1] Believers in verbal inspiration will be shocked to learn that it was shared by so strange an emissary, and those who reject what Coleridge called "superhuman ventriloquism" may retort that to be turned into a helpless machine was a fitting indignity for the devil alone. One may compare, too, that beautiful essay by Frederic Myers in which the Greek oracles are interpreted with as genuine a sympathy as that which the author afterwards brought to bear upon the interpretation of St. Paul. In truth, the self-consciousness with which our Modernists often boast of having initiated the broader religious outlook will not long be cherished by anyone who has glanced through the pages of *Nathan the Wise*.

But in this field the record of Anglo-Catholic thought is far more creditable than that of many another school. It

[1] *Paradise Regained*, I, 449–50.

was a leading contention in *Lux Mundi* that the Incarnation was partially exemplified in the ever-growing light of the ethnic faiths,[1] and the writers delighted to point out how men like Justin Martyr had recognised the "heroes of heathendom" as inspired. Had not Justin Martyr, too, expressly declared that it was indeed the divine Logos which had guided the best thought of Greece? Newman was horrified[2] at the language of Pope's *Universal Prayer*:

> Father of all, in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

But it was Newman himself who, in a paragraph of characteristic beauty, insisted that Providence had scattered seed far and wide throughout the world, that pagan philosophies and religions had many a fragment of the one precious truth, and that those who despise as non-Christian whatever is likewise found in paganism should rather respect as non-pagan whatever is likewise found in Christianity.[3]

There is a quaintly surprising passage, too, in *Tract LXXXV* which bears on this latest development of the Anglo-Catholic case. The writer speaks of a contemporary view that the whole doctrine of a devil, with his host of apostate angels, was acquired by the Jewish people from the Babylonians during the period of the captivity, and he rather startles the reader by remarking that he is not in the least solicitous to deny it. For in what way, he asks, would this affect the truth of the infernal angelology? "It might still be divine, nevertheless. God who made the prophet's ass speak, and thereby instructed the prophet, might instruct His Church by means of heathen Babylon." The Old Testament illustration was not chosen with Newman's usual tact, and Huxley was quick to remark that there seemed to be no end to the apologetic burden borne by Balaam's ass.[4] But the affinity of this particular sort of latitude with Catholic

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 133 *seq.* [2] *Loss and Gain*, pp. 70. [3] ibid., p. 147.
[4] Huxley, *Science and the Christian Tradition*, p. 347 n.

rather than with Protestant ways of thinking was better shown by George Tyrrell when he gloried in those relics of Græco-Roman and Egyptian paganism that the Christian system had absorbed. Catholicism, he said, was in this sense *natural*, because it was a growth, a part of a larger growth, not—like Protestantism—*manufacture*.[1]

This spirit of generous hospitality, so welcome as a change from an earlier narrowness, is now at times in danger of becoming absurd. If the Roman worship of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva has any bearing on the Trinity, so much the worse for Trinitarianism. Though Dean Inge, in a mood remarkable for him, has suggested that the "Holy, holy, holy" of *Isaiah vi*, 3, was a like adumbration,[2] he has given us no further light on what he means by this. Will anyone seriously contend that the Sacrifice of the Mass is shown to be a worthier—because a more "Catholic"—part of worship when one has discovered that the *taurobolium* used to be performed "with intention" for the reigning Roman Emperor and his house? Does it give truer religious value to the Christian expectation of "the last things" when one sees how Mithraism too had its picture of the Great Judgment, and how a second coming of Mithra was eagerly awaited?

But, dismissing such extravagances, one may well insist that St. Paul's use of the current terms of a mystery-religion was exactly what one would expect from a preacher of such power. It was his constant practice to address his audience in terms of their own thinking, nor can any teacher teach with profit on any other principle. "Spirit" and "spiritual," "transforming" and "renewing," "Salvation" and "re-birth" were all familiar words to those who heard him or read his letters. They stood for ideas that

[1] Tyrrell, *Through Scylla and Charybdis*, pp. 21, 22. Cf. here that extraordinary development of the Protestant case by a writer so acute as Herrmann, who has expressed doubt whether a Christian can in the least enter into the religious experience of non-Christians (Herrmann, *Communion of the Christian with God*, pp. 61 *seq.*).

[2] *Christian Mysticism*, p. 18.

were as much "in the air" of their time as Evolution or Natural Law in that of the world to-day. What wonder if they were assimilated into the thought of the Church? And when judged by any careful analysis, the change they there underwent was at least as striking as the identity they preserved. It must be conceded that the writers of *Essays Catholic and Critical* have kept attack at bay, by such judicious restatement of the Anglo-Catholic position, with no less success than the champions of Liberal Protestantism in a like emergency.

IV

Have they had to pay the same price as Liberal Protestant leaders? Or, have they both held the pass with equal success against an attacking force, and also preserved with greater success the unbroken confidence of their own side? How far these latest essayists are competent to speak for the Anglo-Catholic party as a whole, one has no evidence to show. Canon Lacey, at least, has written with much kindliness of their book, and he is indeed a veteran of great repute in the ranks.[1]

But it seems plain that they occupy in relation to the men of the *Tracts*, and even to the men of *Lux Mundi*, some such place as must be assigned to the group that produced *Foundations* in relation to the leaders of old Evangelicalism. They are Modernist not only within their Church, but within their school. In an earlier chapter of this book, Bishop Gore was taken as the typical Anglo-Catholic of our time, and three principles which he had emphasised were taken as cardinal:—(*a*) the idea of the sacramental Church as an institution of divine appointment; (*b*) the idea of the ministry as an apostolic succession—not to be varied at will for purposes of local or national convenience, but prescribed as the channel through which alone grace is "covenanted"; and (*c*) the idea of dogma as having its

[1] Cf. his article in *The Review of the Churches*, Oct. 1926.

source in Tradition, through which alone the private individual can be sure that he has truly appreciated the teaching of Holy Scripture. How far are these principles accepted by the authors of *Essays Catholic and Critical*?

Upon each of them the hand of the moderniser has fallen heavily. Something like the attitude of Rabindranath Tagore to the traditional Hinduism is to be seen in this restatement of Anglo-Catholic faith. One recalls those passages in *Sadhana* and in *Personality* where Tagore professes to explain what was meant by the old rishis when they spoke about "Maya" and "Dharma." [1] The reader is left with a feeling that the poet's exposition has made those ideas seem quite reasonable—such, for example, as Plato might well have endorsed, and actually has endorsed in some myth not less extraordinary until it has been explained. Tagore on "Maya" is by no means unlike the expositor of δόξα in the *Meno*, the *Theaetetus*, or the *Republic*. But the reader wonders whether it has not been an oversimplification. He asks whether this is indeed what the old rishis meant—not what a child of the modern world, with sympathies for the past, can by violent though ingenious guessing make it appear that they were trying to mean. Is it genuine interpretation, or just precarious *Hineinerklärung*? Thus, too, all manner of reverence is paid in *Essays Catholic and Critical* to a high conception of the Church and the apostolic ministry. But when one finds that many a Protestant reviewer is at a loss to say wherein he himself differs from these essayists, and on the whole expresses his gratitude or admiration, one is forced to ask what has befallen those old dogmas of Anglo-Catholicism which the same sort of reviewer would beyond doubt have denounced. They have met, surely, with some misadventure in transit.

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Certain changes which have happened to them are obvious enough. For example, in *Essays Catholic and Critical*

[1] Cf. *Sadhana*, pp. 74–5.

there is an account of authoritative Tradition that is very different from the account in *Lux Mundi*. Forty years ago it was made clear that an all-important guide to sound doctrine is the inheritance of belief, transmitted by that visible society which has descended from the apostles in unbroken succession through the episcopate. Bishop Gore, for example, arguing against a narrow scripturalism, inquired how on purely scriptural grounds we could justify the admission of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* as canonical while the *Epistle of Clement*—which represents just the same strain of apostolic teaching a little lower down—is rejected as uncanonical.[1] Emphasising, too, the continuous operation of the Holy Spirit in the Church, he made a strong case for reliance upon the corporate judgment of the Christian society as defining doctrine ever since. His colleague, Dr. Walter Lock, in the same volume left us in no doubt about the marks by which this dogma-framing authority is to be identified through the ages. Outside its pale were those schismatic bodies "whose boast it is that they were founded by Wesley, Luther or Calvin."[2] For them, according to the message of *Lux Mundi*, there has been no covenanted guarantee that the Spirit will guide into all truth. So the reader was left with the feeling that Tradition, immensely valuable as it is for sound belief, should be sought only in the councils of the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican Churches. What he must do when these authorities differ, was not made altogether plain. But he was warned against seeking any refuge in the traditions of Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist.

When one turns to the corresponding section of *Essays Catholic and Critical*, one meets with quite another story. It is a layman who has written it, and such a layman! That the group adorned by W. E. Gladstone in the past, as by Lord Halifax and Lord Hugh Cecil in the present, should now include Professor A. E. Taylor, is enough to take one's breath away. How have the portals of the

[1] *Lux Mundi*, p. 248. [2] ibid., p. 281.

school become wide enough to admit such a disciple? Or, alternatively, what has happened to the author of *The Problem of Conduct* that he should be desirous or even willing to be there?

Something has happened on both sides. To the philosophical world it has indeed long been apparent that *The Problem of Conduct* does not represent the mature thought of the acute mind from which it came a quarter of a century ago. But it is not Professor Taylor's change which here concerns us. His powerful essay on "The Vindication of Religion" is significant for our present purpose because it shows that sense in which this group of spokesmen for Anglo-Catholicism now construe the doctrine of religious authority. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus: securus judicat orbis terrarum:* the record of such appeals to a tradition approximately if not wholly unanimous has been in the past a record of shuffling. One feels that the criterion has been more frequently redefined to yield the desired inference than the inference amended as the criterion is seen to direct. But whatever else Professor Taylor will do, he will not shuffle. He knows what he means by his traditionalism, and is ready to state it:

> We all understand that the sort of consensus of "authorities" which makes it proper for a man who is not an "authority" to dispense with his own private judgment is the consensus of "authorities" in a particular subject, who derive their claim to authority from native aptitude and long training. But we ought to be equally ready to recognise that in the same way the only consensus which is of weight in matters of religion is the consensus of deeply religious men. Religion is not shown to be an "illusion" because worldly-minded men, who have never felt the sense of personal sin or the need of adoration, can see nothing in it.[1]

One knows how a survivor of the Huxleyan school would annotate this. He would ask whether it might not be said with equal force that in estimating Spiritualism the uninitiated must defer to a consensus of spiritualistically-minded men. Perhaps the satire would be less pointed

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 40.

than it appears. For at all events, veracity being assumed equal, it is from those who have a measure of sympathy with Spiritualism that one can best learn what the Spiritualists mean. Sad experience has shown that hostile critics of religion are often very far in the dark about what religion means. But to develop the point further would be to stray into that apologetic which was abjured in the preface to this book. My present concern is to compare religious schools *inter se*, not to argue either for or against any of them in contrast with the anti-religious world.

Here, then, is a notable variety of the Anglo-Catholic case. It is no longer the voice of "the still undivided Church," nor the voice of Councils, that is invoked as authoritative. One looks in vain for even that favourite phrase of the school—"the tradition of western Christianity." But neither does the writer rely upon a merely individual inward light. Professor Taylor argues for just that "invisible Church" which was so fiercely repudiated by the first Anglo-Catholics—the great company which no man can number, and whose members have no external badge of identification, beyond those spiritual fruits by which the Founder bade us recognise them. For those who trust in the promise of the guiding Spirit, it is their witness that should count. If this is not what Professor Taylor means, his usual clarity has failed him, and in a matter on which Anglo-Catholics with far less than his power of exposition manage as a rule to avoid all ambiguities.

But would not John Wesley have said as much as this? Would not the authors of *Foundations* agree? Is it indeed anything more than Matthew Arnold's old doctrine of "verification"—the testing of individual instinct by "endorsement on a large scale from the best human experience"? There must surely be something wrong about this. One feels that the once potent draught of Anglo-Catholic dogma must have been diluted indeed if Wesley, Matthew Arnold and Canon Streeter could now swallow it alike, without wincing, and even with a somewhat keen relish. Has it

been so watered down that virtue as well as peril has gone out of it?

The answer seems to be that while men of many religious groups would approve verbally this appeal to "the tradition of the faithful," one group means it *practically* in a sense quite foreign to the others. It sounds unobjectionable to all of them; but principles that are merely unobjectionable serve little purpose. One observes that it is as characteristic of Anglo-Catholics to follow this rule in practice to the end, as it is characteristic of men in the Protestant Churches, though following it normally, to forsake it at a crisis. We know those by whom, when the roads of belief really divide, reliance is placed upon the inherited tradition. We know, too, those whose recourse is either to the text of Scripture as it stands, or to the same text as subjected to individual re-interpreting. That keen Protestant critic, Professor Carnegie Simpson, is here an example perhaps more suggestive than he intended to be. He is "not differing from Professor Taylor's view," he says, but thinks "it needs a little qualification."[1] When Mr. Knox, in the same volume, goes on to argue that such doctrine as has continued in the Church is thereby proved true, while—by the same rule of survival of the spiritually-fittest—what has disappeared is to be thought false, Professor Simpson asks time to "think over it a little" before committing himself. Apparently the time allowed to revise his article in proof was insufficient. One is not surprised.

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With this most remarkable change in the Anglo-Catholic position other changes are of course associated. The "high sacramental" doctrine could scarcely be maintained by those who had first abandoned the case for a special Church order with exclusive powers to mediate between God and the individual soul. Magical or quasi-magical views of the Eucharist cannot live apart from the conception of a priesthood not only supernaturally but exclusively commissioned.

[1] Carnegie Simpson, article in *The Review of the Churches*, Oct. 1926.

Yet, while the consideration of Sacraments occupied not more than one-twentieth part of *Lux Mundi*, it occupies one-fifth of *Essays Catholic and Critical*. One knew that vast and very questionable claims about "sacramental validity" were entertained by writers of the earlier statement, but these were implicit rather than explicit. Bishop Paget wrote on the subject an exquisite meditation, whose beauties alike of thought and of language passed almost unnoticed because they provoked no controversy. On the other hand, the later article by Dr. N. P. Williams is controversial through and through. What he debates is not any point really at issue between the Anglo-Catholic and the Reformed Churches. Neither he nor his colleague who writes on the same subject has advanced a single contention which the Free Churches of England would dispute. On the other hand, much that the writers on the Eucharist in *Lux Mundi* could take for granted, the writers in these recent *Essays* are forced to argue. For they have to face the question whether our Lord instituted Sacraments at all.

Liddon was not wrong when he foresaw that the eighth paper of the *Lux Mundi* series would have developments far beyond what its author had either intended or desired. But he probably did not dream that, while the author was still living, his disciples would concede anything like as much as they have conceded now to that "Liberal" school which Tractarians arose to combat. Liddon even in his mood of deepest alarm did not look for a time when Anglo-Catholic writers would conjecture that the words, *This do in remembrance of Me*, may have been invented by the Third Evangelist to invest with divine authority a tradition which had slowly grown up in the later Church,[1] or that the command to baptise all nations "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" would be treated as belonging to a part of the text of *St. Matthew* too doubtful to bear more than a feather's weight of inference.[2] He

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, pp. 252–3.
[2] ibid., p. 408.

would have heard with horror about "dogma couched in quasi-historical form," and embodying not so much what Christ said as what Christians of A.D. 80 were convinced that He must have said.[1] Passages missing from numerous manuscripts, and explained where they do occur as really "scribal assimilation" from passages elsewhere, are now boldly discounted for evidential purposes by these heirs of the men who saw in biblical criticism so grave a menace to the Faith. In that very section of the evangelical record upon which the first Tractarians based their tremendous claim for the place of baptism, this latest champion of the school sees such a blend of Dominical teaching with the evangelist's own reflectiveness that it is now "all but impossible to distinguish the ingredients." [2]

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These are changes of great significance, but also of the sort that are inevitable in every living body of belief where —as Newman once said—"to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often."

During a hundred years of controversy, Anglo-Catholicism has developed ever new lines of exposition and defence. Down to the present day there has been no weakening, rather a progressively keener adapting, of skill. The first apostle of the Movement had indeed a genius all his own, and a second Newman cannot be expected within a century. But his genius belonged rather to literature than to dialectic; and if he has had no successor comparable to himself in his own peculiar field, he has had successors who have surpassed him both in learning and in argument. The very latest Anglo-Catholic champions are not less subtle and resourceful than all but a very few of those who went before. Again, parallel with growth of power among its defenders has been a subtler ingenuity of attack among assailants of the school. Not more notable than the passage

[1] *Essays Catholic and Critical*, p. 379.
[2] loc. cit.

from *Tracts* to *Lux Mundi* was the passage from the work of Arnold to the work of Jowett. Nor has the change from *Lux Mundi* to *Essays Catholic and Critical* been greater than the change from *Essays and Reviews* to *Foundations.* Most signal, too, in the last few years has been the appearance in the arena of a contestant whose weapon is as finely tempered as that of the shrewdest anti-Tractarian of the past. In the following chapter an effort will be made to estimate the difference that has been produced in the situation by the rise of Dean Inge.

CHAPTER IX

THE LATEST ASSAILANT OF ANGLO-CATHOLICISM: DEAN INGE

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears!
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.
Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts.

CHARLES READE.

Lothair rose, and paced the room with his eyes on the ground. "I wish I had been born in the Middle Ages," he exclaimed, "or on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, or in some other planet; anywhere, or at any time, but in this country and in this age!"

DISRAELI.

CHAPTER IX

THE LATEST ASSAILANT OF ANGLO-CATHOLICISM: DEAN INGE

For several reasons, Dean Inge is the most formidable assailant whom the Anglo-Catholics have now to confront. Unlike so many others, he has tried—not always successfully, but with both eagerness and patience—to discover the elements of strength in the system he attacks. Moreover, he is himself conspicuously free from some of the chief faults against which Anglo-Catholicism is a protest. Neither Low Church nor Broad Church can rely upon him to smite the common enemy with that conventional weapon whose bluntness he has been so quick to discern. He is no slavish Scripturalist, whose devotion has set him in conflict alike with common sense and with modern learning. Nor is he a Modernist of the kind unfortunately so familiar, in whom the pedantic pride of learning and of dialectic skill has destroyed the last recognisable trace of devotion. Finally, Dean Inge has a clear-cut alternative to propose—an alternative which at least plausibly professes to do real justice to all that is sound in Anglo-Catholic aspiration. First as a destructive critic, and next as a constructive mystic, he is the most thought-compelling figure in the English Church of to-day. A survey of his personal evolution as shown in his books will serve to introduce his argument.

I

In a cynical mood, Anthony Trollope once described an Anglican deanery or canonry as the appropriate refuge for "worn-out clerical voluptuaries." [1] Whatever force may

[1] *Barchester Towers*, chap. xliii. Cf. Lord Cockburn's warning to A. C. Tait, on his appointment to the Deanery of Carlisle in 1849: "Don't doze upon the cushion, which is too often the only use that high official cushions are put to." (Davidson and Benham, *Life of Archbishop Tait*, I, p. 150.)

have belonged to such a reproach three-quarters of a century ago, the present Dean of St. Paul's is its living and decisive contradiction. No term less appropriate than "voluptuary" could be applied to one so contemptuous of intellectual sloth, so tireless in fresh investigation, so critical alike of old spiritual legacies and facile schemes for change, so determined to leave his own distinct imprint on the thinking if not on the policies of his time.

Some forty years have passed since the name of William Ralph Inge became first known in the world of authorship. It appeared in 1888 on the title-page of a small volume called *Society in Rome under the Early Cæsars*. One was informed in the preface that this piece of work had been awarded the "Hare Prize" at Cambridge, and that with only a few alterations or corrections the manuscript had been printed as it was originally written. This was by no means an arresting advertisement, for a public which had come to know the average prize essay. But the reader whose interest survived the chill of such an introduction was soon rewarded by work far superior to the general run of its class. It was full of tokens of study both wide and exact, as such college pieces quite commonly are. But it was more than this. It showed genuine historical imagination. Mr. Inge had taken as his task to reconstruct the domestic life of a resident of the world's metropolis in the first century of our era—the social grades, prevalent habits, educational system, dinner-parties, amusements urban and rural, comforts and luxuries of a Roman house, theatres and public baths and philosophic lecture-rooms to which the youth of the time resorted. He had ransacked the evidence of contemporary poets and historians and letter-writers, of monuments and inscriptions, of material remains unearthed by the patient toil of many an excavator. It was an ambitious project. The young essayist was very conscious of the challenge he ventured in many a conclusion to the views of scholars who had grown old in an inquiry upon which he had been able—relatively speaking—but to enter.

Yet within the limits of his short book he brought together a wealth of suggestive facts and reflective commentary that made it a monograph among the best of its kind. And he showed even then that gift of lucid, incisive English which still gives Dean Inge so great an advantage in authorship over others whose knowledge may be the equal or even the superior of his own.

When he published *Society in Rome under the Early Cæsars* he was twenty-eight years of age, and his position was that of assistant-master at Eton. To the teaching-staff of that famous school he had carried such laurels from Cambridge as served to enhance even its high repute. His first literary occupation there was of the traditional sort. He edited a new school text of the *Dialogues of Lucian*, admirable in its own way, because it was fitted to stir the interest of young readers by introducing them to one of the most sparkling and facetious of the Greeks.

But it was not as an editor of school texts that Mr. Inge was to find his life task. Like so many others on the Eton staff of that time, he took Orders in the Church of England. But when he did so, he was not—like so many others—simply complying with a requirement, or even following a precedent. He brought to theological studies, especially to those studies which are in part theological and in part philosophical, the same kind of enthusiasm he had shown for thorough insight into the ancient world. A volume of his sermons, preached at various times, and of which the first is dated 1892, indicated in its title the sort of reflection by which his mind was being exercised. It was called *Faith and Knowledge*. Though the literature of sermons, except the very greatest, is necessarily ephemeral, one may still turn with profit to those short pulpit addresses in which the characteristic thought of Dean Inge's more mature years was already implicit.

His next systematic treatise was *Christian Mysticism*. In 1899 he was selected to deliver Bampton Lectures before the University of Oxford—an appointment which has been

held by men of the most diverse gifts, most of whom owe more distinction to the office than it owes to their temporary tenure of it. But Dr. Inge's lectures belong to the few Bampton volumes that are destined to live.

He had a subject with which he was exceptionally qualified to deal. That strange but fascinating chapter in the history of thought could be written only by one who knew alike the roots out of which Christian mysticism had sprung and the product into which it had grown. Its previous expounders had known one or other of these sides, but few had known both, and fewer still had the talent for bringing them into living relation. Miss Evelyn Underhill had not yet published those expositions which have so notably increased the risk for every other English writer on mysticism. The Christian theologian or homilist, who spent much sympathetic ingenuity upon the work of a Böhme or a Madame Guyon, had often no more than a dim idea that something similar was to be found in the Alexandrian Neo-Platonists, and he easily confused the whole subject with those "mystery-religions" in which it seemed far from orthodox to find a parallel. On the other hand, classical scholars commonly cared far more to understand the *Enneades* of Plotinus or the cults of Isis and Serapis than to trace any development of Christian faith. They made an effort unspeakably pathetic to illustrate the thought of antiquity from a Christian mysticism whose language they could reproduce, but whose inner meaning they had not begun to understand. Nor did the "new psychologists" help the reader more. The various psychologies of religion have had their chief effect, perhaps, in making people suspect that psychology is an imposture. For example, Professor Leuba's account of the mystics [1] as exemplifying sexual perversion was the sort of thing that was sure to be popular a few years back, when Freudianism was at its height. "Psychologist" was then misconstrued as a euphemism for "pornographer," just as "Art Studies" in a bookseller's catalogue has become

[1] J. H. Leuba, *Psychology of Religious Mysticism.*

so suggestive to prurient youth. But since the erotic wave in mental science has somewhat subsided, Professor Leuba's picture is seen to be grotesquely inadequate even to those few facts about the mystics which appear to have been the only data in his possession. Nor was there encouragement in that strange adventure of William James, when he discussed mysticism in the sixteenth and seventeenth lectures of his *Varieties*. The struggles of the devout to interpret Plotinus as introductory to St. Augustine were not less successful than those of an American enthusiast with his questionnaire who would bring Christian piety under some generalisation about "religious experience."

Dean Inge was not indeed armed at all points for his enterprise. He had not, as he himself regrets, the advantage of a systematic discipline in philosophical thinking, and it was a philosophical development which he had undertaken to discuss.[1] But he was not of the number of those whose education has been set in an unalterable groove by their undergraduate training. Dean Inge knows that he who would teach must continue to learn, and he worked without ceasing to supplement his own knowledge. What impressed him, first and foremost, was the need to bring together those very different writers and thinkers to whom the word "mystic" has a plausible appropriateness, that their common spirit might be disengaged from its temporary or local accidents. For this purpose, the more widely the examples were separated in time or in place, the better. It was the Socratic ἐπαγωγή. Quite plainly there was

[1] It is fair to guess that a better training in the History of Philosophy might, for example, have prevented him from disposing so airily of the anti-intellectualist philosophers by the remark that when synthetic thinking fails to keep pace with analytic, one is tempted to mistake what is denied to us as individuals for what transcends human power altogether (*Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, p. 137). And again, when he quoted Leslie Stephen's comment on Lord Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, that the foundations are ingeniously supported by the superstructure, did it not occur to him that the same critic would have had just the same reproach, on the same grounds—be they good or bad—for his own philosophy of values? (loc. cit.). One can imagine what Leslie Stephen would have said about this, for example: "There are some conclusions which, without being demonstrably false, are rejected as intolerable" (*Fison Memorial Lecture*, p. 8).

something common to those ways of thought which the inquirer found in the Summa of Plotinus and in St. Bernard's De Diligendo Deo. There was a spiritual kinship between Master Eckhart and John Smith the Platonist. "Dionysius the Areopagite" spoke a language which Proclus could follow without difficulty, and might often have adopted with comparatively little change. Moreover, the communion among all such thinkers was evident from their common opposition to a type of thought as persistent and as distinctive as their own. Amid many differences it seemed to be the same sort of battle which Plotinus waged with the later Academy, St. Bernard with Abelard, Proclus with Rossuet.

II

So far Dean Inge's work had been the sympathetic survey of movements of long ago, philosophical and religious. It had been valued by men of all schools as a striking, if not always a convincing, contribution to the history of thought. Even for those who care little about it on other grounds, the writer's books have the charm that always belongs to novelty combined with learning. University teachers, for example, have heard with a mild thrill that the historian of Greek philosophy ought to include in his record the speculations of St. Paul and St. John.[1] But in all events no angry temper was likely to be raised by this plea for a better understanding of Plotinus, of Eckhart, of Tauler, of Wesselhoeve. Here and there, to those who could read between the lines, it was plain that the interest was not merely historical. But the application to the present had to be made more precise and definite before any real odium theologicum was to be apprehended.

Dean Inge, however, was soon to show that in these fields he was no mere harmless antiquary. He had said in dealing with Plotinus that his attitude was one of disciple-

[1] Cf. *The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought*, p. 80.

ship, and before long it was made obvious that this was no conventional *façon de parler* in a lecturer who would thus "make the past live." Dean Inge felt his mission to the present, and in the influences becoming dominant around him he saw the very denial of what he held most precious. The longer he studied the Neo-Platonists, the surer he became that, *mutatis mutandis*, his battle and theirs was the same. So he has restated what he believes about them, in incisive reprobation of what in company with them he disbelieves. To him, as a convinced mystic, the great enemy is what he has called sometimes *institutionalism* and sometimes *legalism*.[1] Of this he takes contemporary Anglo-Catholics as typical.

. . . . . .

In a memorable passage, Dean Inge has repudiated the common assumption that Christianity must be either Catholic or Protestant. He will not be impaled on either horn of the historic dilemma between Traditionalism and Scripture.[2] For he sees a third possibility. Scripture and Tradition have alike their value, but in the end—for him—the communion between God and the soul does not require to be mediated either by an organised society or by a written text. He would no doubt demur to Henry Dodwell's old phrase about "a constant and particular revelation imparted separately and supernaturally to every individual."[3] Dodwell wrote that with an unmistakable cynicism, but Dean Inge can see underlying it a truth. Protestantism, before it was corrupted, meant in his view just some such doctrine.[4] Renaissance thinkers had caught a glimpse of it, as was natural in men who were returning to the thought of the ancient world, for the Greek Fathers had seen it

[1] *Christian Mysticism*, p. 36: "Everyone is naturally either a mystic or a legalist."

[2] *The Platonic Tradition*, pp. 35–6.

[3] Cf. Dodwell, *Works*, p. 110.

[4] Cf. *Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, p. 128: "Protestantism is, in fact, the democracy of religion, the claim of everyone to live by the light God has given him."

clearly, and it was indeed the very kernel of the teaching of St. Paul and St. John. When Justin Martyr said that Greek philosophy was "inspired," [1] when the Fourth Gospel speaks of the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, when St. Clement writes of the Son of God as the Light which broods over all history, and the Corinthian Church is assured that the whole record of mankind from the beginning is but the record of the reign of Christ [2]—there is nothing in all this about either an inspired book or an inspired society. Readers of Emerson will recognise in Dean Inge not a few familiar traits. There is much of the famous address, delivered in 1838 to the Divinity Class at Harvard on "The Defects of Historical Christianity," that he might well subscribe.

How, then, has "institutionalism" corrupted that primitive thought of the Fathers? Our critic has four main objections to it. In the first place, it is not Christian, because Jesus Christ as depicted by the Evangelists founded no such formal and elaborate society as now affects to speak in His name.[3] In the second place, among the various kinds of professedly Christian Churches it is impossible to identify any one as superior to another, while the institutionalists are bound to argue that some one is peculiarly divine.[4] In the third place, such a doctrine of exclusiveness is against that Christian unity which was so clear a feature of what our Lord intended.[5] In the fourth place, history shows that in so far as institutionalism has prevailed, there has been a constant lowering of the sensitiveness of the individual conscience.[6]

Turning to the Anglo-Catholic variety of that general scheme he so dislikes, Dean Inge finds it a simple matter to embarrass its latest exponent. He points out that, while constantly insisting on both creed and tradition, constantly upbraiding the Broad Church with faithlessness to vows, the

[1] Cf. preface to *The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought.*
[2] *Christian Mysticism*, p. 66. [3] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 236.
[4] ibid., p. 238. [5] ibid., p. 238. [6] ibid., p. 240.

Anglo-Catholic cares nothing for his own sworn allegiance to the Thirty-Nine Articles, nor even to the traditions of any period except those—relatively few—in which his own special dogmas were emphasised.[1] Where, pray, can one find the oracle of this supernatural institution? Seek it where you may, its deliverances have varied and its directions have contradicted one another. Examine, for example, the bewildering discords in its account of the authority of Holy Scripture. Appeal is commonly made to the "Councils of the still Undivided Church," and this—strangely enough—by the party which insists at the same time on the ever-present guidance of the divine Spirit. But if such appeal be allowed as decisive, there is an end of all progress, and there can have been no progress for at least one thousand years, covering that very time when *ex hypothesi* Anglo-Catholicism cleansed the Roman corruptions. For at least one thousand years the Councils of the Undivided Church have not had a chance to meet; and so far as we can see, they will not have a chance again.[2] So such appeal is as fatal to progress as if in the sphere of politics there could be no reform except by a resolution at a joint assembly of the British Parliament and the United States Congress![3]

And yet, Dean Inge proceeds to point out, there have been marks of abundant change in the doctrines of the very party which had thus made change indefensible. The "three Creeds" are certainly incapable of any interpretation such as would leave room for the ministry of Bishop Gore himself, whose views on inspiration would have prevented him from being ordained seventy years ago, when men paid more than the present lip-service to the inheritance of faith.[4] Those Anglo-Catholics who condemned *Essays and Reviews* would likewise have condemned *Lux Mundi*, and in doing so they would have been far more faithful than Bishop Gore and his like to the test which is still declared to be supreme. "But," says our critic, "an obstinate per-

[1] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 113.
[2] ibid., p. 119.
[3] ibid., p. 124.
[4] ibid., p. 121.

sistence in that kind of honesty would have excluded from the ministry all except fools, liars and bigots"! [1] Is this divorce between intelligence and practice a tolerable or even a safe one? The Anglo-Catholic must go back or he must go forward. Those of the school who are most consistent are plunging into the wildest excesses of unreason. Those who shrink from the follies of the rest have denied, by implication, the theory to which in words they stand committed.

Bringing together the evidence of his many books, one sees that to Dean Inge three historic theories of religion are all alike unacceptable. He cannot be a *rationalist*, a *scripturalist*, or an *institutionalist*. By this I mean that he cannot regard religious truth as reached by a series of inferences, nor as defined authoritatively in an "inspired" book, nor yet as dictated by a supernatural society.

He will have nothing to do with the old apologetic, demonstrating religion as a series of propositions to be examined by the rules of evidence, and thus varying in its force with the dialectic aptitude of him to whom it is addressed. That religious insight should thus be a further monopoly of those whom the Most High has endowed with mental acumen above their fellows, is to Dean Inge incredible. Moreover, he appeals to the witness of those long centuries in which this arrogant intellectualism was put to the proof. How had it fared with those who tried thus by demonstration to justify the ways of God to men? "The weapon has broken, like ill-attempered steel, whenever it has been used." [2] Again, the theory of a guaranteed volume, needing to have its own reliability attested, and yet professing to serve as the test for the reliability of all else, is dismissed as an obvious piece of reasoning in a circle. The inspiration in which Dean Inge believes is—in his own favourite phrase—"the inspiration of the individual." This he holds to have been imparted, at sundry times and in

[1] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 121. [2] *Faith and Knowledge*, p. 9.

divers manners, to all mankind. But that it has been committed to the charge of a society, to which the individual must submit himself if he would share in its guiding light, and from which he can separate himself only at the cost of forfeiting its peculiar blessings—this is the Anglo-Catholic doctrine which he denies as intrinsically unbelievable and historically baseless.

Such are the leading items in Dean Inge's case. It must be conceded that they constitute a formidable list.

III

His emphasis on the grotesque side of the Movement is not too strong if one has some of its noisiest, though perhaps least responsible, representatives in mind. They have so argued on its behalf as to give colour to the suspicion that they cannot believe what they say. This is not indeed a fault specially characteristic of Anglo-Catholicism among the forms of faith which zeal as stupid as it is earnest has served to caricature. The rigid Calvinist with his dogma of Election as an act of divine caprice; the "close" Baptist picturing the Most High in deep concern that converts should be immersed rather than sprinkled; the "spiritually-minded" Methodist whose devotion shows itself in a hatred against the normal impulses and innocent amusements of life—these at least cannot deride Anglo-Catholic dogma, for they have themselves set up a cult of the incredible whose uncouth nonsense it is beyond human ingenuity to excel. Writers like Mr. G. K. Chesterton exult in pointing out how winsome, by comparison, was the creed of the Middle Ages, how much more spacious, more generous, more hospitable to human nature, was the mediaeval theory of God and the world. One may doubt how far the Chestertonian account of that far-off time is accurate. There is indeed another way of drawing the mediaevalism which Roman apologists of the present are all the readier to glorify in proportion as they misunderstand it. But its

extravagances, dark as they were, differ from the extravagances of the coarser Protestant imagination, and the superstitions — while not more absurd — were in many respects more humane. Protestantism, however, has by degrees freed itself from at least the wilder fancies of its own past, and it now interprets these with sympathetic regard for elements of truth to which they gave such outlandish expression. Over certain areas of savage Evangelicalism these horrible views of Providence yet linger in a sort of intellectual twilight, still deeply imbedded in formal creeds which it is thought dangerous to revise, but which by tacit consent are seldom repeated. With growing insistence too, and defying the protest of reactionaries, the representative men of Protestant thought now urge a reform more thorough than any that can be effected by gradual neglect, and call for explicit denial as a duty to the public. But, in contrast with this, certain Anglo-Catholic intellectuals have opened a crusade to reinstate just the corresponding follies of the past in their own Church. Far from desiring to expedite the healing hand of time, they have organised their forces to obstruct it. The group that produced *Essays Catholic and Critical* are making a gallant effort to salvage what they can from the wreck.

It is obvious that this policy of obscurantism must have consequences very widely injurious. As Dean Inge says, religion of such a kind seems to have a fatal power of killing all other religions in its neighbourhood.[1] However true the reactionaries are to their convictions, and however deep is the respect which all men owe to such unbending conscientiousness, one must mourn over convictions so monstrous, and it would be an excess of charity to ignore the personal presumption which has sometimes masqueraded as conscience. Particularly young clergymen, inflated with the idea of a quasi-supernatural character attaching to their office, and perhaps to themselves, have posed before the country in a rôle that is beyond caricature. Nothing

[1] *Outspoken Essays*, II, p. 76.

recorded of the Cameronians—the Ephraim Macbriars and Habakkuk Mucklewraths of *Old Mortality*—could surpass the familiar posturing of many an Anglo-Catholic priest. Nor was this just a feature of the first phases of the Movement—an early extravagance soon to be outgrown. It did not pass away with the generation of Hurrell Froude, who supposed his own lightest act to be so unspeakably important that he must repent of having relished a savoury goose at the dinner-table, or of having served himself from a dish before he had made certain that no one else wanted it. The time when, amid universal laughter from the lay public, Manning predicted national ruin as the inevitable consequence of compromise about "prevenient grace" had its unfortunate parallels within living memory. Old people still recall bitter strife about the colour of the surplice, strife still more bitter about the burial of Dissenters in consecrated ground, and many another *casus belli* which none but the most stupid can now argue with enthusiasm or the most patient of antiquaries can even record with interest. We have still, too, our amazing spectacle in many an English parish church—the young celebrant attended by his acolytes and his thurifers, changing the many-coloured vestments of his ecclesiastical wardrobe, while throngs of admiring women apparently believe that high spiritual issues turn on the liturgical exactness of the sequence, and the mocking world looks on as at some new display of the resources of a Parisian modiste. It is true that Pusey deplored all this long ago, as Bishop Gore laments it now.[1] Effort after effort has been made by the leaders to restrain what Disraeli called "the exuberant priestliness"[2] of the rank and file. But the efforts have been in vain. What began as Anglo-Catholicism to-day often means nothing more than Ritualism. And all Churches suffer from so ludicrous a perversion of the faith they hold in common.

[1] Pusey in 1859 defended the Ritualists, while pointing out and even insisting that their practice was alien from his own. Cf. Bishop Gore in *Contemporary Review*, April 1899.

[2] *Lothair*, p. 231.

Nor are the follies limited to such youthful antics of ceremonial. Grave and authoritative divines have strewn the pages even of books otherwise valuable with passage after passage of "argument" that looks like an elephantine jest. For example, one of the similes which Bishop Gore delights to use is that in which the non-episcopal Churches are likened to Samaria, and those in the succession of the historic episcopate to Judea.[1] It is in some respects an apt comparison. The Temple on Mount Gerizim was the product of a schism. With their watchword that the Pentateuch and the Pentateuch alone is the source of reliable doctrine, the Samaritans were not unlike those who now quote the motto of Chillingworth about the Bible. The men of Judea, on the other hand, with their reverence for the further inheritance of prophecy, remind one of Catholics with their trust in sacred tradition. But Bishop Gore is not satisfied to use this as a piquant parallel. The similitude is made to bear an immense burden of inference. So he contends that the Churches of episcopal government differ from others just as Judea differed from Samaria, and that those divine benefits which are "covenanted" for the true ecclesiastical order are uncovenanted—if at all available —for the rest.[2]

Newman said just the same thing, quoting the same historic parallel, eighty years ago in his *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*.[3] The only change which Bishop Gore has introduced seems to be his inclusion of Sodom as a possible alternative to Samaria in likeness to the non-episcopal Churches! If such language means anything at all, it means that two congregations worshipping side by side in a modern English city, one under the episcopal and the other under a presbyterian system, have very different guarantees of the divine grace they can respectively mediate

[1] *The Church and the Ministry*, p. 117.

[2] ibid., p. 345: "A ministry not episcopally received is invalid; that is to say, it falls outside the conditions of covenanted security, and cannot justify its existence in terms of the covenant."

[3] p. 366.

to their members. Bishop Gore is at pains indeed, like Newman, to explain that God may choose to extend, beyond the limits of His covenant, those favours He has undertaken to bestow only on such persons as may apply for them within the prescribed channel. Presbyterians and other sectaries are encouraged to hope that allowance will be made for those errors of order which are not their personal fault, but which they have been so unfortunate as to inherit.[1] The bishop warns us, however, that such action is a matter of grace—grace apparently being contrasted with right. Under covenant terms, as his argument develops, one expects to be told that for the non-episcopal Churches, while moral claims will no doubt be respected, legal claims are—as the jurists would say—"determined." This from the leading spokesman of a party which, in *Lux Mundi* days, used to sneer at the Protestant exaggeration of "forensic" views about Atonement! "When we hear fine distinctions between covenanted and uncovenanted mercies," wrote H. B. Wilson in *Essays and Reviews*, "it seems either to be a distinction without a difference, or to amount to a denial of the broad and equal justice of the Supreme Being." [2] One is tempted to recall Mr. Hardy's remark about a morality that is good enough for deities, but is scorned by average human nature.[3]

It is really too much for one's patience. Nor did Bishop Gore improve his case when he came to deal with the quite natural alarm of those who desire to be certain about their own inclusion in a "covenant" of such fearful import. Macaulay in a diverting paragraph had warned the Anglo-Catholic clergyman that his spiritual descent from the apostles might be vitiated by many a contingency. He dwelt, for example, upon the chance that under King

[1] Cf. a quaint remark by young Charles Kingsley in a letter (1842): "Don't reject Wardlaw because he is a Presbyterian. The poor man was born so. It is different from a man's dissenting personally." (*Charles Kingsley, Letters and Memorials of his Life*, I, p. 82.)

[2] *Essays and Reviews*, p. 153.

[3] *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, chap. xi.

Ethelwolf an absent-minded priest might have omitted to baptise one individual among scores of Danish prisoners "who had just made their option between the font and the gallows"; the chance that in the seventh century some unconsecrated impostor might have passed himself off as a bishop on a rude tribe of Scots; the chance that a lad of twelve, officiating at ordinations when he was drunk, might by inadvertence of some technical sort have failed to convey episcopal character to the lad of ten who knelt to receive it.[1] But Bishop Gore has a ready answer to assuage such fears. Dismissing the doubt about effective ordination by the intoxicated as quite irrelevant, because validity is *ex opere operato* and the character of the officiating bishop is of no account, he at once faces the problem of a sheer impostor. With the aid of a skilled actuary, the logic of chance is invoked:

> Succession comes of interlacing lines, each bishop having as a rule been consecrated by three of his order. In fact, it has been mathematically argued, even if we make the absurd supposition of one consecrator in twenty at any particular moment of history having been, through some accident, himself not validly consecrated, the chances will be 8,000 to 1 against all consecrators in any given case being in a like position, and the chances against a bishop consecrated under such circumstances, who would thus be no bishop, being combined with adjutors similarly incapacitated to continue the succession are as 512,000,000,000 to unity.[2]

How far this truly moving passage will "succour a distressed faith," I do not presume to guess. That it will have an effect quite different upon those who have not yet faith of any kind, may be taken for granted. One is driven to remember with satisfaction that *The Church and the Ministry* is read by few whom it can thus injure.

[1] Essay on *Ranke's History of the Popes*.

[2] *The Church and the Ministry*, pp. 108, 109. Cf. Newman, *Essays Critical and Historical*, II, p. 2.

IV

But, apart from the extravagance of individual representatives—from which every school has so much to fear—is the antithesis between "institutionalism" and "mysticism" as complete as Dean Inge supposes? Whatever the intrinsic opposition may be, it is at least clear that many a mystic of the past has been also an institutionalist of the most ardent kind. This may, of course, have been due to confused thinking. They may not have seen, in one mood, the upshot of principles to which they were wedded in another. But if Dean Inge offers this psychological explanation, he will be forced to impugn the judgment of not a few for whose usual clarity of mind he has great respect. For example, amid the arid intellectualism of the eighteenth century, the one great outstanding mystic was William Law; yet it was High Church institutionalism, at least as intense as that of Bishop Gore, that Law maintained against Hoadly. There is no keener mystic now living than Miss Evelyn Underhill, and it is she who has said that the great mystic symbol is the Roman Mass. Dean Inge has written in the most glowing terms of the intellectual power shown by the late Baron von Hügel, who surely was entitled to attention when he wrote about that mysticism which was at once the centre of his faith and the life-long concern of his critical analysis. But it was von Hügel who so deplored the prevailing drift from "institutional religion," and who found in the Roman Catholic Church "the pattern of all institutional religions throughout the world." [1] In the preface to his book, *Eternal Life*, he declares that "only the proper location, the heroic use, the wise integration of the institutional within the full spiritual life are really sufficient." Nor has any objection to mysticism been more frequently urged than that of George Herbert, who said it

[1] Baron von Hügel, *Selected Letters*, edited by B. Holland, p. 38.

resembles Romanism in that it "exalts another authority above the authority of Holy Scripture." [1]

Let us turn back to Dean Inge's own definition. "Mysticism," he says, "means an immediate communion, real or supposed, between the human soul and the Soul of the World or the Divine Spirit." [2] This at once excludes mechanical or magical mediating by a priest. It excludes the efficacy of Sacraments supposed to have their value *ex opere operato*. And in so far as Anglo-Catholic teaching has involved this, a mystic must part company with Anglo-Catholics. But does it affect that root-principle of the school which it has been my effort in the preceding chapters of this book to separate from its aberrant developments? In a volume like *Essays Catholic and Critical*, those developments are as much deplored as they can be deplored by Dean Inge himself. Must the "immediate communion" be a solitary communion, deprived of all the help that comes from reliance on an historic witness by which individual eccentricity can be corrected? One might have thought that this particular critic at least would have been alive to the need for such assistance.

For whatever Dean Inge's faults may be, it is certain that he does not tend to exaggerate the resources of the average mind. In those Protestant Churches which—he has told us—illustrate the democratic principle in religion, he must acknowledge the defects of democracy which no man has been quicker than he to point out. So I suggest that he has not sufficiently considered just how great is the burden he would impose upon us all in making us "mystics" rather than "institutionalists." As he bids one reverence only one's own "inner light," relying upon "the inspiration of the individual," seeking "the absolute values," and electing to "stand or fall by the nobler hypothesis," does not the thought ever visit his mind that few of us are sure either of our inner light or of our individual inspiration, that in the quest for absolute values we have taken such

[1] Cf. Shorthouse, *John Inglesant*, I, p. 88. [2] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 330.

diverse routes as to imply for many of us an honest missing of the way, and that in puzzling out the nature of things it is often beyond our power to judge which hypothesis is the nobler? To men in this plight, which is surely that of most of us, various messages have come. One is the desperate cynicism of the secular spirit, which declares that the whole thing is a tangle, that the search is through a trackless labyrinth, and that the wisest of mottoes is *carpe diem*. Dean Inge would warn us against that. But he seems likewise to warn us against placing any reliance, in our individual helplessness, upon either of the two sources of aid which have so far been commended to us as available. The old Puritans had their infallible Book, but its infallibility has crumbled beneath the assault of "Liberal" criticism. Another school has its witness of the continuing Christian society, from which we have inherited a view of life that we cannot prove to be right, but that comes to us with the strength of a tradition, authenticated by a long test. "We are afraid," said Burke, "to put men to live and trade upon their individual reason, because we suspect that the stock of this in most men is small, and that the individual would be wiser to rely upon the general bank and capital of nations and of ages." [1] With all his heart Dean Inge would subscribe that as an admonition for politics. But in religion he seems to regard it as a piece of corrupt "institutionalism," and will not allow that herein is any ground for intelligent trust.

To take such a view is not merely to condemn the Anglo-Catholics. It is to condemn that whole spirit of corporate faith and worship which belongs after a fashion to the professed creed of all Christians, but which it is the distinction of Catholics—both Roman and Anglican—to have made deliberate and self-conscious. That Protestants often *act* in the same spirit is clear enough. In their reflective moments they feel that they too have got their faith "institutionally," and that they could not have got it otherwise.

[1] *Reflections*, p. 359.

For this reason they are much alarmed to hear Dean Inge preaching "Modernism," because they know that his challenge is to a personal inquiry for which they have no fitness. Their obstinate refusal to undertake it, their resentment at having it continually pressed upon them, and their effort to defend themselves by reasons which collapse at the touch of criticism—all this is pathetically justifiable. If there is a theory on which the common practice of Protestants can be based, it is the one about Tradition which, often fantastically, but with a real instinct for what is needed, the Anglo-Catholics have tried to state. Their extolling of "the Church" has its absurd side, which anyone can now point out. But what of the Protestant depreciation —which has proceeded so far as to make "the Church" mean for many a Protestant little more than an aggregate of individuals who, by ancient custom, still meet once a week to "hear" a preacher, but who are somewhat rapidly devising other and preferable ways in which each may nourish his isolated spiritual life? It would be cruel to dwell upon the desperate efforts of recent Protestant policy at making up by "organisation" for what has been lost in corporate faith. Such pulpit organisers are appealing for an institution they have themselves shown to be of quite negligible importance. They must expect, what in abundance they are receiving—the reproach of "hired advocates" who have to compensate by rhetoric for the faults of a slim and incoherent brief. And yet they are not altogether failing. One cannot attribute their success to the strength of their argument. But there is an appeal in those still surviving forms of Christian language which not even such preachers can mask or destroy. The treasure, as of old, is in earthen vessels. Herein, once again, is the eternal paradox of the Faith. Anglo-Catholicism has put it badly, and Roman Catholicism has put it worse. But one is grateful to both for having tried—unlike too many other systems—to put this cardinal fact at all.

V

One could wish that it were possible to take leave of Dean Inge with this acknowledgment of criticisms so aptly urged, not fatal to the essential idea of the Movement, but very appropriate to its common perversions and extravagances. Something, however, must be said of his latest form of attack. He has turned aside from criticising Anglo-Catholicism *to impugn the motives of Anglo-Catholics*. So long as he limited himself to the consideration of the logical upshot of beliefs, or of the way in which they historically arose, or of the parallel between the past and present of doctrinal change, Dean Inge enriched this debate. He is not enriching it when he conjectures a discreditable motive in the school opposed to him.

One can indeed well understand this unfortunate drift into personalities. In a controversy which stirs strong feeling, few men of acute mind and extensive knowledge can be patient with the sluggish or the ill-informed, and the first impulse of impatience is to suspect an evil purpose. Still fewer can bear in mind how an opponent's fierceness may come not from his intolerant conceit but from his high honesty. Fewest of all can see how in those whom they attack, and who attack them, there may be a true affinity to their own principles, while those who repeat identical maxims with apparent agreement may have little or no share in the same spirit. It is the psychology, not the logic, of the Oxford Movement that has to be considered when we pass from arguments to persons, and Dean Inge as a psychologist here resembles no one more than the Thomas Carlyle of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. He is without the temper requisite for this task. Since he became a writer for the newspapers and the magazines, his style has become more lively, but at a grave cost. One recalls his own remark about Cardinal Newman, that he "even descended to mere journalism." [1] There should have been

[1] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 203.

warning in the example. And as Dean Inge was drawing the Anglo-Catholic as not only stupid but dishonest, the ghost of Charles Kingsley might have made an opportune appearance at his desk. This episode has reached such dimensions, and the writer in question commands so large a circle of readers, that it seems worth while to consider his personal attack with some care. It is a matter for direct speech, of which Dean Inge at least will hardly complain. In the paragraphs which follow, I trust that while his violence will be avoided, his outspoken frankness will be imitated.

A Dean of St. Paul's may be supposed to know his clerical brethren, so that an assault of this personal kind carries weight. On the other hand, however ample one's means of information, which of us can be trusted in the heat of controversy to appraise an opponent's inmost purpose? Most men decline to attempt it, just because they cannot trust themselves. What proof have we that the public should trust Dean Inge in so delicate an adjudication? Unfortunately, he has not merely shown himself ill supplied with judicial temper in that degree of it which is rare. He is plainly without it in the degree which is common. He has become what Manning once called Newman—"a great hater"—and when he hates, he is no critic of evidence. The objects of his special detestation are well known. He is against Socialism, against the southern Irish, against the British Labour Party, against Pragmatism, against psychical research, against the Church of Rome. A mixed lot! Upon all of these, successively and sometimes simultaneously, he pours forth the vials of his wrath. For our present purpose the suggestive point is that when his wrath is stirred, he mixes fact and inference in chaotic confusion. It is but fair to the Anglo-Catholics he has so fiercely attacked that one should cite a few examples of this habit and method from his procedure in other fields.

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Dean Inge is a very patriotic Englishman, much alarmed by stories that British loyalty has waned in Canada. He attributes this to the influence of the priesthood in the Province of Quebec. So he accepts, from what source I cannot imagine, and communicates dogmatically to the world, the amazing assurance that of the men Canada sent overseas from 1914 to 1918 the greater number had been born in England! [1] What percentage of the Expeditionary Force from the Dominion had really been born in England, I am unable to say. But I have ascertained from official records that the percentage of "British-born" was 38·3, and that of the English-born must have been far less. Of course Dean Inge had read or heard some statement about this upon which he relied. But did he make inquiry at Ottawa—the sort of inquiry he would have made in the Bodleian Library or at the British Museum before venturing a judgment about the views of some third-century Neo-Platonist? He knows the scholar's precision. But unfortunately he has of late come to know also the political journalist's recklessness. When his antagonists are to be flayed, he too often seems to nurse Sir Arthur Wardour's contempt for "a pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact." [2]

Thus too, in his book called *England*, he informs us as follows: "It has now become certain that the American Government seriously contemplated taking action against us in the earlier part of the Great War." [3] What is the proof of this? Does not Dean Inge realise how grave may be the effect upon Anglo-American friendship when so provocative a statement is made by a man in his position? Not a shred of proof is offered, and the abundant evidence which points in a contrary direction is simply ignored. The hurricane of protest in American newspapers evoked, so far as I have been able to discover, no justification, but also no withdrawal. One cannot be surprised that the *New York Times*, for example, whose friendliness to Great Britain

[1] *England*, p. 125. [2] Cf. Scott, *The Antiquary*, p. 69. [3] *England*, p. 123.

has been so long and so signally attested, should complain of "the malignant and irresponsible propaganda to which Dean Inge has prostituted his sacred office." It was perhaps inevitable that one apprehensive of his country's approaching doom should accept, on very trifling gossip, whatever might cast shame on all sorts of men he believed to be its authors. But a habit of this kind, once it has been brought home to a writer, ought to put his readers in future on their guard.

If even his former precision in collecting data has been thus affected by his strong feelings, a deeper injury has naturally been done to that chastened grace which used to mark Dean Inge's style. Occasionally the reader must feel about his recent language, as Leslie Stephen felt about the epithets in Warburton,[1] that here is just a clergyman's substitute for profane oaths. Consider his attacks on Socialism. It is not enough for him to argue that the Socialist is economically deluded, that the Liberal sympathiser with working-class discontent is a naïve doctrinaire, that the priest and the college don on a Labour platform are men with tender hearts and not much harder heads. The Socialist must likewise be branded as in malignant alliance with the enemies of his country, the Liberal politician as having no thought except to bribe his way to a seat in parliament or a post in the cabinet, the radical don as deliberately instilling "the devilish doctrine of the class-war." [2] In his account of Socialism and Syndicalism, Dean Inge's method is to extract from their context the fierier sentences by writers of these schools, print them as quotations in succession, and tell us he has done so in order to avoid all risk of misrepresenting views he does not share![3] To some of us there comes back that lurid summary of Carlyle by Herbert Spencer—that he had daily secretion

[1] *Eighteenth-Century Thought*, I, p. 351. [2] *England*, p. 257.
[3] ibid., p. 255. A suggestive parallel may be found in Mr. Walter Walsh's *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*. We are told in the preface (p. xxxviii): "It was my anxiety to be fair and accurate which induced me to adopt the plan of allowing these secret workers to tell their story *in their own words*."

of curses which he must discharge upon somebody or something.[1] If the *Athanasian Creed* would only curse the right people, one may wonder whether Dean Inge's Modernism would protest against it. And has he any real distaste for the imprecatory psalms? In the third number of *Tracts* the desire to omit these outspoken psalms was branded as "savouring of the shallow and detestable Liberalism of the day." Would not Dean Inge prefer, for example, to excise from the Lectionary certain passages in *Isaiah*, or the *Epistle of James*, whose socialistic flavour it requires a very expert exegete to disguise?

That there is poignant force in much of his social criticism, no one need deny. Truth to tell, irrespective of our opinions, we all like to read him. There is a delightful blend of epigram with effrontery. We like him, for instance, in that cool satiric vein when he says that Eugenics is in disfavour because the unborn have no votes; and we like his comparison of the wise leader, overborne by the demagogue, to the fate of a physician accused by a confectioner before a jury of children.[2] Some of us like him best of all in that magnificently honest presumption which made him illustrate hereditary talent by publishing the genealogical tree of the Inges![3] But, as men of his gifts so often will, he has overdone his satire when he was really concerned to be effective.

He thus continues his onslaught on movements which it is obviously impossible to stop, and his shrill appeal for causes which are no less obviously gone for ever. It seems a lamentable waste of time and effort. The Labour Party proceeds from strength to strength, while the oracle at St. Paul's characterises its spokesmen as psychopathic artisans or dishonest intellectuals, and its representatives in parliament as drunken blackguards.[4] American prohibitionists

[1] H. Spencer, *Autobiography*, I, p. 381.

[2] *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, I, p. 74. Dean Inge says he gets this from Plato. He gives no reference, and it is good enough to be his own. But cf. *Gorgias*, 464 E.

[3] *Outspoken Essays*, II, pp. 260–1.

[4] *England*, p. 248.

know how their movement has been described in the same quarter as a selling campaign for Ford cars and other articles of working-class luxury.[1] But Labour leaders and prohibitionists alike have come to dismiss what has been said about them as just "Dean Inge's latest"—a thing to be appreciated without distress, like a quip from *The Mikado*, a cartoon in *Punch*, or a Shavian epigram. The advice given, for example, six years ago to Russia and Germany that they should restore their former monarchies under a Romanoff or a Hohenzollern[2] has not so far commended itself to serious students of European reconstruction, nor has the prophecy that Bolshevism would not survive the end of 1923 shown any sign of even approximate fulfilment.[3] Perhaps the worst specimen of this kind of eloquence—because directed against a specially sensitive people—is the dean's contribution to debate on the Irish problem. What he has there to tell us is that the famine of a hundred years ago was inevitable among a peasantry too barbarous and too illiterate to practise birth-control;[4] that the alleged Irish grievance of our own time has no ground except racial vindictiveness for what Cromwell did two and a half centuries back, a tale which only the most savage memories would have continued to cherish; and that by the settlement of 1922 three-quarters of the island has been reconsigned to barbarism for the behoof of selfish or rascally politicians.[5] All of which—if I may adapt the conclusion of an American conference report—is "disrespectfully" submitted.

It is not to depreciate in any degree the just fame of Dean Inge that these examples of his later work are cited. I quote them to prepare for some judicial estimate of what he has had to say about Anglo-Catholicism. In his own true sphere he shines with a radiance to which faults like these—in a sphere not his own—are but a foil. He is not

[1] *Lay Thoughts of a Dean*, pp. 190 *seq.*
[2] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 4.
[3] ibid., I, Preface to Second Edition.
[4] ibid., II, p. 189. Cf. *England*, pp. 148 *seq.*
[5] *England*, pp. 53–4.

to be blamed because his extraordinary gifts do not include the balance of judgment, the intellectual patience, the capacity of penetrating below the obvious to the latent springs of public discontent, which fit a man to give fruitful counsel in a crisis of national affairs. Never was there one more obviously non-political than Dean Inge, never one whose task was more plainly set for him *in Platonis re publica* rather than *in Romuli faece*. As he has thus taken up a rôle which is not his, he has floundered in countless ways which men far inferior to him in speculative grasp would have known how to avoid. His very talent has been his undoing, for it is his affliction to have fine rhetorical power. But he has been severely tried in this time of public foolishness. If he has not stood the trial very well, this is because Nature did not intend him as the man to confront it. She had other, and higher, work for him to do.

The obvious progress of so many hateful causes has driven him to that habit of gloomy vaticination by which his familiar *sobriquet* has been earned. It was first attached to him some twenty years ago, when he began to warn his cathedral congregation about grim portents in the world of Labour. A comprehensive grammar of national despair might be compiled from his subsequent literary work. Does the temperament he has shown belong in any way to the position he holds? It is a little curious that various dignitaries of St. Paul's have seemed over-gloomy. De Quincey [1] noted that it was one of them, John Donne, who wrote the only book in defence of suicide. He was inaccurate, of course, as usual, for *Biathanatos* was not the only monograph of its kind. Poor Charles Blount, before taking his own life in 1695 (in despair because the law would not allow him to marry his deceased wife's sister), had included a defence of suicide in a collection of tracts published under the title *Oracles of Reason*. Most of us recall, too, "what Cato did and Addison approved." But *Biathanatos*, coming

[1] Essay on Casuistry.

from a Dean of St. Paul's, was startling. All historical theologians remember, too, how H. P. Liddon made the whole world a confidant of the degree to which he had been rendered "miserable" by reading *Lux Mundi*. But men do not impress their age in proportion to the display they make—however eloquently—either of their personal wretchedness or of their personal anger. As I think of Dean Inge, there constantly returns to my mind what was so well said by another and a greater dean—one no less infuriated than he against the stupidities and the vulgarities of his environment, but appreciating better than he how the keenest thrusts are driven home by a swordsman who can compel himself to be cool. Swift, in his prime, joined a flaming heart to a steady brain. He has told us how essential it is for a controversialist that, however fiercely he may feel, the spirit of the prophet shall thus remain subject to the prophet. "Anger and fury," said Swift, "though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent." There, in a word, lies a contrast between the writer of *The Drapier Letters* and the writer of *Outspoken Essays*. It is not the whole contrast. In other ways we could all name, Dean Inge adorns the Church which Dean Swift disgraced. But in the field of social controversy, it was Swift that wielded a rapier.

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Mindful of Dean Inge's habits in debate, one is entitled to discount a little his more violent judgments on the opposite party in his Church. No one can doubt that he has said here, as always, what he sincerely believes, for he is not more distinguished by his rare ability than by a fearless candour that is perhaps rarer still. But one does doubt whether, when men differ so sharply from him in their religious views, he is capable of suppressing the facile conjecture that they cannot be in earnest with ideas so absurd. The newspapers and magazines, too, have naturally laid

most stress upon his sensational imputation of motives, so that what he has said in a calmer mood is forgotten.[1]

It is indeed a tremendous onslaught that he has made here—quite after the style of his political journalism. If the Anglo-Catholic services are now ornate, in contrast with the severe simplicity of Newman and his school, this —it appears—is because the crusade has been carried into the streets and lanes of cities, where effective appeal can be made to the eye, and the Anglo-Catholic priest is ever on the watch to gratify the appetite for "sacerdotal magic."[2] The party as a whole is described as making a determined effort to enlist the sympathies of the working man with the Church, by offering him in return its sympathy and countenance in his struggle against capitalism.[3] (We recall how the same critic said of the English working-man that he has no respect for either democracy or liberty, and that his whole interest is in transferring the wealth of the minority to his own pockets![4]) When defiance is bid to "the powers that be" in circles of fortune and public authority, this is esteemed no proof of the courage that was once the Church's glory; the defiance is ascribed to sullen resentfulness on the part of priests who have sunk in social rank, feel the pinch of extreme poverty, and in consequence nurse the dangerous temper of an educated proletariat.[5] (This, as Sir Henry Lunn has remarked, does not come

[1] e.g., his acknowledgment that the Socialistic clergy—though ignorant of economics, and carried away with their own rhetoric—are "none the less sincere," and that deliberately exciting class-hatred "cannot be laid to the charge of the majority" (*Edinburgh Review* article, Jan. 1925); or his recognition that Anglo-Catholic priests have been moved by their "close acquaintance with the sufferings of the urban proletariat" (*Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 112). But these concessions are largely nullified by his insinuation, on the very same pages, that they are alarmed for the lessening of their own influence, and that there is perhaps "an unavowed calculation that an alliance with the most rapidly growing political party may in time come to be useful to the Church."

[2] Articles on "The Present Position of the Church of England," *Edinburgh Review*, January 1925, and on "Religion in the Future," *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1925.

[3] *Outspoken Essays*, I, p. 112.

[4] ibid., p. 12.

[5] *Edinburgh Review*, January 1925.

well from "one of the wealthiest ecclesiastics in England."[1]) We are asked to picture men who were originally drawn by a noble impulse to work in the slums, but who have now discovered a cunning trick to increase their influence with the poor by talking the cant of the revolutionary, declaiming vaguely against the social order, and at times even fanning the flames of class-hatred.[2] It is needless to point out how regrettable is such a method in debate, if only for the cheap and easy chance it affords to retaliate in kind. One is tempted to recall the attitude of the pre-Tractarian bishops towards West Indian slavery, the attitude of bishops all through the nineteenth century towards even the most cautious measures of interference with the liquor trade, and in general what is intended by contrast with "the Nonconformist conscience." The historic relation of Anglican clergy to social reform is not a matter on which any wise apologist would choose to dwell.

In truth Dean Inge is only half a Modernist, and by comparison with some Anglo-Catholic leaders he strikes one as a reactionary. For some reason he feels towards the "Copec" group as orthodox Evangelicals feel towards the Modern Churchmen's Union. An appeal for restatement of the creed in terms of current thought wakens all his zeal, and his hospitality to new scientific knowledge is boundless. But the appeal for inquiry into the Church's attitude to our quite new problems of Labour, of international relationship, of social opportunity and privilege, leaves him as cold as a nether mill-stone. Apart from his admirable support of the plumage bill, and his more doubtful but of course well-meant enthusiasm for birth-control, it is hard to see where he has acknowledged any mission of social improvement such as Bishop Gore so intensely appreciates.[3] Social reform used to be the field of the Evangelicals; now it is becoming the field of the Anglo-Catholics, while "Broad" Churchmen like Dean

[1] Sir Henry Lunn's editorial, *Review of the Churches*, October 1926.
[2] *Edinburgh Review*, January 1925.
[3] Cf. *The Holy Spirit and the Church*. Also, *Christ and Society*, Lecture VI.

Inge not only refuse to touch it themselves, but impute dishonourable purpose to those who do. Is this an intelligent attitude? The formulations of dogma centuries back are, in our critic's judgment, no longer adequate, and he will not fetter his Christian liberty with the bonds forged at Nicæa or Chalcedon. But to an industrial world that has been turned upside down he thinks it sufficient for the Church of the present to speak the language of Whichcote, of Tauler, even of Plotinus!

Nor does this mean just that he finds the social reform group mistaken in diagnosis or unwise in proposed cure for a distraught society. If I understand him aright, he holds that such diagnosis and such cure are quite outside the business of any priest or group of priests. The politicians, one is driven to suppose, are to be left a free hand there! One may be forgiven a certain perplexity when one hears that it is a Scripture text which debars the Church for all time from political activities, especially as the same expositor gives summary treatment to another text that is dead against extension of facilities for divorce. Perhaps the Old Testament narratives about the witch of Endor and about Uzzah are fatal to psychical research; but, *prima facie* at all events, the command to be fruitful and multiply and inherit the earth seems at least as relevant to the problem of birth-control. Our Christian creed must take progressive account of astronomy, of biology, of biblical criticism, of historical research, of all that made the second half of the nineteenth century so different in thought from the first half. But though Bishop Barnes is to be complimented for appraising the consequences of Evolution, Mr. G. D. H. Cole is to be called bad names for estimating the upshot of economics. Apparently the Christian ethic need take no account whatever of that terrific ferment of ideas about the function and character of the State which has made even the philanthropic and the generous of early Victorian statesmen seem callous or inhuman to the reflective mind of to-day. Dean Inge has told us that he

would rather have been born a generation earlier, not—one may be sure—because he would have preferred that earlier intellectual climate, but apparently because he would have preferred the earlier ἦθος.

When he thinks he has found the two objects of his special detestation together—magic ritual and proletariat discontent—it is inevitable that he should heat the furnace of his invective seven times. But to turn this high debate into mere recriminating against persons is lamentable indeed. Smartness of repartee on the hustings or even in parliament is one thing; serious inquiry is another. When Mr. Lloyd George says that the Baldwin Government has lost its grip on everything except the throat of the taxpayer, or when Lord Birkenhead describes the Labour leaders as poltroons, the audience chuckles with delight, but neither the men abused nor the orator who coined such epigrammatic abuse will sink on that account in the public estimate. This is part of the electioneering game, watched at an idle moment and straightway forgotten, as one watches and forgets the shrewd blow dealt by a pugilist to his opponent in the ring. The effect is different—or should be different—when the Dean of St. Paul's denounces bishops of his own Church as "obvious time-servers who will have their reward when a Socialist Government comes into power." Dean Inge did not say that in a heated mood on the platform. He wrote it in manuscript, presumably read it in proof, and passed it for publication not in an ephemeral article but in a book issued under his name. He cannot reasonably complain if people ask whether time-serving is not the road to deaneries as much as to bishoprics, and whether there is not more practical shrewdness than mystical piety in a dean whose Conservatism glows under the Conservative administration. Retorts like these have been numerous—inevitably so. But we have all reason to complain when such controversy drops to such a level. And we complain most of the controversialist who first lowered it.

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Many an Anglo-Catholic writer or speaker has indeed given pretext, if not justification, for the most sweeping censures on the spirit of the party. In many a recent article of *The Church Times*, for instance, the note of ferocious holiness is not easily missed, while the note of charity is not easily found. But one should no more judge Anglo-Catholicism by this than one should judge Modernism by either the intellectual conceit or the moral coldness of certain Modernists. My complaint of Dean Inge's criticism is that though he so largely shares many a principle which, but for the Anglo-Catholics, might well have sunk out of sight in English Church life, he now discusses their work so constantly in its morbid perversions, so seldom in its wholesome values. Perhaps this is an inevitable incident of the present conflict. But in that case an outsider to the conflict may opportunely point it out.

This is not our critic's method elsewhere. Dean Inge will extol the Methodists in an address at Whitefield's Tabernacle, or write of the Quakers that theirs is the truest form of the Christian religion. Yet to think of him as belonging to either of these sects is impossible. To picture him as an Anglo-Catholic would be hard enough; but to suggest that he might turn Methodist or Quaker would convulse the English public with merriment. Talk as he will, it is obvious that he is as truly through and through an Anglican as he is through and through an Englishman, and it will hardly be denied that for what is distinctive in Anglicanism the Anglo-Catholic party has been the most powerful force of the last century. Why, then, is it impossible for Dean Inge to appreciate a Newman or a Manning as he can appreciate a Wesley or a George Fox?

Strange aberrations indeed enter to disturb the balance of the most resolute critic. As these lines are being written, news comes that he has begun to advocate the ordination of women. One wonders why. How has this proposal been reconciled in his mind with "the wisdom of the Church of England" avoiding extremes? Light comes from

the last part of that cabled message. Dean Inge feels that if the Church of England were committed to the ordination of women priests, it would put an end for ever to the dream of reunion with the Church of Rome! Herein is light, not only on the darkness of his latest proposal, but on the reasons he can at times allow to influence his judgment.

CHAPTER X

GAINS AND LOSSES THROUGH THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism? . . . That certain human souls, living on this practical Earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudations of *the* Church, instead of some unnoisy, unconscious, but practical, total, heart-and-soul demonstration of *a* Church; this, in the circle of revolving ages, this also was a thing we were to see.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movement, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class Liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident Liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHAPTER X

GAINS AND LOSSES THROUGH THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

The consequences of a religious movement are both direct and indirect. A Mohammed, a Luther, a Loyola achieved much by design, but incidentally far more, for the forces they aroused had a range and variety of action which they could not foresee. Puritanism in the seventeenth century and Wesleyanism in the eighteenth had many an outcome for English life beyond what the founders either contemplated or desired. If Newman, too, could have realised in advance what a hundred years of Anglo-Catholic effort would accomplish, he might well have been as much amazed by his remote successes as he was disappointed by his immediate failure. Whether he would have judged that the gains were more important than the losses, is not my present question, nor is it a question one could answer with any confidence. Far removed indeed from those ideals which stirred him to his enterprise are some of the ideals which his school now chooses to pursue. It is not the balance of present gain and loss as this would have appeared to the Newman of 1833 which the critic to-day is concerned to appraise. The future of any movement is seldom either correctly guessed or adequately valued by its originator. In this case, as usual, the revelation has been made by time.

I

The fierier zealots of the party do not care to hear about "indirect" results of what they have done. They are impatient of tributes other than those which come from

recognition of their Movement as a crusade for divine truth. To him who dwells upon incidental or undesigned benefit they reply that such honour rooted in dishonour stands. But one who is not a zealot of the party, nor a member of the party at all, but just a critical and even an unbelieving onlooker who owns quite a different faith, may enumerate with gratitude some of those subsidiary gains. They are not the less valuable because they are independent of the soundness or unsoundness of the system which has produced them.

Its most hostile critics agree that the Movement did good by *disturbing ecclesiastical lethargy*. Like Wesley, a hundred years earlier, Newman administered the torpedo shock to a somnolent and perfunctory régime. Controversy at least arouses interest, as Scotsmen even more than Englishmen have proved in Church matters. Perhaps we never care very deeply for any cause, nor do we even fully understand it, until we have been forced to fight in its defence. Apart from this general acknowledgment, which will be questioned only by those who think religious torpor a social advantage, certain specific points have been noted, some of which are too trivial for emphasis. About others there is reason to doubt whether their alleged connection with Anglo-Catholicism is more than a random guess.

For example, it may be true that the Gothic architecture which has so advantageously displaced those hideous old Georgian structures all over England would never have been commended to popular taste without the impetus of the Oxford spirit. The change was not wholly to the mind of an observer like Froude, to whom the bare and forbidding walls of a Nonconformist chapel seemed to proclaim that "here at least no lies will be told." Most of us, however, have been able to escape from Froude's alarm about the misleading suggestiveness of spire and nave and chancel. It is further to be noted that the Nonconformist chapels of our time often show in this respect the benefit of a daring

imitation. But the first impulse, at least, to such improved church architecture did not come from the Anglo-Catholics. If the devout Freeman was its later propagandist, its early progress owed much to Horace Walpole, whose solicitude for dogma of any kind was not great. The change owes much, again, to that general tide of Romanticism of which the Oxford Movement was indeed a symptom, but certainly not a cause.

Perhaps, as the late A. M. Fairbairn believed, the school of Pusey introduced a softer and more gracious tone into the services of all Churches.[1] It is said to have effected this through the contagious influence of a symbolic ritual which Protestants could admire for the first time apart from those Roman surroundings that had so long prejudiced them against it. We have better church music, a more seemly and decorous order, a form of worship free from the old Puritan suspicion against those aids which eye and ear can furnish to the reverence of the heart. In short, there has been restoration of that "virtuous mediocrity" of the Church of England which the old pamphleteer set in contrast with "the meretricious gaudiness of the Church of Rome and the squalid sluttery of fanatic conventicles." [2] How much of this, too, is to be ascribed to the model of Anglo-Catholic usage rather than to the natural development of a changing time, no one can tell. At all events, if that "softer and more gracious tone" has come from experience of an infuriated controversy, here is yet another paradox to give the prophets pause.

One conjecture, intended to be humorous, is that we have to thank the Oxford Movement for that greater decency of clerical attire which ministers of every denomination now wear on the street! But there is a serious truth underlying even this. The distinctive calling of the clergy needed to be emphasised to the Protestant mind.

[1] *Catholicism Roman and Anglican*, p. 73.

[2] From a pamphlet of 1662, written probably by the Bishop of Ely, and entitled, *A Brief Account of the New Sect of Latitude Men.* It was descriptive of the "Cambridge Platonists."

We now meet chiefly in old novels with the convivial and sporting parson, fulfilling his formal service once a week at the altar, in periods he has withdrawn with reluctance from the pleasures of the salon, the table, and the field. Such a figure was well known a century ago, and in a State Church is always occasionally to be seen. He still survives, belated, here and there—the spiritual valet of an English squire or a Scottish laird, not unlike the French ecclesiastic of pre-Revolution days. But so shameful a caricature of the Christian minister is now not far from becoming extinct. And who can doubt that it was the consuming flame lighted by the Oxford leaders of 1833 which did much to cleanse the temple? The Movement, Professor Webb has admirably said, "created a new ideal of the Church's ministry, and a new type of clergyman." [1]

Again, without being impelled to imitate, the men of other Churches have been helped by the Anglo-Catholics to a more just understanding of religious ways the very opposite of their own. It was not more *toleration*, but rather *sympathy* that was required—not the toleration which, as Coleridge said, is an herb of easy growth on the soil of indifference, but the sympathy by which different schools may be knit together rather than frozen together.[2] The historic antagonism between English Protestant and English Catholic has been wonderfully soothed by the introduction of a worship which is sacerdotal and sacramentarian without being Roman. For centuries, Roman Catholicism had been regarded as a foreign cult, which the liberal-minded Englishman could not refuse to tolerate, but which the patriotic Englishman must always in a measure suspect. It existed on sufferance, under limits and safeguards, as a sort of anomaly upon British soil. In politics, that perfect mirror of public feeling, one can see how a hundred years ago trial was being made by turns of tentative advance towards a larger charity and of cautious retreat to a narrower

[1] C. C. J. Webb, *Religious Thought in the Oxford Movement*, p. 9.
[2] *Aids to Reflection*, p. 67.

restriction. But ever present was the fear that all this tolerance of a foreign faith might be ruinous, that it might give yet another opportunity for an Italian priest to tithe and mint in these dominions! Trollope's story about Sir Abraham Haphazard's bill "for the mortification of papists" had the touch of truth that is indispensable to effective caricature.[1] Thus Roman Catholics had come to accept for themselves the position of a *gens lucifuga* in English society. It was not until 1829, and not until after a resistance which in these happier days may well seem incredible, that members of the largest Church in Christendom—who chanced to be likewise Englishmen and taxpayers in England —were permitted to elect men of their own faith to represent them in the British parliament. Most of the speeches by opponents of the Emancipation Act were plainly addressed to an audience acquainted with the Roman Catholic Church chiefly through the record of ancient religious warfare, and whose votes might be influenced by cunning revival of

> Old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago.

The Anglo-Catholic Movement has done more to change this attitude than could have been done by any campaign of political "Liberalism." How much more generous, for example, is Protestant England than freethinking France in its present relation with the Church of Rome! Herein is striking evidence of the contrast between purposes deliberately sought and consequences unwittingly produced. In 1829 John Henry Newman was at once opposing Catholic Emancipation and devising that policy by which the spirit of the emancipators was most signally promoted.

[1] A. Trollope, *The Warden*, viii.

II

Thought, as Bacon said long ago, may be valuable though its conclusions are false—even as these who dug in vain for gold deserve gratitude for having at least loosened the soil.[1] Anglo-Catholic thinking had just that sort of effect. In the forties and fifties of last century the intellectual soil at Oxford was loosened by it with a vengeance. Hence so austere a critic as John Stuart Mill was able to say: "I always welcomed Puseyism, and prophesied that thought would sympathise with thought."

By a strange irony of fate, one of the first results of Puseyism was to precipitate at Oxford just the thing that Pusey chiefly feared. The "thought" which he was so tireless in arousing proved fatal to some usages that were very precious to him, but that only an unthinking conventionalism could shelter. Had it not been for the Tractarians, said Jowett, the Oxford Reform Commission of 1851 might have been postponed indefinitely. In all conscience, it had been postponed too long. But the scandals it attacked, when it came, were of the very sort that ordinarily have the power of indefinite persistence. Some of them, such as the "close and idle Fellowships," or the tutorial sinecure held by a favourite until next college living should fall vacant,[2] were as objectionable to the Tractarians as to anyone else. There was no real chance, however, of amendment on any considerable scale, except at the price of invoking that State interference which the Tractarians particularly hated. It was a pity, they thought, that Fellows should be idle, and that colleges should show such nepotism in the election of their teaching staff. But a Royal Commission, while abolishing this, would no doubt abolish at the same time the barrier against Dissenters! Bad as some old habits were, they were deeply imbedded in that quasi-medieval system which the Puseyites

[1] *Redargutio Philosophiarum.* [2] Cf. Mark Pattison, *Memoirs*, p. 304.

desired above all else to preserve. They might have preserved it long enough, if they had not insisted on discussing the whole principle involved in it. For the rotten, as Carlyle said, will hold together for a wonderful space of time, *if you do not handle it roughly.*[1]

But, in their spirit of apostleship, it was just such rough handling that the Tractarians felt bound to introduce. A principle was at stake, and it was their misfortune—not their fault—if it reacted against themselves. They did not debate the university abuses. Their spokesman, a reluctant witness before the Commission, exerted himself to the utmost to prove that there was nothing amiss with the academic *status quo*. But the general argument of the *Tracts* had been one whose application to Oxford no reader could miss. Whether he agreed or disagreed with their contention about Church and State, it became plain that the *status quo* at the old universities was a fatuous and incoherent compromise. Either the Dissenters should be admitted, or the "Liberals" already there should be silenced.

The Reform party, previously small in number and almost unheeded in the atmosphere of vagueness, owed a great deal to their academic enemies who thus forced the issue. When Pusey and his friends, with relentless logic, urged that the medieval inheritance should be either thoroughly maintained or definitely repudiated, hope began to dawn. But such is the *vis inertiæ* that it still required some twenty years—even after such violent stimulation—to revoke the rule that at Oxford and Cambridge all graduates must subscribe the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. Long afterwards, too, many a vestigial trace of the old régime remained. As late as 1903, for example, it was gravely argued that in the Oxford School of Theology it would be impious to admit as examiner in Hebrew any man who was not an ordained priest of the English Church, because no other could be trusted to set

[1] *French Revolution*, Book II, chap. iii.

papers on the sacred text of the Old Testament! The reforming statute was defeated in Convocation by a mob of clergymen who hastened to Oxford at the call of "Holy Church." I personally counted some seven hundred in clerical attire that afternoon on the platform of one of the two railway-stations, and everyone knew what had brought them there. Thus slowly does the spirit of reform make its gains, long after the "intellectual" ground on which it can be opposed has become so generally contemptible that few will argue against it publicly, though they continue to vote against it silently. No greater help can be given to reform than by insisting on such thorough application of a bad principle as to turn what a few have suspected to be wrong into what all can see to be absurd. It is the men called on either side "extremists" who thus seasonably disconcert us in our torpor.

Among the Tractarians, Newman at all events valued such clarifying of the situation, no matter what interest might profit by it. In a famous passage, he rejoiced that the Movement had ensured for the future this greater distinctness in religious thinking. Mistiness, he predicted, would no longer be thought the mother of wisdom, nor that man be held the wisest who guarded himself most dexterously against commitments. Thanks to the uncompromising Movement, the comfortable muddle of the present would be impossible:

> A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory:—who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to; that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works; that grace does not depend on the Sacraments, yet is not given without them; that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have;—this is your safe man, and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-

> judging persons, to guide it through the channel of No-Meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of aye and no.[1]

John Morley quoted that passage with great approval in his book *On Compromise*. Among honest men the extremes of opinion will thus often meet. For they are more united by their common truthfulness than divided by their disagreement about what things are true.

III

Canon Lacey believes that posterity will owe peculiar gratitude to the Anglo-Catholics for their assertion of "*the spiritual independence of the Church.*"[2] That claim, advanced to-day in such ringing tones by the united episcopate, was the battle-cry of the first *Tract*. No one now disputes it in principle, however eager is still the effort to nullify it in practical application. But in 1833 the principle was novel to the point of being revolutionary, and its exponents lent themselves to an easy ridicule. To have set men thinking about it was so notable a service that one readily forgets how absurd—in some respects—was its first presentation.

It was the suppression of ten Irish bishoprics, by amalgamating certain dioceses, that roused Newman to fury against the apostate civil power. But surely no act by the civil power in Church matters was ever more obviously right. The Protestant Church, established in Ireland exactly as police-barracks and coastguard-stations were established, had long been a public scandal. A century earlier, Swift had said that its bishops were mere Court sycophants, neglecting every duty except ordination, and ordaining such disreputable persons as to make it clear that this duty also would have been better neglected with the rest. The Church had some eight hundred thousand nominal

[1] *Essays Critical and Historical*, I, p. 301. Cf. Morley, *Compromise*, p. 39.
[2] Cf. *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, chap. v.

adherents, enumerated as the Anglican Church in Ireland has so commonly taken its census, on the assumption that only those who violently repudiate such membership are to be left out. The population of the country at the time was eight millions, and the revenue of these State divines was exacted in the form of tithe from the huge, sullen, protesting, and often resisting majority. On the fantastic plea, which no contradictory experience could silence, that this was to serve as "a missionary Church," its representatives were sent—with material equipment—to every parish. In the name of the King, if not in that of the Trinity, such an official celebrated divine worship while the local landlord, the local bailiff, and the local coastguardsman looked on. There is a typical anecdote in the *Greville Memoirs* about a rectory close to Bessborough, where an incumbent had lately been instituted, though the parish contained neither church building nor a single Protestant family. To fulfil the required formalities, a clerk and three Protestants had been borrowed for the ceremony from a neighbouring parish. In their presence, within the ruined walls of an old abbey mutely suggestive of that other faith which had been driven to refuge elsewhere, the morning and evening services were read. Thus a certificate was procured to legalise the collection of tithe! [1]

It was when Lord Grey ventured some mild reduction of these burdens under which the Irish Catholic had long suffered, that the Tractarians issued perhaps the silliest of all their abusive pamphlets. Far away in Naples, when he had heard the terms of the "Irish Church Reform Bill," Newman wrote to his mother that the Prime Minister was a blind Samson, confiscating and robbing, who would eventually pull down the political structure about his own head.[2] One is hard pressed to keep one's gravity through *Tract II*, with its tirade about Claudius and Nero, or its

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, II, p. 177.

[2] *Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, I, p. 310. Cf. ibid., I, p. 395, where he says it is of course impossible to know Whately any longer after his action on Irish Church Reform.

suggestion of a Roman imperial decree directing St. Paul to annex the church of Miletus to Timothy's charge at Ephesus! Quite obviously, as more common sense was applied to the matter, Lord Grey's amalgamating enterprise would advance rather than recede. Whately was quick to point this out at the time. Hurrell Froude's comment, that the Church was at length united to the State "as Israel to Egypt," was as ludicrous in reference to the Anglican priesthood in Ireland as it was appropriate to that other priesthood which the Anglicans were in Ireland to overthrow.

And yet it was no idle alarm that expressed itself so grotesquely. In an earlier chapter, evidence was adduced to show how it was indeed to the level of an ecclesiastical civil service that the State Church was being reduced—how spiritual offices were being distributed as political rewards, prelates were reprimanded for the votes they cast in the Upper Chamber, mocking anti-clerical speeches were delivered through the country by Ministers of the Crown, the populace was incited to riot outside episcopal palaces, and financial reprisal was openly threatened upon the leaders of the Church for their resistance to Government bills. It was like the contemporary plight of the French priesthood, under the Voltairean régime of Louis Philippe.

Into acquiescence in such a situation the Anglo-Catholic party refused to sink. They would not purchase personal ease by a policy of compliance. Within less than a decade, an occurrence north of the Tweed was to show how clear was their insight into the political temper of the age, and how sound was their prescience of what was coming. The disruption of the Scottish Kirk in 1843, when over four hundred ministers abandoned their "National" salaries and took the chance of voluntary support for a livelihood, was the sequel to just the same spirit of interference against which Newman and his group had issued their *Tracts*. In the two countries, curiously enough by men of two State Churches that had neither sympathy nor respect for each

other, though their grievance was substantially the same, the thing to be fought was commonly called "Erastianism." Strictly, it was a misnomer. But though Thomas Erastus tried to stop clerical rule over the State, not to set up State rule over the clergy, he so limited the Church as to suggest a subordination which others were quick to infer. It was the doctrine of Hugo Grotius that those fretful young dons at Oriel mistakenly called "Erastianism," and in hundreds of Scottish manses just the same mistake ten years later brought bad history to the exposition of a sound cause.

But though they were wrong about the person who first formulated it, they were not wrong about what the Anglican doctrine of the Church and State had originally been. That indefatigable young Dutch lawyer had both keenly observed and accurately stated what Anglicanism politically meant. As they recalled the famous five principles which they thought had been defined by Erastus, but which had in truth been defined by Grotius, the Oriel men felt with rising anger how truly each of them was being followed in their own day. In an Established Church the civil magistrate may (i) determine the personnel of synods; (ii) preside at assemblies to confirm or reject or annul the decisions; (iii) legislate about Church organisation; (iv) enjoin silence, at his will, in controversies; (v) take into his own hand the appointment and removal of ministers.[1] Point for point, these principles were being fulfilled in 1833 before the eyes of Keble and Newman. Grotius on his visit to England had discerned too well what was involved in the Elizabethan settlement.

As they brooded upon this emergency, growing worse every month, there arose in the minds of those Oxford leaders that conception of "the independence of the Church" by which Anglo-Catholics have ever since been distinguished. They mean by it that in the creed she is to hold, in the forms of her worship, in the spiritual guidance

[1] H. Grotius, *De Imperio Summarum Potestatum circa Sacra.*

she is to give to her members, the Church shall never be subject to any earthly authority. Her privilege and her obligation are to interpret to the world what she believes to be the mind and will of her Lord. If on such terms the State chooses to "establish and endow," well and good. If other conditions, inconsistent with these, are demanded as the price of endowment and establishment, but one reply is possible: *Thy money perish with thee.* Such was the spirit inspired by Keble and Newman a hundred years ago. Such, in like tones of defiance, is the ultimatum of the bishops to-day.

How this doctrine of independence is relevant to the present debates on the Prayer Book, it will be the task of the next chapter to review. But it has a relevance to the national life altogether apart from this passing tumult about the liturgy. Government interference with the Church has been for generations so rare that its very possibility was almost forgotten. But there is an independence which the Anglo-Catholics have preserved in the face of forces stronger than Governments. Herein is a chief ground of gratitude to them which in the next section I shall endeavour to set forth.

. . . . . .

John Locke said of the Erastians in his time that "they hardly ever let loose their zeal for God, with which they are so warmed and inflamed, unless when they have the civil magistrate on their side." [1] But in our time, when Churches have less either to hope or to fear from the civil magistrate, it is other influences whose encouragement they commonly await. The Anglo-Catholic idea of spiritual freedom may best be illustrated by contrast with another idea that has been made painfully familiar.

Not more independent than in the old Erastian days, many a Protestant Church seems now to have accepted just a new sort of external control. They describe it variously, but the favourite phrase is "spirit of the age." This they

[1] Locke, *Letters on Toleration*, i.

appear to study not so much that they may improve it, as that they may comply with it—and comply before it is too late. As one looks at the development of what are called "progressive" churches, one sees little enough of the Tractarian temper. Is it a better temper that shows itself? Can one fail to notice how these organisations are but reflecting an environment they ought to mould—how they are afraid to move in anything until they have promise of support, or at least of sanction, from "important" people, and how much they will compromise to secure it? The novelists, who miss so little in the character of their age, have been quick to record this. Mr. H. G. Wells has called it "Muffled Christianity." [1] Nervously, apologetically, tentatively, the Christian message is not so much proclaimed as insinuated. If its principles are unacceptable, they can be reduced—like those of the lower sort of politician. "The world" which men of a sterner piety, influenced perhaps by St. John, regarded as something to be "overcome," this generation—under very different influence—regards as something to be conciliated. Why not meet it half way—or even three-quarters? The advertising literature of "progressive" Protestantism will exemplify this. Mr. Mencken, for his own entertainment and that of his readers, has been showing us the new method in successive issues of *The American Mercury*.

It was by a method the very reverse of this that Anglo-Catholicism was distinguished at the first. To the Tractarians, Christianity was a distinct and definite thing, not just an apt statement of "the way of the world at its best," nor yet what Matthew Arnold called "morality touched with emotion." The first *Tract* was a rebuke to the spirit of compromise, bidding the reader choose his side, and fear to be with those whose line was determined for them by circumstance. It ended with the warning, printed in capitals, HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME, AND HE THAT GATHERETH NOT WITH ME SCATTERETH ABROAD.

[1] Wells, *Marriage*, p. 8.

Ever since 1833 a certain *intransigeance* has been a mark of the school. Again and again Anglo-Catholics have been told, by those who think themselves very sagacious, that their obstinacy will be their undoing. Somehow it has not undone them; it is quite another sort of Church which finds itself losing ground, despite its abundant "tact." Often, indeed, have the Anglo-Catholics been stubborn in some very questionable cause—fighting for State-supported denominationalism in schools, resisting any amendment to the law of divorce, finding a tremendous principle at stake in the debate on marriage with a deceased wife's sister! Perhaps they were wrong on all these points. But it is a great thing to have courage in these days for a fight on any point of Christian principle. The Anglo-Catholics were at least sure that what the Church should say on such matters was not to be determined simply by what parliament said, by what rich people said, or by what "the spirit of the age" said. They felt that if their Church meant anything at all, it might easily again—as so often before—have to resist parliament, the rich people, and the spirit of the age. This is that later form of belief in spiritual independence which we must trace back to the Oxford Movement. It is melancholy to observe that Anglo-Catholics can claim it as a distinction. But some examples may serve to show how far it is from being generally shared, and how singular it seems to many an observer that it should still survive anywhere at all.

It has passed into a commonplace that, next to Roman Catholics, the Anglo-Catholics have the most profound sense of intrinsic value in "the Church." To them, corporate worship—and what they call the communion of saints—is simply indispensable, the very atmosphere which the soul breathes and without which it must die, not just an instrument for some purpose of social or material well-being. To have its "value" defined is to them almost as foolish as to have an exposition of the value that resides in the

necessities of life. Quite plainly a statement like this means nothing whatever to many of their critics, who reproach Anglo-Catholics for turning the Church into an idol. It is a fitting retort that the objectors have turned it rather into a social dodge.

And what a "dodge" it has become! In these days one can see on every side persons who support the Church in which they were brought up because—in some vague sense—they regard it as needful for public safety, an encouragement to respectable living, a thing not to be weakened without peril for the adult multitude and for the children even of the *élite*. They know, indeed, that it used to be thought far more than this. Dim memories remain of what they heard in childhood, from parents in whom a definite faith was still active. They dismiss such a memory in haste, with a general impression that all this old dogmatic basis has been exploded, and with a resolve not to look into the details of the wreck lest they should lose even the shadowy outline that still stays with them. Dogmatic preachers and dogmatic unbelievers they brush aside with equal impatience, much preferring to hear nothing about "dogma," whether for or against. They like to feel that the eager combativeness of a creed has given place to the unobtrusive wholesomeness of an institution.[1] In so far as the Church would pass beyond this office of casting a halo around "the traditions of the national life," at the point where it ceases to buttress the *status quo* of contemporary civilisation, they become loud in their denial that the Church has any independent right to be heard. At such a time their usual term of abuse is "the priest in politics," by which they often mean just a priest who has the courage of convictions they only affect to share. It

[1] Mr. Wells has put this attitude admirably, through the character of Mr. Siddons: "Very often one accepts a View only to express one's belief in an Institution. . . . Institutions are more important than Views. . . . Men can do with almost all sorts of Views, but only with certain Institutions. All this Doubt doesn't touch a truth like that. One does not refuse to live in a house because of the old symbols one finds on the door. . . . If they are *old* symbols." (*The Passionate Friends*, p. 31.)

is once again the plight of those described by Carlyle—"destitute of faith, yet terrified of scepticism."

In seasons of intense conflict over the social order the genuine attitude of such persons is revealed. Despite the more or less cunning disguises under which—in proportion to their linguistic ingenuity—they endeavour to protect themselves, it is plain that their disbelief in the authority of the so-called Christian "revelation" is complete. For an authority cannot be revered at all by those who at once forsake it when its behests have become disagreeable. Nor can those who profess to be its custodians be much in earnest with their trust when they are ready to sacrifice all that is distinctive in its rule of life, vindicating this only when it coincides with the accepted usages of the time. Anglo-Catholics are at least free from this fault. They have commonly been on the unpopular side. Sir Henry Slesser has an interesting reminiscence in his recent book *Religio Laici* by which the point is illustrated. At one of his election meetings, a secularist opponent—arguing against religious education in schools—repeated over and over again: "Religion is an extra." It is not the avowed secularists alone who think so.

Nowhere else, it would seem, does the argument for Anglo-Catholicism meet with such fierce resistance as in those religious groups for which popularity is now among the major criteria of truth. A hundred voices are telling us that unless the Christian religion adopts this or that shape, it will "lose its hold." This is not merely a message from the secular press or the secular platform. The phrase is resounding in ecclesiastical courts. It is not unknown in diocesan charges by bishops and in moderatorial pronouncements at General Assemblies. The Church magazines are full of it, in one or other of its varied applications. Probably most of those who use it have in mind—or had in mind when they first used it—something quite admirable. They mean that study must be expended on the special needs and circumstances and even eccentricities of each

period. If, as Lord Morley said of Mill, one can by a fresh statement of one's case conciliate more support and alienate less sympathy than before, so much the better.[1] He must be a doctrinaire indeed who should blame the exercise of this degree of contrivance in fulfilling even the most disinterested mission. But casuistry did not cease to be dangerous when it became Protestant.

We are told, for example, that certain currents of popular feeling cannot be safely antagonised, and that certain waves of enthusiasm should be turned with skill to religious advantage. Patriotism, in the narrower sense, is extolled as essential. During the Great War, when the submarine campaign against non-combatants and the French reprisals in kind from the air were discussed by various sorts of religious leaders, one would not have guessed that they all alike belonged to a spiritual society transcending national frontiers. As the Modernist exegesis proceeded, was it surprising that the profane world looked on in amusement, or that Mr. Bernard Shaw said what was opportune in his Epilogue to *Androcles and the Lion*? But it is as needless as it would be unfair to seize upon passionate debates of the war period, when examples quite as clear can be drawn from times of calm.

The admonitions of expediency have indeed passed all possibilities of caricature. What help can the Church *as such* give, or should it try to give, in an industrial dispute? One answer is that the Church *as such* should never interfere at all—which must mean that the Christian way of thinking has no special relevance to what men ought to do in industrial affairs! But more commonly to ask the question is to elicit a fatuous reply which has now become stereotyped for use at such a time—that care must be taken lest, on the one hand, men of wealth come to identify the Christian religion with the assault upon property, and on the other lest the masses find it committed to the sheltering of privilege! If the "Copec" group, at length

[1] Essay on Mill in *Miscellaneous*.

ashamed of such insipid equivocation, propose to probe more deeply and find out if possible something definite, they encounter an immediate hurricane of abuse. In like manner, one learns from "good Church administrators" that advanced thought must not be annoyed by a too rigid conservatism, while the old-fashioned must at the same time be reassured of unchanging fidelity to the faith of the past. When these are in perilous conflict, the risk is commonly met by some evasive formula which will win general agreement because it means nothing definite enough to be denied. At such a time gratitude is expressed that "statesmanship" has not yet failed—or, in other words, that it is still possible to find a new form of equivocation in which shelter may be had for a space. In his own flippant and diverting style, Father Knox says our present problem is "How much will Jones swallow?" [1] and describes the great quest to be after more palatable rather than more adequate ways of presenting Christian doctrine.[2] It would indeed have a sounder ring if we were bidden to follow truth, trusting that in the guardianship of the God of truth all groups—men of wealth or of no wealth, advanced or old-fashioned—may alike dispense with our shrewd precautions and our trembling solicitudes.

The commercial spirit, say the religious papers—especially those with large advertising space—must be conciliated by evidence of a readiness to progress with progressing times. Publicity has so established itself in business that business men demand a gospel which will advertise. Highly paid choirs, organ recitals, services "bright and brief," must be used to attract those for whom the bare Galilean message has grown stale, but whom variety entertainments may still prove potent to allure. He who can suggest how these agencies and these safeguards may be most cunningly combined is said to have "vision" and "the talent for leadership." In the present welter of world affairs the situation threatens to grow worse. The various prophets, of all

[1] R. A. Knox, *Some Loose Stones*, chap. i. [2] ibid., p. 9.

Christian creeds and of none—community reformers, agnostic Socialists, writers of the problem novel and the problem drama—are taking advantage of the excited state of the public mind. They are alike pouring their counsel into the ears of a sorely hectored Church, recommending what should be done and warning against what should not be done in that coming time whose needs they one and all so confidently and yet so differently foresee.

It is not surprising that the Anglo-Catholic doctrine of priesthood should stir angry passions in those who think thus. Again comes back to one's mind what Dean Inge said: "Protestantism is the democracy of religion." It seems to be acting exactly as if it were. For the most conspicuous examples of this, one naturally turns to that continent where its democratic character was certain to be most eagerly acclaimed and most energetically developed. In the United States it has had its greatest opportunity, and it is there that Protestantism is now seen at its worst. Countless witnesses, angry or sorrowful or merely amused, are describing to us how gross the American phase has become. In a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a New Jersey clergyman dwelt upon the ignominious rôle of the preacher who is a mere employee of a lay group, whose "success" means first and foremost the size of audience he can attract and the amount of money he can raise, whose tenure of his place is governed by just the same considerations as determine the length of employment of a theatrical manager or the chief of a departmental store.[1] Under such circumstances the "apostolical succession" is naturally but little esteemed, and what Newman called "the prophetical office" is exercised at the imminent peril of him who ventures upon it. The newspaper report of a sermon in the old apostolic or prophetic strain about the scandals of reckless divorce will commonly be found to relate to some church—Roman Catholic or Anglo-Catholic—that has not yet freed itself

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1927, article by the Rev. Herbert Parrish.

from those "superstitions" which Tractarianism is reproached for reviving. For the rest, "Most churches will do anything for anybody—receive anybody, marry anybody, bury anybody. They hawk their sacred wares about the streets." [1]

It is significant of the change that this Protestant sycophancy to the fashions of the age should now occupy so central a place in works of fiction. A book like *Elmer Gantry* would have been impossible even a generation ago. It is no longer the extravagances of doctrine, or the grosser forms of "religiosity," that the mocking novelist tries to present. Attention has shifted to the vulgarisation of things sacred, by methods borrowed from modern commercialism. Mr. Herbert Parrish has an appalling summary:

> There is a general tendency to resort to popular lectures, moving pictures, Rotarian methods, church suppers, wild advertising, a studied display of the "glad hand," follow-up letters, a paid official to detect the arrival of any new-comer to town and sign him up, programmes of sensational sermon courses, cartoonists, whistlers, comedians, enormous signs on the church porch, dwarfs, Indians, Negro Jubilee singers, freaks of all sorts, free ginger ale, services conducted exclusively by children, and a thousand other Chatauqua devices in the hope of drawing a crowd.[2]

The same sort of thing has been noted in numerous satiric books, like Mr. Herbert Asbury's *Up from Methodism*. Recently it has been shown on the stage, in the first act of Mr. Golden's *Thank You*.

Though it has of late reached higher development, this idea of Christianising the world by guile was not unrecognised by the satirists of the past. Charles Reade has described the missionary who baptised Moslems *en bloc* before they had time to object, or even to know what he was doing, and who—when the converts continued to turn to Mecca —"chuckled at their simplicity in fancying themselves still pagans." [3] Renan too, in an immortal page of the *Souvenirs*, has explained how Prince Talleyrand on his deathbed

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1927, p. 305. [2] ibid., p. 301.
[3] *The Cloister and the Hearth*, i.

needed the services of a special sort of priest—one "upon such terms with the aristocracy as alone give the Gospel access to circles for which it is not suited."[1] It was abbé Dupanloup who was chosen as most capable of negotiating this belated repentance, because it was worldly tact that was the chief requirement for a task "in which both heaven and earth were to be fooled."

Of course there is another side to the story. A so-called "progressive church" is making an effort—when it is at its best—to bring the Christian conception of life into closer contact with the everyday concerns of mankind, especially of youth, in our changing and restless world. The aloofness of an earlier ecclesiasticism, its studied detachment from the living interests and business and recreations of the time, could be burlesqued with at least equal effectiveness. But the Anglo-Catholic ideal is of value as a counterpoise. It has far more strength than the Low Church Anglicanism, because it is so much more coherently thought out, and far more than the Broad Church, because it has—on the whole—so much deeper earnestness. It shares with the Presbyterian order, so often denounced by the devotees of a "livelier" Protestantism as "cold," the task of showing that Rome is not the only refuge from the debasement of worship.

Catholicism, both Roman and Anglican, has indeed in these days stood in protest against a shockingly *cynical* view of mankind. "Human nature's response to the challenge of the difficult" is not widely trusted at present. Motives high but weak are held to require constant reinforcement from other motives low but strong. No rule, perhaps, is at present dearer to the heart of the practical reformer than the one so delightfully enunciated by Hazlitt—that he should ever "stoop to avail himself of the supplementary aids of an imperfect virtue."[2] A few examples will show how this is being done.

Look at the spirit of some recent appeals for better public

[1] *Souvenirs*, pp. 144–5.

[2] Hazlitt, *The Spirit of the Age*, p. 22.

hygiene. Expert calculators have shown, on a tabulated sheet, how much money is lost each year through tuberculosis, how many productive workers are laid aside, how great would be the saving in the end by thrifty and effective prevention rather than by expensive and precarious cure. This is called "the economic argument," and the kings of commercialism are said to be much affected by real proof of the cash value of a human being. This, they tell us, is getting away from sentimentality, and putting the affair on a sound financial basis. As George Meredith said, people take oath by their lower nature in order to be believed, for this is an instinct men have of one another.[1] That ears deaf to the cry of suffering will become alert at a hint of profits, that saving a life has to be recommended as the means to saving a dollar—all this is typical of a certain character in our age.

Intemperance, too, was checked during the Great War to an extent previously unknown and subsequently—it would appear—incapable of repetition. It was held that only a temperate people could "beat the Germans." Since the Germans have been beaten, the corresponding relapse —the "reversion to type"—has been significant. Such is the vaunted escape from "other-worldliness"! Morality must be smuggled into legislation under the disguise of purposes more attractive than the moral. One recalls a recent advertising placard of a "religious" revival movement in the United States:

> Wherever a new church is built, there is an immediate rise in the value of real estate.

Mr. Roger Babson is in high favour just now with such practically-minded ecclesiastics. He has given them new heart, new courage—above all, a new "slogan"—for their enterprise. For he has warned the propertied classes that a pious public is the best security against spoliation of goods. The newspapers tell us that large sums are being

[1] G. Meredith, *Evan Harrington*, p. 72.

contributed, on this ground, by men of business to a Church in which otherwise they have no interest. They think it well spent, because it is both safer and cheaper than strengthening the police.

In the light of such an alternative, one feels that the old reproach of "opportunism" against the Anglo-Catholics might more fitly be applied elsewhere. The late A. M. Fairbairn, for example, used to complain of the subtle manœuvring that was so freely acknowledged in Hurrell Froude's *Remains*—the habit of writing with calculated vehemence, the reserves and the economies, the cautious revealing of the Movement's purpose just so far as the public seemed able to bear it.[1] Such stealthy alternation in advance and retreat, such consulting of the ecclesiastical omens, such suiting of policy to the exigencies of the time, have indeed marked not only the beginning but many a later development of the Tractarian school. Its leaders, like other leaders, have often been unworthy of the cause they represented, but—unlike some other leaders—they had espoused a principle in which their personal faults were condemned instead of being justified. Herein lies hope. As Mr. Chesterton would put it, they had lost their way, but they had not lost their address. Our present concern is with the purpose of a Movement, not with the character of the men by whom from time to time the Movement has been promoted. The Anglo-Catholics have been intolerant too, "victims of sectarian spites . . . prejudiced and violent."[2] Did the contrary qualities flourish in the hearts of those Scottish Covenanters whose heroism appealed so strongly and so justly to the imagination of Dr. Fairbairn? They did not and cannot flourish in the heart of any man who believes himself the custodian of a unique revelation, whether conveyed by an infallible Church or by an infallible Book. Let us be just in apportioning such blame. Those of us who cannot accept belief in either of these infallibilities,

[1] A. M. Fairbairn, *Catholicism Roman and Anglican*, Introduction, p. xvi.
[2] ibid., p. xv.

while we cherish and value the spiritual devotion that has historically expressed itself in both of them, may well resist a comparison which blesses the one while it anathematises the other.

IV

If these are gains through the Anglo-Catholic Movement, what have been the losses? One should specify them with equal emphasis, as one sees them, asking for criticism and —where error has been made—for refutation. In this debate, though it is easy to be uncharitable, it is not possible to be over-candid. And, as Bacon said, truth is more likely to emerge from error than from confusion.

(*a*) In the first place, this Movement on the whole has been a *disintegrating force*. As it mitigated one group of discords, it has intensified another, and it has produced yet a third sort of conflict which did not previously exist. For example, it has driven a wedge that apparently nothing can remove between the State Church and the Free Protestant Churches of England. With Anglo-Catholicism in mind, few were able to rely much on the fair promise of the Lambeth Conference in 1921, and what has happened since then has shown how shrewd was the distrust. For a long time to come, there can be no thought of a reunion of English Protestantism, and it is the Anglo-Catholics that chiefly bar the way. This may in itself be no harm, for an organic reunion would be in many respects undesirable. But there can be no doubt of the harm done in rousing such angry passions as make reunion now seem not only undesirable but ridiculous. Within the Church of England, too, the Movement has set parties at such variance as is unparalleled within any other Church in the world—the sort of variance that provokes *The Church Times* to speak as it does of the Bishop of Birmingham, and the Bishop of Birmingham to speak as he does about thousands of his

fellow clergy. This is a point which it is needful to mention, but undesirable to illustrate. During the last two years, since the Prayer Book scheme brought matters to a head, we have become accustomed to much which at first caused a shock of surprise. But though we have ceased to feel surprised at any violence of ecclesiastical language, no one has a right to cease feeling ashamed when he remembers just where is the present battle-ground of warring Church factions. It is round the interpretation of the great Memorial of Self-Sacrifice that Anglican priests keep up these interchanges of mutual hostility and mutual contempt.

(*b*) Plainly one reason why things have developed in this way is that for the rank and file of Anglo-Catholics the Movement has drifted so largely into one of sheer *ritualism*. Those problems of the intellect, so crucial for Newman, for Pusey, for Gore, are now mentioned only by the "intellectuals," whom the rank and file tolerate, but do not much respect and do not cordially trust. The average Anglo-Catholic priest of our time will find it hard to recognise his own school in the account of the Movement which earlier chapters of this book contain. It is indeed an account of much in the past that went to produce him, an account of much that happened in minds stronger than his, which determined for him his traditional attitude. But for himself he neither knows nor cares about this, and when confronted with the record of it he is quickly bored. He is by no means aware of any need for "a deeper psychology of belief," or puzzling over what the Reformers did unwittingly as compared with what they did deliberately, or defining the degree and kind of independence that the Church should assert against the State. He is not reading *Essays Catholic and Critical*, any more than his Evangelical brother read *Foundations* when it came out. He is not at all worried by Schweitzer or by Cumont or by Reitzenstein. But he expends a great deal of thought on the dreadful practice of evening Communion, or the scandal of consecrating at the side of the altar, while he writes to

his Anglo-Catholic paper for directions about the best form of pyx, about the significance of the folded chasuble, and about the date at which wearing the stole cross-wise first became part of the Church's tradition. This is the sort of thing that has made so many Free Churchmen in England regard Anglo-Catholicism not as a variety of the Christian religion, but as a different religion—the sort of religion, so-called, which as embodied in Pharisaism it was a main purpose of Jesus Christ to discountenance. In judging so, these austere critics are indeed far less than just to the school they condemn. Likening the Anglo-Catholics as a whole to Pharisees is as unfair as comparison can be, for underlying their queer ritualism there is a devotion to duty which one cannot too much admire. The slums of great cities, where Roman Catholic, Anglo-Catholic and Salvation Army share practically the whole burden—neither expecting nor desiring any earthly reward—supply a constant spectacle that should make "Free Churchmen" less free with their abuse. But one can understand how the derisive epithet comes fast to the superficial mind and the glib tongue. Anglo-Catholics have themselves to blame for giving a pretext.

The party into whose control the school has now lapsed may best be called the *Fundamentalists* of Anglo-Catholicism. To judge the system by them is like judging Protestantism by its Fundamentalists. We know those who ransack the Bible for "proof-texts," drawing no distinction between the *Book of Judges* and the Sermon on the Mount, quoting Solomon's love song as if its religious value were the same as that of the Fourth Gospel, and fiercely condemning as "hypocrites" those who would "pick and choose" in the sacred volume. Exactly parallel with them are those who ransack not the Bible but Tradition, desperately intent on getting a rule for worship from some usage of the primitive Church, citing the Fathers for imperative ritual and anathematising all who think that forms of ritual may be improvised. To him who enjoys the tracing of such

analogies, an address at the English Church Union brings inevitable suggestion of Tennessee, and Lord Halifax recalls the late William J. Bryan—so different, yet so essentially the same. There were splendid qualities in Mr. Bryan, as there are in Lord Halifax, and each had his message for his time. But the qualities and the message have to be disengaged from their preposterous setting, and for this task few perhaps but their immediate circle have the patience. The rest lose temper, express themselves violently, and the consequence is such as we have seen.

(*c*) Again, in defiance of their own "intellectuals," a great section of the rank and file are now openly moving Romeward—which means a confession by themselves that Anglo-Catholicism has failed. A hundred years ago, the anti-Romanism of the party was emphatic.[1] To-day its chief lay leader tells us with pride that in his English parish church he hears Mass said in a form indistinguishable from that used by any village *curé* in France, and that the ecclesiastical authority is acquiescent.[2] Could there be a plainer avowal that the Tractarian compromise was indeed—as Newman at length said—a mere absurdity? Ask an Anglo-Catholic priest wherein his doctrine differs from that of Rome, and you will often get the diverting reply that the Pope does not recognise Anglican orders as valid. Apparently unless and until he does so, no Anglican clergyman can recognise the infallibility of the Pope!

An exhibition so grotesque as this in any Church has consequences disastrous for the whole religious life of the country. Watch those embassies, dispatched so often to Rome or to Malines, with nothing to say that is worth saying, but still undeterred—as Dean Inge has remarked—by a series of "almost brutal rebuffs." There are those still living who can recall Pusey's famous *eirenicon*, so well intended and yet so harshly received—the document of which Newman said that its author, unlike the Greek

[1] Cf., e.g., Newman, *Apologia*, p. 69.
[2] Lord Halifax, *Further Considerations on Behalf of Re-union*, p. 9.

warrior who wreathed his sword in myrtle, had discharged his olive branch from a catapult. But the harsher the reception, the humbler seems to be the next approach. Goldwin Smith could remember how the Anglo-Catholic representative of his day, distressed by the coldness of Rome, had betaken himself to St. Petersburg in the hope that the Greek Church might look with more favour upon Anglican Orders.[1] Three years ago they were importuning the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople!

But depressing as is the sight of those without either courage sufficient to keep their independence or humility sufficient to make their submission, it is not as ridiculous a sight as that of not a few who still argue the old Anglo-Catholic case. To all but themselves it is obvious that their chief difficulty arises from just that way of thinking in which they continue to seek relief. Thus the *Tablet* and the *British Weekly* alike watch Lord Halifax with amusement. When Fundamentalists of the order turn aside from ritual to theory, their struggles to avoid an obvious conclusion are such as must be witnessed in order to be understood. Newman, says Canon Lacey, wrote the *Essay on Development* to enable himself to join the Roman Church.[2] Is it not more reasonable, as well as more charitable, to suppose that he joined the Roman Church because he had come to hold the principles of the *Essay on Development*, and he had come to hold those principles because the absurdity of his first position had become apparent to him? They are more logical by far than either those of his *Prophetical Office* which he had published eight years earlier, or those laid down at the First Anglo-Catholic Congress held in London seventy-five years later.

Consider how incredible is that doctrine of Tradition which now belongs to Anglo-Catholic orthodoxy. Relatively to it, the Roman doctrine is intelligible and persuasive. For the Roman doctrine affirms the ever-present

[1] Goldwin Smith, *Reminiscences*, p. 57.
[2] T. A. Lacey, *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 43.

Divine Spirit in the Church, acting through channels which can be pointed out, so that at each period there is progress in which the past is not contradicted but developed. To what channels can the orthodox Anglo-Catholic point? He holds that Tradition is indeed the source of truth, but he excludes such Tradition as has culminated in Roman dogma. Like Newman, he will turn to the records of "primitive Christianity"; for he is sure that, at some date or other, capricious additions began to be made. But at what date? And on what principles shall the date be determined? *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—that works very well, said Leslie Stephen, so long as heretics and heathens can be excluded from *omnes*, *ubique* can be confined to Europe, and *semper* to the last few hundred years.[1] What was the duration of those primitive ages chosen for exceptional favour? Efforts to fix dates have been ludicrous, for it became plain that these were fixed to suit a predetermined Anglo-Catholic consequence. A "corruption" ought to be condemned by evidence that it arose after authority for change had ceased; as a matter of fact, the date at which such authority ceased was assigned so as to condemn certain assumed corruptions! "The first six Christian centuries" had a long vogue in Anglo-Catholic teaching. Just now the usual phrase is "the period of the undivided Church." At the Congress of 1920, we were assured that the correct date had at length been found, and that it was A.D. 1054! After that, as Milton said about the withdrawal of light from Delphi and Dodona, "oracles are ceased." As punishment to the Church for splitting into parts, the guidance of the Spirit was no longer assured to any part, and the only safe reliance is upon that which was communicated before the sin of schismatics had caused the light of heaven to be withdrawn from all. But the little Anglican communion—or at least the Anglo-Catholic section of it—while the rest of mankind wanders in darkness, has the true original light now in its special custody!

[1] Leslie Stephen, *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, I, p. 83.

Such seems to be the orthodox Anglo-Catholic doctrine. "Shivering in their insular isolation" was Cardinal Vaughan's way of describing this group. One cannot wonder at the frantic embassies to Malines or to Rome.

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Ten years ago, the attitude of mind of an Anglo-Catholic hovering on the brink of change was revealed in Father Ronald Knox's book, *A Spiritual Aeneid.* It is autobiographic, and the writer had unusual powers of self-analysis. He is perhaps worth quoting as an example of the sort of mind which Anglo-Catholicism has produced in that variety which I have called the *Fundamentalists* of the school.

Father Knox was one of a group of young Oxford chaplains upon whom, in 1915, lay the weary weight of religious thinking at a very tense time. The phrases and formulæ of current Anglicanism seemed to have outlived the spirit from which they first arose. We need not assume that these young chaplains had suddenly discovered any peculiar fault in the ways of the Church of England. It was a time when all Churches and all creeds were being scrutinised in a light of new fierceness, and when men distraught with the world-horror were hearing the old "explanations" with a new impatience. These Oxford dons, some of whom had collaborated a few years earlier on the book called *Foundations*, were representative to Father Knox of a Church that had come to propound problems—rather than to solve them. For this he had no use, as he could propound problems to himself in far more than sufficient degree. He felt that if he wanted a Church at all, it was to relieve rather than to intensify his puzzle. But did he want one at all? A possible alternative was "to give up asserting supernatural religion altogether." [1] Or, again, he might take refuge in an "Authority" which would bid his doubts and his questionings be still. Truly the supernaturalism he chose in this dilemma was of the sort which would

[1] Cf. *A Spiritual Aeneid*, pp. 241, 242.

have driven most Anglicans, however reluctantly, to the alternative.

It is for the sake of the final scene that I have cited this picture. Should choice be made for Rome, or not? Mr. Knox is shown in conference with young Anglicans, perplexed like himself, but with a shorter period than he might reasonably expect to make a definite decision. As a clergyman, he was exempt from war duty, while they were under orders for the battle-front. Desperate as the dilemma was even at the best, it was thus intensified for those whose time-limit in making a choice had been so suddenly abbreviated. We are not told just what consequences might be expected to follow if they chose amiss; but it is plain that their spiritual guide was, in some sense or other, very apprehensive on their behalf. Speaking of one of them, Father Knox asks: "What would my feelings be then, if he had been killed in the meantime, still an Anglican through my inspiration and advice?" [1] In the circumstances of a young recruit, who had to make his farewells and join his regiment within a week, it was not practicable to undertake further theological investigations which even in time of leisure had proved so baffling.

After what similitude did the writer of those paragraphs in *A Spiritual Aeneid* conceive the Ruler of the world? *And ye, when ye pray, say "Our Father."* Could anything be more remote from such a thought than this picture of a deity torturing mankind with complicated enigmas, and attaching such fearful consequence to a mistake? Not "Our Father" is the fitting address, but rather

> O Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the road I was to wander in.

If this be the upshot of Anglo-Catholicism, a critic may well decline the indignity of refuting it. Gibbon once spoke of advocates over whom victory itself would be humiliation.

(*d*) Again, whatever may be thought of their purpose,

[1] *A Spiritual Aeneid*, pp. 194, 195.

the method by which certain Anglo-Catholic clergy of the more violent sort have pursued it for the last thirty years is such as must lower public respect for the Anglican priesthood in general. The damage has been done not so much by the exhibition of "lawlessness," which in a good cause an Englishman can often condone, as by the exhibition of sheer bad faith, to which it is an Englishman's boast that he is inexorable. It is indeed a fierce devotion to what they believe a higher call that has made them act so, and history has many a parallel from the enthusiasts of all Churches. But it is not on that account the less deplorable, if only because it makes "enthusiasm" seem so near to a vice. When Sir William Harcourt said he was unconcerned about "No Popery" but much concerned for "No Treachery," he meant something real. Recall the ordination vow: *In public prayer and administration of the Sacraments, I will use the form in the said book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.* The extent to which this undertaking is outraged, once a week, in hundreds of churches throughout the land, is the subject of profane jest. Few honest laymen can keep their patience with those who affect to think it leaves room for just those ritual practices which it was notoriously framed to forbid, nor is the situation improved by appeal to certain loopholes of ecclesiastical law which embarrass the exercise of episcopal discipline.

It is true that there is another school of clergy against which a corresponding reproach can be brought. Bishop Gore says he would continue to treat the Thirty-Nine Articles as "an interesting historical document," [1] and we remember how Newman described the same Articles as "forty stripes save one." But we immediately recall another group in the Church for whom other pledges, taken with a like solemnity, are not felt even as an affliction, and having long lost their sting have now apparently lost even their interest. There are Modernists whose weekly

[1] C. Gore, *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, p. 354.

avowal of a creed in the essence of which they have no vital belief should stop them from all railing accusation against men whose duplicity is at least no worse than their own. Denouncing "Pharisaism" in the ritualists of a Reformed Church comes ill from those ordained Sadducees who recite without a scruple the services for Easter Day and for the Burial of the Dead. The distress of H. B. Wilson in *Essays and Reviews* because he could devise no formula which would give latitude to one sort of dissidents while holding another sort bound, is among the ludicrous episodes of this long debate.[1] It was gravely proposed, too, by one Modernist at a recent Church assembly that stipend should be withheld from such clergymen as could not present their bishop's certificate of fidelity to the Prayer Book. He meant, of course, fidelity to its ritual forms. One cannot suppose that he intended either the general impoverishment of his own party, or such "Modernist" interpreting of the certificate as would allow the bishop to manipulate it with the same freedom as the Creed itself. This development has a sinister as well as a ludicrous side. It has brought us near to fulfilment of Frederic Harrison's guess that for "*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*" there might yet be substituted "*Intra ecclesiam nulla veritas.*"[2] The spectacle of rivalry in dexterous equivocation has been debasing. "We hold," declared three thousand Anglican clergymen in a manifesto issued in 1924, "that by consecration the bread and wine are changed and become the true Body and Blood of Christ." Every man of these three thousand had already, as condition of his ordination, declared that he held the very reverse. To the shame of our Church life be it remembered that the Anglo-Catholic press will publish editorials arguing that herein is no inconsistency.

And yet it is easy to be misled into wholesale denunciation of everyone, except those narrow literalists who are embarrassed by no difficulty because they see none. The

[1] Cf. *Essays and Reviews*, p. 169.
[2] F. Harrison, article on "Neo-Christianity" (1860).

problem of either abandoning or amending creeds and forms is extremely complex, and one does not solve it by a hurried short-cut that would avoid contradiction only by avoiding progress as well. Enough perhaps has been said in the foregoing pages to show how in each of the conflicting schools within the English Church resides some principle which cannot be sacrificed without great loss, and which is certain to suffer by the suppression of the school that has hitherto chiefly represented it. The problem is that of keeping the Church in England truly *national*. To drive one section over to Nonconformity and another to Rome would be simple enough. The English people does not seem, as yet, ready for this. Anglo-Catholic, Evangelical, Broad Church, are varieties not one of which can without great injury be extinguished. They contradict one another, as do Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists, within the bounds of a common Christianity. Cannot the Church of England copy the comprehensiveness we thus admit in the Christian faith it exists to represent?

Here is the problem of the hour, in which it has fallen to Anglicanism to tackle something bigger and deeper than any other Church has yet faced. Will it continue to comprehend various schools as they have never been comprehended elsewhere? It has its groups, with characteristic faults, which in the preceding chapters have not been minimised. But it is a poor vision in which only their faults are seen. Can their characteristic merits be preserved—merits for the sake of which many a fault is well ignored? In the past, time after time, some party—such as the Wesleyans—has been driven out, leaving a later age to mourn over "the incredible foolishness of the bishops." Later, in our day, all sorts of groups have been kept side by side, united under "standards" which in some part each group despises, differing in the part they choose for reprobation, and acquiescing in a common creed only because they can each torture it differently. Again the unfortunate bishops are reviled for failing in discipline.

Lately they attempted a new project—to keep the rival schools not by a policy of disguise but by a policy of candour, excluding only such as by no stretch of charity can be held to mean or intend what the others mean "in the spirit, though not in the letter." As they faced so arduous a project, those bishops deserved more sympathy than they got.

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In a remarkable chapter of one of Newman's novels [1] it is suggested that since the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion are now taken as no more than "Articles of Peace," there is no reason why a rank unbeliever—even a Unitarian—might not enter the English Church by subscription to so non-committal a document. This causes great alarm to the Anglo-Catholic representative in the story. But, after a pause for thought, his confidence is restored. True, he says: "but the *Liturgy* would still keep Unitarians out." Suppose, however, his critic proceeds, that the Liturgy should be regarded as no more than a Liturgy of Peace? There seems indeed no reason why formulæ similarly subscribed should not be interpreted with similar latitude. The passage is a remarkable token of the distance Newman had travelled since he wrote *Tract XC*. *Loss and Gain* should stand beside *Anglican Difficulties* to illustrate how no other man can find the vulnerable points of a system with the deadly precision of the man who constructed it.

What was proposed as an ironic jest has been fulfilled in sober earnest. The Alternative Prayer Book of 1927 was indeed a "Liturgy of Peace." But the men who drew it up did not leave it open to Newman's subtle sarcasm. Unlike the pacific Articles, it did not seek to contrive peace either by studied ambiguities of expression or by limiting the form of worship to that which is jejune enough for equal acceptance by contrary schools. In the heat of debate on it, the constructors of this Alternative Book did

[1] *Loss and Gain*, pp. 131–2.

it less than justice, for they defended it as if it meant but another of those compromises which it was its distinction to avoid. It was framed quite plainly on the principle that the one unity worth having is the unity which gives scope to legitimate difference. Gone was the quaint old fancy about the "least common denominator" in religion. The so-called "composite" Prayer Book was announced by the Primate as recognising that two very dissimilar types of thought in the Church of England are entitled to two corresponding types of ritual. Not their common elements only, but their distinctive elements, were to be expressed. Unfortunately, the clear emphasis of that opening statement was not preserved throughout.

The two types of thought have long expressed themselves in varieties of ritual which did not wait to be legalised. One could wish that, in the debate on proposed change, less emphasis had been placed on the merely administrative difficulty which thus arose. "Lawlessness," we were told, had been found beyond control by any effort to make the law effective. The Alternative Book was offered not as an ideal, but as "the only kind of book for which, at the present juncture, we can anticipate general acceptance." [1] Was it, then, just a reluctant concession to irregularities which could not be stopped—what Macaulay called flinging wide the gates to that force which else would enter through the breach? [2] Was it a desperate device to re-establish waning authority by reducing the statutory requirements? One knows how the radical journalist has mocked it for this, in terms of the thought to which he is elsewhere accustomed, and appraising its intent as he has learned to appraise bills that issue in uncouth shape from "caucus."

But the proposals were in truth far finer than this. Even the political journalist has seen happenings in our time, and in the field of his own interests, by which his cynicism

[1] Speech delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 7 Feb., 1927, to the Convocations at the Church House, Westminster.

[2] Macaulay, Speech on Parliamentary Reform, 16 Dec., 1831

should be abated. As has so often occurred in the world of insurgent Labour, this persisting rebellion in the Church has at last suggested that the law may be *inexecutable* just because it is *unreasonable*. For ecclesiastical as for social reformers, what began perhaps as a problem of tactics has passed into a problem of justice. It is with the fortunes of a brave effort thus to meet and solve it that the next chapter will be concerned.

CHAPTER XI

THE ATTEMPTED COMPROMISE OF 1927 AND 1928

The burden of proving doth rest upon them. In them it is frivolous to say we ought not to use bad ceremonies of the Church of Rome, and presume all such bad as it pleaseth themselves to dislike, unless we can persuade them to the contrary. Besides, they are herein opposite also to themselves. For what one thing is so common with them as to use the customs of the Church of Rome for an argument that such and such ceremonies cannot be good and profitable for us, inasmuch as that Church useth them? Which usual kind of disputing showeth that they do not disallow only those Romish ceremonies which are unprofitable, but count all unprofitable which are Romish.

RICHARD HOOKER.

CHAPTER XI

THE ATTEMPTED COMPROMISE OF 1927 AND 1928

It was a time when the spirit of conciliation, of comprehensiveness, of international hospitality, was in the air. One may judge it fanciful, but it is at least suggestive, to observe that so eager an effort to reconcile conflicting groups in the State Church followed hard upon last meeting of the Imperial Conference. Was this new enthusiasm fostered by that new atmosphere? At all events, there seemed to be a quickened readiness for what Mr. Lloyd George might have called "exploring the avenues" which lead to ecclesiastical peace. Religious disputes are notoriously among the most obstinate: and yet, one should not take for granted that the healing hand of charity must for ever fail in just that quarter where the praise of charity is most frequent.

The result of the search was the so-called "Alternative" Prayer Book, permitting certain changes in the order of Anglican worship to those for whom the liturgy as it stood was an inadequate manual of devotion. Parliament has been twice asked, but in vain, to legalise these changes. It was in the debate about them that the Anglo-Catholicism of this present hour revealed in the most remarkable way its elements both of strength and of weakness.

I

Attempts to make peace by compromise are always suspected. The Bishop of Gloucester has said that ninety per cent of the Anglican laity would prefer to see the Prayer Book left just as it has been for centuries. He did not of

course mean—as so many Protestant publicists have alleged —that the great mass of Anglican laymen were against conceding a single point to meet the scruples of either Anglo-Catholic or Modernist, but only that for themselves they were troubled by no liturgical defect in the service as it stood. One can well believe it. The *vis inertiæ* is both widespread and well known. But apart from this conservative prejudice, disliking all change in advance, it is clear that hardly anyone would have seen in the great bulk of the proposed changes anything worth a serious fight to obstruct. It is true, as the Bishop of Norwich says, that the revision is through and through an Anglo-Catholic one. For even the "non-contentious" proposals originate for the most part in that way of thinking which is Anglo-Catholic rather than Evangelical. But their content had become so nearly common ground that their origin was forgotten, and to the general regret these agreed improvements have been involved in the catastrophe of one very disputable change with which they were bound up.

For example, the Alternative Book shortened certain old forms of daily service, eliminating some repetitions whose monotony must long have been irksome even to those who did not brand them—in scriptural language—as "vain." It added certain prayers expressive of the devotional feeling of the present on matters of high concern which were necessarily unrealised by the framers of the original liturgy. Again, it permitted the celebration of Baptism and of Marriage without invoking the memory of Old Testament patriarchs, which in truth was always irrelevant for the first ordinance and far from instructive for the second. In the Alternative order, the bridegroom might undertake to "honour" rather than to "worship" his bride, and to "share" with her his worldly goods rather than to "endow" her with the whole; while from the woman was required only a pledge that she would "love and cherish," not that she would "obey," until death should part the pair. Such as felt dissatisfied with these relatively temperate vows

would still be at liberty to swear in the more effusive terms of the old formula. But few, surely, could object to such convenient clarifying of antiquated language, or to such obvious harmonising of the words of a pledge with what is intended by at least the great majority of those who take it. No one, I should suppose, except persons more reverential to the tradition they have received from the advisers of Elizabeth than any Anglo-Catholic can be to the tradition of the apostles.

The Alternative Book provided for occasional use of extemporaneous prayer—a concession which Evangelicals at all events will not desire to condemn. For the old terms of a deacon's acknowledgment of the authority of Holy Scripture it substituted a more cautious declaration, expressing far more truthfully just what is now believed by all candidate-deacons who are not quite ignorant of the progress of biblical criticism. The revisers excised from required ritual that strange document called *The Athanasian Creed*, which had long been tacitly dropped from the service of the vast majority of English parish churches. For generations back this has been consigned to a merciful desuetude, by a clear breach of ecclesiastical law; but hardly anyone has been arraigned, apparently lest the disclosures of the trial should bring the Church and her service-book into public contempt. Still, in this alternative ritual the liberty of adhering to it was preserved. Any priest who remained eager to announce officially the eternal damnation of him who doubts that Athanasian manifesto of jumbled metaphysics might recite it on the appointed dates as heretofore. But under the proposed compromise of 1927 the freedom to ignore it, which common sense had led most Anglican priests to assume without asking anyone's leave, would have been legalised. Finally, among the changes which ought surely to have been uncontroversial was leave to act on St. Paul's view that the living and the dead share the communion of saints, so that they may fitly bear one another's burdens in supplication at the Throne, rather

than upon the view of the Scripturalist Reformers that at death the soul's account is so peremptorily closed as to make further intercession on its behalf not only otiose but impious.

It is very hard to change any old formula of creed or worship. But if the changes had been only these, or such as these, the disturbance would not have been worth calling a storm. Sir Thomas Inskip has said that he and his friends would have made no trouble about the other novelties if "Reservation of the Sacrament" had been omitted. Sir Thomas cannot speak, however, for the whole Evangelical party. In spite of him and his parliamentary friends, there would beyond doubt have been much sullen murmuring against "the popish practice of prayers for the dead." But at all events this could cause no disquietude to such vigorous Modernists as the Archbishop of York, who would not only pray for the dead, but also desire that the saints departed should pray for him.[1] Moreover, it has long ago ceased to be worth calling an innovation. It was ventured, under official *imprimatur*, and without much concern about whether it was "popish" or not, in most of the forms of prayer issued during the Great War. The floods of feeling were then too strong to be held back by the flimsier of dogmatic embankments. That they should have been re-imprisoned afterwards, when feeling became sluggish enough for the successful re-imposition of dogma, no one seems to have cared to argue, until it suggested a debating point against changes disliked on quite other grounds. Not even the Bishop of Norwich wants to press a conflict with his brethren about this. Perhaps, too, some belated literalist, forgetting the century in which he lived, might have found ground of objection in the fact that the patriarch Noah may figure no more at a baptism or the patriarch Isaac at matrimony. That grievance has, indeed, been mentioned, with apparent seriousness, by a clerical writer in the *Fortnightly Review*.[2]

[1] Cf. *Foundations*, pp. 346–7.
[2] The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke, *Fortnightly Review*, April 1927.

But would it have been mentioned if it had stood alone, or even with many other variations of its class? It is through the reflex influence of a dispute about one change, which is quite serious, that quarrels have been picked on points of difference either imaginary or trifling.

II

The dispute about "Reservation" can be put quite simply. It would be needless to state it again, if the simple had not been so distorted in partisan debate that the lay reader can now scarcely tell what it is that one side asserts and the other side denies.

In the Sacrament of Holy Communion, the material symbols of Bread and Wine have been *consecrated* by prayer. No one at all acquainted with the history of religions can need to be told that different worshippers would understand differently what this meant, unless the strictest care was taken to explain it in one clear sense. At one extreme would be those who held that the whole celebration was "symbolic," that the Elements themselves remained just the Bread and Wine they had been at the first, and that the value of the service depended wholly on its awakening devout thoughts in the faithful worshipper. At the other extreme would be those who held that the Elements were miraculously changed, that they were invested with quasi-magical properties like the relics of a saint by which cures can be wrought, and that although "faith" is of course required as a condition, it is no mere inward process which is excited, but an external "blessing" which is conveyed. Of these two positions Zwingli represented the first, while the second is the familiar doctrine of the Church of Rome.

It is perhaps the glory, and it is certainly the paradox, of the Church of England that within her pale persons holding these contrasted views of the Eucharist have long communicated side by side. No one who has watched their

recent demonstrations at the Royal Albert Hall can doubt either the strength or the earnestness of the Evangelicals. On the other hand, two thousand two hundred Anglican priests have lately published their unalterable conviction about the Sacrament in terms which no honest man can pretend to think different in any essential respect from those of the Church of Rome. Each side, too, can quote impressive authority. The Twenty-Eighth and Thirty-First Articles are explicit for the purely symbolic view, and the Roman doctrine is there condemned by name. Yet the late Joseph Parker was able to produce much plausible evidence that the historic Prayer Book is "drenched with Popery." Such conflict of standards fostered the most vigorous individualism in belief, and out of this in turn came a conflict of ritual. While but one liturgical form might be used, it was plainly possible to convey different doctrines by accompanying act or gesture. Roman Mass vestments had a wealth of suggestiveness, and the variety of attire for service at an Anglican altar has long shown how this may be turned to account. A year ago, in the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, where eagerness of discipline is keener than in England, an offending incumbent was found guilty under a round dozen of charges, not for anything he said, but in the main for the irregularity of his postures and of the "manual acts" with which he celebrated.

For at least a quarter of a century it has been clear that such ritualism in the Eucharistic service was beyond the power of English bishops to check. If the glib Protestant politician says this was merely beyond their *will*, and that they connived at lawlessness because they were themselves half-papist at heart, it should be enough to quote such resolute anti-Roman prelates as Tait, Creighton, and Temple. In charge successively of the diocese of London, where ritual offences were most frequent and most daring, and with the keenest determination to enforce the law, they gave up the struggle in the end as hopeless. Each in turn

put the reason in his own way. A bishop, said Temple, has no legal method of coercing a refractory incumbent except that of prosecuting him, and the only penalty for disobedience is that the clergyman should be sent to jail.[1] But public opinion refused to support such jail sentences, and parliament likewise refused to equip the bishops with any more effectual instrument of action.[2] Moreover, the ritualists were often invaluable parish priests, whom a bishop could ill afford to lose from the work of the diocese, and for whom he hesitated to substitute men more conventional in form but far inferior in earnestness.[3] Having spent over two thousand pounds of his own money to get the new reredos at St. Paul's condemned by the courts, Temple had some ground to plead that a bishop's lot was a hard one, and that parliament should provide some weapon of discipline at once more effective and less costly. Tait had the same sort of experience. He was framer of that Public Worship Regulation Act described by Disraeli as "An Act to put down Ritualism." But after much tedious experimenting with it, Tait declared that ritual trials were a disappointment, that the most faithful and effective of the London clergy were being sent to jail for ceremonial offence, and that what was needed was a measure of new concession to the more reasonable of the Anglo-Catholic demands.[4] Curiously enough, it was the originator of the 1874 law for coercing ritualists who in later years most frequently used the episcopal veto to stop prosecutions for a ritual offence. Mandell Creighton was equally explicit. "Why," he asked, "was prosecution abandoned by the bishops? . . . Prosecutions were abandoned because it was found that they absolutely failed." [5]

The longer this went on, the graver became the difficulty

[1] Cf. *Memorials of Archbishop Temple*, edited by E. G. Sandford, II, p. 100.
[2] ibid., p. 101. [3] ibid., p. 102.
[4] Davidson and Benham, *Life of A. C. Tait*, II, chaps. 25, 26. Cf. his deprecating of prosecution about vestments, because "the issue must be very uncertain from the very nature of a controversy turning on the shape and pattern of the clothes worn at the time of the Reformation" (ibid., I, p. 241).
[5] Sandford, *Memorials of Archbishop Temple*, II, p. 103.

of stopping it. Precedents multiplied, until—as *The Times* has said—clergymen all over the country were deliberately transgressing the law, and excusing themselves on the ground that the law was obsolete.[1] This was particularly seen in the practice of "reserving" the sacramental Elements. In perhaps a thousand English churches the Bread and Wine were thus reserved after celebration, and persons were encouraged—or even adjured—to visit the church during the week that they might "adore" the Lord present in these Elements. "Visits to the Sacrament" were prescribed. A typical notice is this:

> *The Presence Chamber of Jesus Christ. For in this chapel is reserved the Blessed Sacrament, with the Holy anointing oil in an aumbry close by, to provide comfort and support for sick and dying souls in their extremity.*

Perhaps this was a desirable innovation. But it was clearly against the Articles, and it could not be wholesome that the extent of such irregularities—be they good or bad—should depend on each priest's individual caprice. Ritualism might be tolerated—but how much ritualism? The English people were in no mood for heresy-hunting, of this or any other kind. Dean Stanley exhibited their characteristic attitude when he spoke of *tolerabiles ineptiæ*.[2] But there was a limit to ecclesiastical endurance, and scandal became so gross that the Church authorities thought something decisive must be done. As the Primate said in the House of Lords, "indiscipline" could not be allowed indefinitely.

Here the bishops took a remarkable step. They proposed to parliament that two divergent schools of thought in the Church should have their corresponding divergences of worship definitely legalised. What about the episcopal fear of "divisive courses"? What about the historic alarm over *quædam doctrinæ ecclesiæ Anglicanæ dissona et contraria*? To some of us it seemed too good to be true that courage

[1] *The Times*, 22 Dec., 1927.

[2] Cf. his letter to Charles Voysey in 1868: "I think that the pale of the Church of England should be kept wide enough to embrace both you and the extreme ritualists." (Prothero, *Life and Correspondence of A. P. Stanley*, II, p. 378.)

on the Bench had risen above that. But from many Lambeth sittings there issued at length the "Alternative Book," in which practices hitherto forbidden were declared lawful. It was fair to conjecture that the doctrine plainly underlying such practices might henceforth be legitimately preached.

But the bishops' courage did not carry them beyond the presentation of the proposal to parliament. It failed them when they had to expound what the Alternative Book meant. The habits of a lifetime are not easily overcome, and here they reasserted themselves at the crucial moment. Partly because they were bishops, and partly because they were English, they could not continue to resist a certain impulse — at once national and professional — by which English bishops are fatally dogged. A new order of things was to be created, but the fancy seized them to disguise its newness, so that it might look like a mere development of the past. Changes great enough to heal a long-standing feud would be so expressed as to appear no changes at all. But the time is gone by, even in England, when that kind of thing can be done with success. What happened to this particular attempt is written in the record of the House of Commons debate on 15 December, 1927.

In the House of Commons there is probably no great liturgical learning. But it needed no such learning to see that two forms of ritual for Holy Communion were to be sanctioned in order to suit two parties in the Church, of which one desired to deny just what the other desired to affirm. Each ritual form indeed, by a little straining of its sense, might be interpreted to mean what the other meant naturally and obviously. Moreover, divergent doctrines were nowhere stated; what was done was so to diversify the ritual that facilities might be given for quite different acts in which different beliefs were implied. Over and over again it was urged, almost in the same breath, that the change was at once utterly insignificant and urgently necessary. The speeches recommending all this did not impress a majority of the House of Commons. It

was not indeed because of its apparent duplicity that the Prayer Book scheme was defeated there. "No Popery" was the slogan that rallied the hosts. But the method of Anglo-Catholic appeal lent itself to satire. If a change was to be made, why not make it frankly? This renewed equivocation seemed just a return to the source from which trouble had started. One remembered the fate of the Articles, cracked and strained—as Froude said—by three centuries of evasive ingenuity. Was the same process beginning with the Prayer Book? Reminiscences of *Tract XC* began to be heard.

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There is no excuse for being vague about this. The Alternative Book, says Bishop Knox, meant a return by the Church to "those iniquities from which it was delivered at the Reformation." One may object to the word "iniquities"; but one cannot deny that the new rubric involved a doctrine about the sacramental Elements which the English Reformers at least were particularly concerned to abolish. Moreover, the Deposited Book was declared by the Bishop of London to grant to the Anglo-Catholics all they had been fighting to secure for the previous forty years—and there was no room to doubt what view those fighting Anglo-Catholics had held either about the Reformation or about the Reformers.

Are the Bread and Wine in the Eucharist, after the Consecration prayer, invested with properties different from those which belonged to them before? Or do they remain the same, so that the spiritual refreshing of a communicant depends altogether upon the exercise of faith for which these Elements are but helpful symbols? If they are thus miraculously endowed, then one may believe that persons to whom they are carried will, by the act of receiving them, become partakers in the Great Sacrifice. If they are not so endowed, no efficacy belongs to them when taken elsewhere. By the bedside in the hospital they have

no magic value, merely because they were part of the material symbolism which — amid different devotional accompaniments—had been an aid to faith.

The crux of the matter is to be found in the use made by Anglo-Catholics of the word "Sacrament." Herein they follow Roman usage wholeheartedly. When they mean that the *Elements* are to be reserved, they always say that the *Sacrament* is to be reserved, and their most candid spokesmen do not now hesitate to add that a supernatural property has been attached to the Elements by consecration.[1] Again, think of the argument from the need for more frequent celebrations, and from the impossibility that in a large modern parish—with so many sick—a single priest should celebrate so often in one day. The overworked priest will find it no easier to cope with his task under the proposed change, unless it enables him to abbreviate the office. This, it seems, he can do, if he may bring Bread and Wine from the Elements which have been used already when the rite was completely performed. Wherein this is free from the objections urged against the Roman *Mass of the Præ-Sanctified* (which the new Book forbids) is not clear. In each case the symbols must be supposed to possess an intrinsic virtue, persisting apart from the surroundings of the first celebration.

But the new Book, says the Bishop of Durham, makes no change in doctrine. In that case, Joseph Parker must have been right when he declared the doctrine of the Prayer Book as it stood in his time to be largely Roman, and the Protestant Articles to be an inconsistent appendage. Lastly, one may well ask why all this excitement and distress over "communicating the sick" should be limited to the *Anglican* Church. If the problem has been correctly stated

[1] Cf. the definite statement by Bishop Gore, that Christ "is present wherever the consecrated Elements are" (*The Eucharistic Sacrifice*, p. 13): again, the statement by Lord Halifax that the spirits of the departed derive benefit from the celebration of the Eucharist on earth, and the dead "thank us as we offer for them the Sacrifice which restores to light and immortality" (Eighteenth Annual Report of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament).

by the bishops, it ought to be just as much a problem for Presbyterians and Methodists and Congregationalists. Why has no debate about "Reserved Sacrament" been raised in those Evangelical circles? There is none in the Church of Rome—because the issue has there been settled, in the way we all know. There is none in the Free Churches, because somehow the issue has there never arisen, and it is indeed extremely difficult to show a Free Churchman why it should arise. What, then, is this peculiarly Anglican doctrine of Sacraments which is neither of Geneva nor of Trent? One is driven to answer that it is of both! And herein, as so often, has been the root of trouble.

The sponsors of the bill in parliament had an unenviable time. Speaking from their brief, they had to argue that no serious innovation was meant, that Reservation was for the sick only, and that the risk of "adoration" of the Elements had been effectively prevented. But for proof of this they generally referred to the authority of the bishops, who had given their word as experts that it was true. It was painful to observe how slight an impression this made on the House. Of course the men in charge of the bill were bombarded with the most disconcerting queries, to which their brief supplied no answer; and though their native ingenuity was considerable, it had little previous training in the liturgical field. If Reservation was for the sick alone, why all this bother about the place in which the Elements should be kept? What meant the fierce dispute about aumbry or tabernacle or vestry cupboard, about proximity to the Holy Table, about north wall or south wall? Why should Reservation be *continuous*, irrespective of the number and needs of the sick at the time? Whence such stubborn resistance to the proposal that no light should be placed in the church to mark the location of the reserved Elements? No doubt, as *The Times* said, many "concessions and insistences" had gone to make up the Deposited Book. Their nature could be guessed only too well,

and the whole situation on one obvious hypothesis was not obscure but rather transparent. All the queries could be answered forthwith, and the strange chaos would become immediately intelligible, if one might assume that the sacramental Elements were to be adored—as in the Church of Rome. This, however, was exactly what the bishops denied; and though the "Black Rubric" forbidding adoration had been curiously omitted from its usual place in the Alternative Book, the omission might—as they said—have no sinister meaning. They had included its purport elsewhere. But there was the oddest conflict between the spirit which they seemed to enjoin in words and the spirit which the alternative ritual must everywhere suggest. Moreover, the proposals were avowedly meant to conciliate; and a glance at the Anglo-Catholic press was enough to show that unless adoration was to be at least facilitated, if not encouraged, the new scheme would be useless for its purpose. Members of parliament who drew this inference in December, 1927, must have felt sure they had made no mistake when they read the *Church Times* on the revised proposals of June, 1928.

If the subject had not been so solemn, it would have been hard to keep one's countenance at certain stages in the preposterous argument for the bill. For apparently it required the most subtle reasoning to distinguish what is implied in perpetual reservation from what is implied in reservation for the sick alone—and yet the common worshipper was supposed to be safe from confounding the two. Dr. Kidd could explain wherein a "localised presence" differs from a "focus of devotion"; and though lawyers had need of copious notes to remind them what the precise point was, it had to be assumed that it would remain apparent to every Anglican who had been properly brought up. The practice of reserving the sacramental Elements had a long history in the Church of Rome, and everyone knew what that Church at least meant by it. A proposal to sanction it in another Church, without meaning thereby

the same thing—and yet meaning what was extraordinarily *like* the same thing—was plainly practicable only if error on the point was of trifling moment. But it was part of the episcopal case that such an error would be very grave indeed! And, as if to cut off the last chance of escape from the confusion, it was provided that the Vestments historically associated with the Roman rite—even the alb and the chasuble, whose significance was so well known—might henceforth be legally worn at the altars of the Church of England.

Sir John Simon was a study for the psychologist on that night when the ill-starred Book was first presented. A Congregationalist by upbringing, but—as he acknowledged—of somewhat unorthodox personal views, he might have been expected to take no more than a languid interest. He had not intended to intervene in the debate. But the keenness of his legal mind became aroused when he saw that the question was about the veracity of witnesses. Were these Anglo-Catholics telling the truth about what they wanted and why they wanted it? With slow but fatal exactness, the available data ranged themselves in Sir John's mind as all consistent with the hypothesis that deceit was intended, and all—or nearly all—conflicting with the hypothesis that the plea for the Bill was honest. He was, of course, far too polite to say this, especially about bishops and the parliamentary counsel whom bishops had "instructed." But no one could mistake what was in his mind as he spoke, and despite his early resolve, that speech had to come. His inveterate passion to clarify things had to be satisfied. Sir John Simon's speech was not that of a man who knew much about sacramental controversy, but long practice had taught him at least how to avoid—on a technical subject—the places where a layman is most likely to trip. Moreover, there was not much technical skill ranged against him. In his best law-court style, he simply made havoc of the other side.

With a like deadly clearness, the Attorney-General and

the Home Secretary pointed out how under the Alternative Book the Anglican priest would be authorised to think of himself as the Reformation had forbidden any such priest to think of himself again. Once more he would appear less as leader of public devotion than as the mediator of a Sacrifice; less as instructor in religious truth than as the exclusive channel of access for the people of his parish to the sacramental mercies of God. That such priestly claim is both openly made and eagerly admitted in hundreds of English parish churches to-day, no one denies. On the contrary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks could read to Anglo-Catholic listeners, who had not a word of protest to make or apology to offer, passage after passage from church notice-boards or parochial magazines in which these dim or vague implications of the Alternative Book are proclaimed with the clearest emphasis. Undoubtedly the honours of that debate on 15 December, 1927, lay with the "Protestants."

So much for yet another trial of the doctrine that in England change is never to be achieved at a stroke, and that the indirect method is always preferable. The process is sometimes too slow, nor can it be safely accelerated through deceiving either one's self or others about what is being done. Of course the bishops were quite honest. They had deluded themselves about their case before they tried to win the approval of parliament. Theirs was the *damnosa hereditas* of a policy which makes honest men so often seem the reverse.

Six months passed before the Alternative Book was submitted to the House of Commons again. This gave time not only for amending its proposals but for strengthening its advocacy. In their different ways the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Manchester, and the Earl of Birkenhead endeavoured to make good what had been lacking in the argument of their friends. Lord Birkenhead, characteristically deploring the obvious consequence of his own removal

from the Lower House, remarked that the case against the Bill could have been adequately answered by an intelligent schoolboy. The Bishops of Durham and Manchester issued pamphlets showing how they would have met the superficial and unworthy sophistries of the other side. Sir William Joynson-Hicks expanded his House of Commons speech into a small volume. On the whole, the balance of dialectical superiority has thus been somewhat redressed. The Anglo-Catholic case was much better defended in the bishops' pamphlets than in the speeches of Mr. Bridgeman and Lord Hugh Cecil. Lord Birkenhead showed, as usual, how fast he can acquire and how deftly he can employ the *simulacra* of knowledge on a subject remote from his interests. But his best friends must have felt that the Home Secretary shines more as a platform speaker than as an ecclesiastical historian.

III

Faithful to their contention that they had proposed no doctrinal change, the bishops were sure that their Book had been rejected through some misunderstanding. Whether this had been due to sluggish parliamentary wits or to faulty ecclesiastical draughtsmanship, it was plain that a mere misunderstanding could be removed. So they announced through the press that they had nothing to alter either in substance or in purpose, but were willing to remove the ambiguity or vagueness from certain forms of expression. They would meet, also, certain complaints that were not quite reasonable, for the sake of peace. The Book as presented in June, 1928, was the outcome of this effort.

One can pardon their critics for feeling a little offended by the nature of those emendations which the episcopal Bench thought adequate to satisfy them. Nervous patriots were to be reassured by the concession that however else Morning Prayer might be shortened, there must invariably

be prayer for the King. Since the bishops were apparently so little trusted, it was agreed to withdraw in the second Book that power of "making new rubrics" which had been rashly given to them in the first. A new clause provided that the local church council should always have notice of an incumbent's purpose to use the alternative liturgy, so that appeal might be made to the bishop before any actual change had taken place. The episcopal leaders accepted a rule that even where the new order was set up, the old service of Holy Communion should be available once a month for those worshippers who preferred it. In regard to the crucial difficulty, they consented to put not only in the Measure, but in the text of the Book which the Measure sanctioned, the strictest warning that the reserved sacramental Elements were for the sick alone, and "to be used for no other purpose whatever." Finally, Transubstantiation had in the old order of worship been repudiated in two places, while the new one repudiated it only once. If this was a stone of stumbling, the bishops would gladly remove it—as they had removed the offence about insufficient prayers for the royal family. So far as reiteration could meet the case, they would concede without limit, praying for the King and repudiating the papacy as often as the most zealous Protestant could desire.

All this looked like an effort to conciliate. But in truth there was nothing, or almost nothing, in these proffered safeguards to conciliate anyone except those who can be soothed by mere repetition. Most of them were already implicit in the Book of 1927, and those who thought hostility had now been overcome must have had no more than a faint idea of the grounds on which hostility had rested. It had been deeper than the speeches expounding it had shown. The argument, for example, from the demand that Reservation should be "continuous" or "perpetual" had supplied an excellent debating point; but men like Dr. Carnegie Simpson, who predicted in March 1928 that if this demand were dropped, the Book would secure "very

general assent" must have been rudely awakened three months later. For when every imaginable safeguard against perpetual Reservation had been inserted, the majority against the Book was larger than before. Though the bishops thought this both surprising and unreasonable, it was not hard for the unbiassed onlooker to see how all the real reasons for a hostile vote in December existed still in the following June. Moreover, for some members of parliament new reasons urging them the same way had arisen.

The objections of the men who defeated the Book in 1927 had rested by no means on any statements the new liturgy contained, but on the obvious suggestiveness of the whole Eucharistic procedure to which it gave sanction—and this was very much the same even if it was strictly limited to the communicating of the sick. Reinsertion of the "Black Rubric" was of little avail. It would probably be as little read or noticed as the other rubrics, and Dr. Cosmo Lang had not been far wrong in his jest about the sudden discovery by so many Evangelicals that a Black Rubric existed. Such printed formulæ in a Prayer Book have little value against the constant pressure of custom, and the hasty restoring of this formula was less significant to the critic than the earlier attempt to omit it. Moreover, since the utmost effort to conciliate had yielded only such poor pretence of concessions, it became plain that the issue was not, as the bishops had said, one of mere re-interpreting and developing, but, as the Evangelical spokesmen had said, one of competing principles between which compromise was impossible.

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As the months wore on, and the nature of the new proposals became realised, this deepening of Protestant hostility was not the only misfortune that the episcopal Bench incurred. Their alterations, though too trivial to appease any but the weakest of their former opponents, were quite sufficient to alienate the most powerful of their former

supporters. Whilst the Free Church Council remained contemptuous, the English Church Union became exasperated. Nor is it hard to see how these two results, superficially so incongruous, sprang from a common cause.

Reservation of any sort implies that the sacramental Elements have been transformed. About the exact metaphysical sense in which this has taken place, Anglo-Catholics and Roman Catholics have argued with great goodwill, and with a recognition on both sides that this is a mere point of detail. Sixty years ago, the surviving leader of the Oxford Movement had almost come to terms with Monsignor Dupanloup, who assured him that in essence they were agreed, while Pusey in turn said it was a difference of words, not of meaning, that separated them.[1] What is common to both, and what separates both from the Evangelicals, is shown above all by the practice of Reservation. If authorised in the English Church—even though limited to "communicating the sick"—this might be expected in time to diffuse the belief on which it certainly rests. Sooner or later, the limits and restrictions would be tacitly dropped; the Black Rubric would come to mean for the average Anglican no more than the damnatory clauses of the *Athanasian Creed*; the sacramental practice would create for itself a sacramental theory. This was the true ground of the Protestant resistance, so far as it was offered by those who thought out the meaning of things. Why then, it may be asked, did it not likewise serve as ground for a unanimous Anglo-Catholic support? Why such defections as that of the Bishop of Truro, who approved the first revision and opposed the second?

The answer is simple. It was clear that the result dreaded on one side and desired on the other would take a

[1] Cf. the correspondence between Pusey and Newman as recorded in Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, IV, pp. 166 *seq.* Pusey, it seems, had said to Mgr. Dupanloup, "We believe the Real Objective Presence, and our difficulty relates only to the desition of the natural substances." Dupanloup replied that the Real Objective Presence was the main point, and that the rest could easily be arranged. (4 March, 1867.) Cf. ibid., pp. 98 *seq.*, 130–1.

long time to accomplish, and the impatient among Anglo-Catholics refused to wait. The party represented by Lord Halifax, by the English Church Union, and by *The Church Times*, took the shorter rather than the longer view of psychological consequences. They felt sure that they could proceed faster, and no less safely, with the spread of "Catholic" worship if they continued to set the law at defiance. Moreover, the amended proposals—slight as had been their difference either in ritual form or in doctrinal implication—had at least provided closer and more effective control over Anglican priests by the diocesan bishops. Under the second form of the Book, it was requisite before Reservation could be practised legally in any parish, to obtain a licence from the bishop. He, in turn, would have to satisfy himself that the special needs of the sick in the circumstances of that parish justified it, and an Evangelical or Modernist bishop might stretch his authority in one direction just as far as an Anglo-Catholic priest might stretch his autonomy in another. A tale, too, was current about the measures already being planned by the authors of the revised liturgy to make the machine of episcopal control at once tighter in grasp and swifter in action.[1] The laxity of the old Prayer Book, with all the delightful ambiguity of its rubrics, had been a haven of refuge for every ritualist priest. What was now threatened was a new law, and new laws—in contrast to old ones—are likely to have "teeth." So the fiercer spirits of the Anglo-Catholic party resolved to defeat this most offensive as well as most menacing challenge to their independence. Their strategy does them credit. On the very eve of the second vote, a statement was issued from the English Church Union pledging thousands of clergy to disregard the new Book

[1] The Lord Chancellor said in the House of Lords debate (cf. *The Times* report, 15 Dec., 1927) that he had seen the draft of a new measure for ecclesiastical discipline. Equally significant was the Bishop of Durham's statement (*The Book and the Vote*, p. 101) that the bishops had "even begun the process of recasting the Ecclesiastical Courts, which was indicated as the indispensable second step in the restoration of discipline."

even if it should be passed, and to continue their Reservation at will, no matter whether bishops gave a licence or not. It was like the issue of the *Malines Conversations*, just before the vote six months earlier. There are cynics who say that the pattern for both was obvious. Irreconcilables plotting to cause a "landslide" at the eleventh hour against the party of moderate reform! What was this but an ecclesiastical replica of the Zinoviev letter?

The anti-Roman outburst which marked both the first and the second rejections was unmistakable. On that hot June night, members of parliament as they poured out of the House were heard explaining in strident tones to one another that the figures of the majority were identical with the number of "Lead, Kindly Light" in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This, said the learned parliamentary correspondent for the benefit of his readers next day, was the hymn Newman wrote when he was on the brink of seceding to the Church of Rome, and the coincidence was judged a striking one! That seventeen years were to elapse between the composition of "Lead, Kindly Light" and Newman's change of Church—years marked by his most bitter anti-Roman polemic—was as far beyond the ken of those members of parliament as was many a point on which they had just voted. But there was no doubt about either their personal Protestantism or the Protestantism of the constituents who had deluged them with letters and telegrams.

An anti-Roman tide had been rising, ever since the first hint of the proposals in the bill had been given, and by 1928 it had become a flood. It was not English alone, nor concerned alone with the Anglican liturgical changes, which rather supplied it an occasion than constituted its cause. A tide partly of anger and partly of alarm has been flowing against Catholicism in many countries. Whether its scale be wide or narrow, it is always intense. One can see it in the sympathetic interest with which observers all over the world have watched even the most violent measures

lately taken by the Republic of Mexico, and in their eagerness to show justification for all that is done "against priests." Last year the tide was to be seen running mountains high in the United States, to save the White House at Washington from the stigma of an American Catholic President. Just now one hears of it as a turbid and swollen little stream in Scotland, guarding the tenement houses of Glasgow from the stigma of more Irish Catholic residents. As far back as 1923, Dean Inge tried to reassure the fearful by pointing out some limits to this coming assault upon our Protestant heritage. The Catholics, he observed, will not be able to do so much harm to civilisation as might at first sight appear; for they are relatively deficient in industrial enterprise, their notoriously high fecundity must soon be checked by birth-control, and the sacerdotal veto on such expedients will not much longer prevail against the pressure of hard times.[1]

Still, it does seem better to take steps for one's own defence than to content one's self with precarious reflections about the decay which time will bring about in the ranks of the enemy. It was against "the menace of Rome" that those Protestants in parliament were up and doing.

Was parliament right? Was it justifiable to refuse this change in the Prayer Book, because the bishops represented it as trifling when it was in truth quite grave, or because it would sanction practices that are "superstitious"? The question at issue, surely, is the intrinsic merit of the change, not the insight—or even the motive—of those who urge it. Moreover, if there are Englishmen who intend that their National Church shall countenance no "superstitions," it is plainly they who would transform its historic and comprehensive variety. For the schools within it cannot all be even approximately right.

Assume the very worst about this Anglo-Catholic sacramentalism. "The root principle of idolatry," says Bishop

[1] Article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April 1923.

Barnes, "is belief in a deity localised in material objects through the invocation of a priest." [1] Let us grant that in his degree and measure the Anglo-Catholic is thus idolatrous. For the ultimate root of his superstition we must perhaps go back beyond the Christian era, beyond even the Græco-Roman μυστήρια, to those crude theophagies one meets so often among the early races of mankind. Not in books on Church history, not in Decrees of Councils, least of all in the New Testament, but in such works as Tylor's *Primitive Culture* or Sir James Fraser's *Golden Bough* must the clue to this fancy about Transubstantiation be sought. Personally, I believe this to be correct. I likewise believe it to be true, as the anti-revisionists contend, that there is no difference worth naming between the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation and the doctrine of the Eucharist held by the real leaders of Anglo-Catholicism. But should I therefore, if I had lived in England and been able to influence a member of parliament, have pressed him to vote against the Alternative Prayer Book on either its first or its second presentation?

For two reasons, I think, this question should be answered in the negative. In the first place, we must often be tolerant to one another's superstitions, and this particular superstition—owing to the accidents of political history—has had its import immensely exaggerated. In the second place, while the practice of Reservation is plainly in conflict with that of the Reformed Church of England, the doctrine on which it rests is in some respects far nearer to the faith of the Reformers than is the doctrine of countless Evangelicals that now oppose it. Who was it that said Transubstantiation was no issue on which to rend the Church in twain? It was "the judicious Hooker." One would be safe, too, in guessing that a paper on the Eucharist such as Bishop Barnes read to the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Oxford in August 1925 [2] would have been

[1] E. W. Barnes, *Should Such a Faith Offend?*, Preface, p. xx.
[2] Published afterwards as chap. xxi in *Should Such a Faith Offend?*

heard by Erasmus, by Luther, by Calvin, by Knox with horrified amazement. The Church of England needs Bishop Barnes as much as it needs Bishop Gore. But that anyone should think Bishop Gore the farther removed of the two from the Reformers' creed, is truly a marvel.

In such a convulsion as that of the sixteenth century, the points of dispute acquire artificial and transient importance, while the points of agreement drop out of sight. Every historian knows how Transubstantiation was not at first an object of chief attack by the English Reformers, and how it became in the end so hateful to the English people because it was somehow associated with the idea of papal interference in English politics. The Church of Rome was not denounced for teaching Transubstantiation; rather was Transubstantiation denounced because it was apparently the central doctrine of the Church of Rome. In England the reforming movement began under a king who cared so little about any dogma apart from its supposed political connections that—as Macaulay said—he could at the same time burn as heretics those who avowed the tenets of the Reformers and hang as traitors those who owned the authority of the Pope. How flimsy are these old alliances between politics on the one side and dogma or ceremonial on the other, one can see now illustrated among the French, the Italians, even the Mexicans. Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell told the House of Commons that if the English clergy were armed with the Alternative Prayer Book, they could make England Roman Catholic within a generation. What evidence he or the Protestant Alliance has of this sudden recrudescence of clerical power in our too secularist age, it would be interesting to learn. Not that way, it seems to most of us, has the trend of things gone of late.

Again, Transubstantiation is at least of no greater importance than many another point upon which in the Reformed Churches themselves men have agreed quietly to differ. It certainly invests the priest with quasi-super-

natural powers. But there is much doctrinaire exaggeration regarding the "inevitable" results of this dogma on the character of those who accept it. Both for better and for worse, a man's character is but precariously inferrible from his creed; and since creeds are far beyond our power to standardise, we must be thankful for what George Eliot called the "amiable *non-sequitur*" that saves us from the upshot of the worst of them. Especially when the question is about expelling a group of honest thinkers from the National Church, on the ground that their tendencies are a public peril, one is warned by much melancholy experience to be slow and cautious. The virtues to be seen actually accompanying a system of belief are at least as well worth notice as the vices which one thinks "ought logically" to follow from it. For example, the Puritans had a view of the Bible from which great social harm might have been expected, and from which considerable social harm resulted. But the expulsion of the Puritans from the State Church meant, on the whole, far more loss than gain. Ultra-rationalists at present tell us how he who "lives in the atmosphere of the supernatural," exchanging the clear light of intelligence for the pseudo-light of revelation, is necessarily a foe to the progress of mankind. But we are not much moved by these Lucretian diatribes, because we have known too many conspicuous friends of human progress whom such habits of celestial devotion did not seem to weaken in their terrestrial energy. That men should acknowledge a sacerdotal order, with power to bind and to loose, as those terms are understood in the Church of Rome, is no doubt undesirable—in so far as it produces unreasoning docility and homage. But if the history of religion has been read to any purpose, it has shown that this is a tremendously tenacious form in which the religious consciousness expresses itself, and that it is not to be suppressed except at a cost which no religious man desires to see paid in his community. It will not be stopped, but rather stimulated, if it is refused the place it has long held

within the National Church of England, and is forced to the shelter of a proscribed sect.

One would often gather from their unwise panegyrists that "the faith of the Reformers" was chiefly hatred of Roman dogma. Luther and Calvin and Knox could indeed, on occasion, be violent enough, but they were not just an early edition of the Protestant Defence League. What would any one of them have said if he had been told of men driven out of the Church for believing that the sacramental Bread and Wine are miraculously changed, while their accusers retain Church preferment to teach that the whole record of New Testament miracle is false from end to end? An English Churchman, it seems, may not hold that the risen Lord is present in peculiar intimacy with the reserved memorials of His death when one prays there in the ante-chapel set apart for adoration; but an English Churchman may quite freely hold that the Lord never rose at all, and that the only sense in which prayer is heard is that the worshipper "rises from his knees a better man"! Honesty requires that an Anglican priest shall not genuflect before the reserved Elements, because the Thirty-First Article declares that there is no corporal presence. But honesty somehow does not forbid the recital of the words *Born of the Virgin Mary . . . The third day He rose again from the dead* by an Anglican priest for whom neither Incarnation nor Resurrection was any real fact outside the ordinary course of Nature. One recalls how Newman said about Archbishop Tait that he had one temper for large law-breaking in the pages of *Essays and Reviews*, but quite another for small law-breaking in the decoration of the altar at St. Michael's, Shoreditch. "Tender towards freethinkers, and stern towards Romanisers. *Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*" [1]

I am not here suggesting the propriety of any "pogrom" against the Modernists, such as Lord Halifax seems to have had in mind in his attack upon Bishop Barnes and Dr.

[1] Cf. Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, IV, p. 107.

Major at the last Church Congress. But it has surely by this time become plain, even to the most "advanced" among them, that the freedom they seek must be conceded to Anglo-Catholics as well. It is too absurd that they should urge prohibition for all divergences from orthodoxy except their own. One notices in Dean Inge's last book that he at least sympathises with the diocesan bishop in such a place between these two raging fires. For he has no sooner spoken of the strange spectacle of a ruler in the Church claiming to dispense the clergy from the very laws about ritual which he is pledged to enforce, than he remembers that from certain other laws to which he is at least equally pledged there has been need for a bishop to dispense the transgressor. Those unfortunate prelates offer an easy mark for criticism: "Nevertheless, they are a steadying influence. Tired of the part of Canute, they now take as their pattern the wise Gamaliel, whose advice to the Sanhedrin is recorded in the *Acts of the Apostles*. They have damped down several attempts at persecution." [1] But surely, one may ask, persecution can be for ritual as well as for dogmatic heresy? It is at least singular that those who would stoke the one sort of fire while they damp down the other should suppose themselves to represent the spirit of the Reformers. If there must be a final breach over sacramental usage, one can easily see many another breach by which the Anglican Establishment should be further shattered. To the Church of England, said Canon Lacey, has been reserved the distinction of showing that there may be sects without a schism.[2] Is that distinction now to be repudiated?

Extremists, indeed, have grown more shrill, but there is not now so good a chance for extremists as there was of old. The atmosphere of a debate such as the present has profoundly changed. We are far more tolerant of one another's strange

[1] *The Church in the World*, p. 21. Dean Inge has definitely said that the National Church should make room for belief in "the localised presence of Christ in the consecrated Elements."

[2] *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, p. 8.

religious or quasi-religious fancies than were the men of even a generation ago. It does not follow that we have come any nearer to convincing one another. What has happened is a vast deepening of our sense of the mystery of things, and a consequent increase in our intellectual indulgence towards honest guessing. The men of thirty years back would have called us weak for this. When Huxley wrote of "the sin of faith," he was thought to have added to the world's treasury of great sayings. But to the reflective of our time he seems to have added rather to the stock of paradoxical *gaucherie* out of which a sensational newspaper can make headlines. Gone is the old asperity towards guesses we may think inadequate or even absurd, so long as they are the forms in which our brother's spiritual nature makes genuine effort to express itself. In this respect our "Modernists" stand by no means so far apart as they suppose from the "obscurantists." To the mind of the agnostic or atheistic onlooker, no such clear line separates them from their clerical brethren whom they so despise. Comte and Huxley used to say that Catholicism was far more coherent than Protestantism. Lord Morley and Anatole France said the same thing half a century later. What has changed in our time is not altogether the power of preachers, though it is plain that the British Association now listens more patiently to a sermon from Bishop Barnes than formerly to a sermon from Bishop Wilberforce, and Dean Inge is heard with a respect which was denied to Dean Wace. But at least an influence co-operating with the better appeal from the pulpit is the more hospitable sort of spirit in the pew.

. . . . . .

Again, the Anglo-Catholic assertion of "Real Presence" is an effort at greater harmony between creed and ritual. It aims to preserve, through the constant suggestiveness of form and ceremony, a belief which the Protestant Churches still affirm in their standards, but which Protestants are

constantly in danger of forgetting, and which some of the most conspicuous Protestant leaders are just now explicitly denying. Here again I am not concerned to argue which view is right and which is wrong, but only to make clear how one differs from another, and which is nearer to those professed creeds which all branches of Christendom share.

Is the Eucharist *a mere memorial*, adopted on their own reflective judgment by the early Christians to keep alive the memory of their Lord? It is thus that Bishop Barnes, for example, regards it. He believes that our Lord founded no such observance as a permanent rite; that we have no sufficient reason to think He ever said *This do in remembrance of Me*; and that the plan of commemorating Him by regular repetition of the last scene with the apostles was devised by the later Church, not prescribed by its Founder.[1] One may think of a parallel from keeping the anniversary of the birth of George Washington—except for this, that Bishop Barnes believes the ever-living Christ will use as means of grace all such well-intended devotions in His name. He will be "present," as George Washington would not be present, where two or three are gathered together —for prayer, for Scripture study, for what they call "communion." But there is no definite appointment or command or obligation here, except what belongs to every sort of worship that has historically proved itself an aid to the faithful. Bishop Barnes would keep the Eucharist on this ground, apparently unless and until something better is evolved from the same Christian consciousness which evolved the historic Sacraments.[2] But he would make sure that it is free from the superstitious features it acquired amid the surrounding pagan cults in its early days. This, he says, is the Modern Churchman's *rationale* of the Holy Communion, and he adds—with some rashness—that it is the doctrine of Hooker.[3] Modern psychology too, he

[1] E. W. Barnes, *Should Such a Faith Offend?*, pp. 211 *seq.*
[2] ibid., p. 220.
[3] ibid., p. 224.

thinks, has corroborated it by showing the place of "suggestion" through which "mind acts upon mind; spiritual emotion is caught, developed and strengthened, returned." [1] The book in which Bishop Barnes has set forth this account of the Eucharist contains, very appropriately, a glowing encomium upon the Quakers. It has been warmly commended by so eminent a representative of Congregationalism as Principal Selbie of Mansfield College, Oxford; [2] while Dr. T. R. Glover, who is in such high and deserved repute among English Baptists, has expressed opinions almost identical with those of Bishop Barnes.[3] One may fairly say that the view of Holy Communion as of no appointment by the Lord Himself, but as an excellent sort of ordinance devised by the Christian wisdom of His early followers, is fast becoming prevalent in the Free Churches and in the Broad section of the Church of England.

Its prevalence is shown most clearly by this Prayer Book debate. One is not surprised that opinions should differ sharply; but it is surprising that those who defend just the plain orthodox doctrine of a generation ago cannot make themselves even intelligible to "Evangelicals" of to-day. The average Free Churchman is utterly mystified when he hears of someone believing in Real Presence without believing in Transubstantiation. Dean Inge's view of the Eucharist as neither magical nor merely commemorative is received with puzzled incredulity,[4] and soon dismissed with the reflection that "after all, even the most enlightened of the Anglicans belong to a Church that was only half reformed." Perhaps the rising Free Church Modernism on this subject is right; but it is at least absurd to say that the doctrine of Holy Communion as a mere memorial chosen at will by the disciples was the doctrine held and taught by Richard Hooker. Bishop Barnes has quoted from the Fifth Book of the *Ecclesiasticall Politie*, but not the

[1] E. W. Barnes, *Should Such a Faith Offend?*, p. 224.
[2] In an article he contributed to the *British Weekly*, 15 December, 1927.
[3] Cf. T. R. Glover, *Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, pp. 158 *seq.*
[4] Cf. W. R. Inge, *Christian Mysticism*, pp. 255–9.

whole of the section, and the part he omitted is rather significant:

> At the length being assembled for no other cause which they could imagine, but to haue eaten the Passeouer onely that Moses appointeth, when they saw their Lord and Master with hands and eyes lifted up to heauen first blesse and consecrate for the endlesse good of all generations till the worlds end the chosen Elements of Bread and Wine, which Elements made for euer the instruments of life by vertue of his divine Benediction, they being the first that were commanded to receiue from him, the first which were warranted by his promise, that not onely unto them at the present time, but to whomsoeuer they and their Successors after them did duely administer the same, those mysteries should serue as conducts of life and conueyances of his body and blood unto them,[1] etc. . . .

Could the idea that the Church had ingeniously invented the Eucharist be more plainly denied? Very naturally, too, Dr. Carnegie Simpson was exasperated when a view just like that of Bishop Barnes was imputed in *Essays Catholic and Critical* to the Protestant Churches as a whole. He could not keep his temper when Dr. N. P. Williams talked of Evangelicals as relying on "auto-suggestion" and "hetero-suggestion," or as believing that Christ is present at Communion only in the sense in which He is always present when devotional feeling is stirred. In vehement protest, Dr. Simpson reminded Dr. Williams that the *Westminster Confession* declares the Lord to be specially present in the Eucharist, "as truly present spiritually as the Elements are present sensibly."[2] What the Reformed Churches repudiate *in their standards* (apart from the implications or suggestions of their practice) is belief that a change has been wrought by consecration upon the material Elements. Though the word "Consubstantiation" was avoided and disliked, it was Lutheranism as contrasted with Zwinglianism that appealed to the Reformers as a whole, and that they wrought into the texture of their sacramental doctrine. If this seems to Dr. Williams a distinction with-

[1] Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.*, v, sect. 67.
[2] P. Carnegie Simpson in the *Review of the Churches*, October 1926.

out a difference, one must feel amazed at such failure of the Anglican mind, so long skilled beyond others — skilled, alas, excessively—in the more elusive theological refinements. To be able to separate what is involved in Reservation from what is involved in Transubstantiation, and yet to be puzzled by a contrast between Real Presence in the Sacrament and Real Presence in the Elements, is a spectacle worth the study of a psychologist.

Some parallel cases may help to make the point plain. Dr. Williams has two colleagues in *Essays Catholic and Critical*, one of whom has given us a Modernist view of Holy Scripture and the other a Modernist view of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Sir Edwyn Hoskyns would be surprised, I think, to hear that one who cannot believe in the plenary inspiration of the sacred text, and the supernatural dictating of the *ipsissima verba* to a human amanuensis, must have given up belief in inspiration altogether, or that the real presence of the Divine Spirit with the Evangelists must imply historical inerrancy in each sentence they wrote. Dr. Selwyn, again, has argued that there were no physical appearances of our Lord after His death, and that what have been recorded as such were communications by the living Christ to His disciples—"telepathic," perhaps, but not on that account less "real." What is essential in this view is the belief in real contacts of the living Divine Person with the souls of His followers, and the denial that the "appearances" can be explained away as illusory and subjective states of mind. Whatever be the value of this as an account of the recorded phenomena, would it be fair to represent it as resolving all that occurred into a specially vivid contemplation in remembrance of Him who had gone for ever, but whose transcendent personality could still be realised in their more exalted moods by a community of disciples "keyed up to a given pitch"? To say that in the doctrine of the Reformed Churches the Eucharist has become a mere memorial is as unjust as it would be to say that for Sir Edwyn Hoskyns

there is no inspiration except that of elevated excitement, or that for Dr. Selwyn our Lord rose only in "the devout and passionate fancy of a few mourning Galileans." [1]

So much as this must be granted in justice to those Evangelical bodies whose formal creed remains quite free from the memorial-celebration view of the Eucharist. Probably, too, most Evangelicals, if pressed on the matter, would say that they believe the Sacraments to have been explicitly appointed by Christ. A century ago, Emerson's desire to treat the Holy Communion as a mere memorial was too much for even New England Unitarianism. But to what purpose are these formal affirmations, and these personal professions "on pressure," when it is plain that in no Reformed Church except the Anglican, and among Anglicans only in the Anglo-Catholic variety, do people generally act as if all this was meant? For the English Free Churches, says Dr. Rawlinson, the Eucharist has become more and more "an optional appendage" to religion.[2] Will anyone who knows the Free Churches dispute it? Can one discover in their practice any such recognition of the solemn and unique import of the Eucharist as their formal acknowledgments should render imperative? That the Lord is present in this rite as nowhere else in worship, that this is His specially appointed sealing ordinance of grace—such is the creed equally of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Low Church Anglicans, Anglo-Catholics. But only the last-named group seems to be generally aware that such is its creed. The most casual observer can see that this group *means* it more than any of the others. Those who mean it most are fitly described as believing in a *Real* Presence. No matter which group is right, one should not regret that Anglo-Catholics have put even faultily what all professedly hold, while the rest seldom put it at all, or assert and deny it in almost the same breath. It is no wonder that an occasional Scottish Presbyterian divine should

[1] The phrase is Mrs. Humphry Ward's. Cf. *Robert Elsmere*, p. 498.
[2] A. E. J. Rawlinson, *Authority and Freedom*, p. 97.

be heard to say: "Better believe even in Transubstantiation than lapse to the vapid creed of a mere memorial."

With great justice, too, the Anglo-Catholic party insists that this doctrine of Real Presence is no innovation by the "Puseyites" of a century ago, but belongs to the very oldest and most authoritative Anglican tradition. When Pusey was accused in 1853 for preaching it on the witness of the early Fathers, he turned the tables on his accuser by repeating the sermon with the words of the Fathers omitted, and in their place the words of a long series of Anglican divines whose orthodoxy no one could doubt—because it was so largely by them that Anglican orthodoxy itself had been defined. Who, for example, would dare to arraign the dogmatic soundness of Jeremy Taylor? It was Jeremy Taylor who in 1654 wrote, under the title *The Real Presence*, a book quite after the mind of Bishop Gore and not at all after the mind of Bishop Barnes. Would anyone suspect heresy in Bishop Andrewes? It was Andrewes who wrote to the Jesuit Bellarmine: "We believe in the Real Presence no less than you, but we shrink from defining anything about its method." Even Bossuet argued against Burnet that the Twenty-Eighth Article might be construed in a Catholic sense, and regretted that in the Eucharist controversy—unlike most others—the difference between sides becomes not less but greater, the more precisely their language is defined. "The Calvinists," he said, "endeavour to accommodate their phraseology to the Catholics, while essentially they differ." [1] In truth such accommodation in the old Prayer Book, no less than in the new, was enough to account for many a personal perplexity.

IV

Contradictory opinions cannot both be right, and for hundreds of years two Anglican groups have been flatly contradicting each other in thought about the Eucharist.

[1] Bossuet, *Exposition de la foi catholique.*

Of these, one group has also verbally broken standards which the other has verbally kept. But if the foregoing picture be correct, the law-keepers have been drifting farther than the law-breakers from a central principle which the standards were framed to teach. It is a poor plea for any school that it has followed Articles or Prayer Book in respect of their denunciations, only to forsake them in their unmistakable commitments.

Recognising, however, that both groups have meant and still mean well, has not the time come to *give up compelling them to pretend that they mean the same thing*? Twenty years ago, Pius X enforced an anti-Modernist oath on all priests and teachers of his Church, and the oath was taken by all except an insignificant handful. One does not wish to dwell on possible explanations. Certain ecclesiastics may have felt able to distinguish, with Clement of Alexandria, between "lying" and "uttering a lie." [1] But is it a good precedent to follow? Or would it serve any better to enforce a kind of uniform ritual in which the illusion of unity would be produced by equivocating language? One of the oddest among many odd proposals about the Prayer Book was that though the alternative liturgy was designed to permit its own form of worship to the Anglo-Catholic school of thought, care should be taken to have nothing *distinctively* Anglo-Catholic in that liturgical form at all! Every phrase intended to conciliate must, it seems, have another possible sense. Thus Dr. Vernon Bartlet, in a letter to *The Times*, would hold the bishops to their unfortunate declaration that the doctrines of the old liturgy may not be modified for anyone; but in the Prayer of Invocation he would admit a clause which can be understood either way! Is not this just a relapse to the kind of policy which first created and then intensified the difficulties? One remembers the mocking voice of Mr. H. G. Wells, who set forth a bishop's characteristic problem—to make a certain priest think he was wearing vestments when he

[1] Clement, *Strom.*, vii, 8, 9.

wasn't, and at the same time make his parishioners think he wasn't wearing vestments when he was.[1] There has been more than enough in the history of Anglicanism to give point to this. Bishop Gore means one thing and Bishop Barnes another thing by the Holy Communion. Seek no more for a fresh ambiguity of phrase, that may be used by both until each discovers some further implication of what the other has in mind, and their mutual reproaches begin again. A change is needed. Make it boldly, with no attempt to resolve a fundamental difference into a mere variety of detail, or a transformation of required belief into a variant rule of administrative convenience.

In dealing with such matters hitherto, the Church of England has had a fault just the reverse of the fault of other Reformed Churches. They have been too tolerant of division. When in the mood for co-operating, they have of course reminded each other that their faith is one, though it is expressed so differently. But their reluctance to bridge the old schisms, and their readiness to create yet a new one, have been a scandal of Free Church life. In the Church of England, on the contrary, while the vehicle of expression remained for centuries unchanged, the faith itself became very different. The price for this negligence is now being paid. Underlying discords have burst forth at length with all the greater violence because they were so long refused the expression they should have had. Take the single example of the use of the word "priest." Unlike other Reformed Churches, the Church of England kept that term, risking its inevitable suggestiveness of mediation and sacrifice. In due time the very different sorts of clergy thus designated found out that they were calling very different functions by the same name. Sixty years ago Newman successfully defied his critics to show that the Anglican form of Absolution for the sick had any intelligible basis other than the mediaeval idea of priesthood; nor was the difficulty met by the no less obvious truth that

[1] H. G. Wells, *The Soul of a Bishop*, p. 69.

elsewhere in Anglican standards this idea is repudiated. In our own time the Confessional and the Mass have been so easily adopted into Anglican usage that it requires a specially subtle canon lawyer and a long hearing at the Court of Arches to determine whether a priest who introduces them has committed any illegality. Is not this because, despite the Articles, the whole setting of the Church of England is congenial to such practice, and the practice merely makes explicit what the setting implies? Far too much reliance has been placed on the principle that Englishmen take no note of an anomaly unless and until it has been felt as a grievance. Even Englishmen will in the end rebel against a sheer contradiction, and will find a grievance in what they see to be absurd. George Meredith used to deplore the difficulty he found in getting one of his countrymen to "put his muzzle into a nosebag of ideas"; but some of them will always do so sooner or later, and when the ideas have been masticated the mental attitude has been changed. Account, however, is seldom taken of this reflective minority in time to avoid its risks. Not even the terrific shock of the Oxford Movement was able to alarm the leaders of the Church for what might come of their somnolent composure when it should next be challenged by men who love straight thinking and consistent action.

The Alternative Book, not as expounded by the bishops, but in its implications so plain to the average reader and set forth with merciless directness by its opponents, was thus an experiment in a new clarity and a new veracity. It was an effort to escape from the vagueness which had passed for wisdom ever since the Elizabethan settlement. Happily it had few marks of what is called "ecclesiastical statesmanship." It was no product of nonchalant indifference to the widening gulf between formulæ and convictions, between what is actually said and what is implicit in any natural sense of the words used. One should count it to the credit of the rank and file in the

Church of England that her "statesmanlike" manœuvres with both doctrine and ritual have so often in the past resulted in revolt. But with the proposed settlement of last year, at once candid and comprehensive in its effect, the rank and file of the Church was in accord. A majority of the House of Commons would have none of it. And it is suggestive to observe for what reasons, at first sight thoroughly inconsistent, the decision of the House of Commons has proved popular with large bodies in the country.

There is first that large block of people whom long habit in England has disposed to prefer even the anarchic *status quo* to a plan under which irremovable differences would be recognised rather than disguised. But it is more significant for our purpose here to note how it is popular both with the fiercest Protestants and with the fiercest Anglo-Catholics, who rejoice alike at escape from a compromise. Approval of the Composite Book would have meant that for the first time each of these groups had endorsed the legitimacy—though not, of course, the correctness—of the views held by the other. Lord Halifax and his friends were up in arms against concession to Protestantism—against such monstrous weakness, for example, as the clause which declared fasting communion to be a laudable practice rather than an imperative duty. Evangelicals like the Bishop of Norwich and Latitudinarians like the Bishop of Birmingham could not bring themselves to acknowledge that the sacramentalists were fit to be tolerated in a Reformed Church. If one must choose between these two types of rigorist, the former seems the more reasonable. Waiving the question which of them is nearer to "the truth of things," one can see that the High Churchman would at least be less consistent in tolerating the Broad than the Broad in tolerating the High.

For, in truth, of these two the one must be driven to exclusiveness by the very same logic which drives the other to charity. Those to whom dogma is essential cannot be expected to listen without anger to those who preach that

creeds are subject to constant and beneficial change. To the Modernist, on the other hand, such variety in dogma is either a note of progress or, at worst, the very spice of theological life. A "Liberal," for instance, can remain in the Church undisturbed by the fact that his brother in the next parish imposes penances, invokes the saints, and reserves the sacramental Elements. For though he does not approve of such practices, he does not think of them as actually endangering souls, or as fundamentally vitiating the communion of saints. He may thus easily regard them as regrettable, but worth tacit permission, for the sake of the faithful parish work that the sacerdotal vicar combines with them. But the sacerdotalist cannot in the same way look on without fierce protest when his neighbour in Holy Orders is teaching that belief in the miraculous is folly, that there was no Virgin Birth, and that the tomb at Jerusalem did not on the third day yield up the body of the Lord. For he does not simply dissent from all this as a lamentable error of judgment. He regards it as a betrayal of the very centre of the Faith, and to show a complaisant indulgence for peace's sake towards those who commit it is for him nothing less than a denying of his Lord before men. Aptly indeed, from his own point of view, may the High Churchman find a parallel to this theological issue in that old affiliation case tried before Solomon. Men like "Richard Meynell" in Mrs. Humphry Ward's romance are prefigured to him by the latitudinarian mother who cried out "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but let us divide it." Though we may think the view of the more uncompromising Anglo-Catholic is wrong, we cannot fairly reproach him for acting upon the situation as he sees it, or set him in discreditable contrast with those who act differently because they see differently.

This point was illustrated some time ago by a slight but disagreeable incident in a London church. Canon Bullock-Webster interrupted a service in St. Paul's Cathedral as soon as Bishop Barnes entered the pulpit to preach. Everyone

knew that Bishop Barnes would never intervene in like manner between Canon Bullock-Webster and a congregation waiting to hear him. But are not the two men facing quite different problems? One is confronted with what he thinks arrant blasphemy, coming from a nimble-witted unbeliever whom politicians have imposed upon the Church as a "Father in God." For the other, the spectacle is that of a dull and uninstructed but a thoroughly honest mind, confusing the religious message with obsolete dogma and superstitious ceremonial. But enlightening the stupid is a different sort of task, surely, from reprobating the profane. For one thing, to extend knowledge among the few who will listen calls for a method very different from that which bears testimony for the Faith *coram populo*. Tactically at least, Canon Bullock-Webster judged well the conditions of effectiveness. If he had written a Fundamentalist Anglo-Catholic letter to *The Times*, or an article of the same character to one of the reviews, it would have fallen as flat with most readers as even a Modernist sermon with a general audience. But the spectacular performance at the rail of the chancel in St. Paul's set all England talking. At all events, the immemorial practice was followed in this case; and if there is an etiquette in such matters, Canon Bullock-Webster kept it. Erasmus or Colet might circulate monographs to a select circle. Athanasius or Ambrose must make a public "scene."

Quite persuasively, then, has *The Church Times* argued that Catholics can never accept "a merely tolerated position" in the Church of England. But, as so often before, there is a great body of men whose good sense and good feeling will not let them proceed the whole way with their relentless logic. Anglicanism has been saved in the past by just such inconsistencies. Coleridge called them those "fortunate inconsequences of our nature which permit the heart to rectify the errors of the understanding."[1] It was Scottish Presbyterians who chose to be tied to a stake and

[1] Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.*, p. 104.

drowned in the rising waters of the Solway because, under Charles II, they would not say "God save the King" without adding "if it be God's will." Anglicans, on the other hand, have for long centuries repeated the *Athanasian Creed* with neither hard feeling nor malignant purpose towards those heretics whose damnation they so emphatically announced. At a time when witches were burned, though the doctrine about it was just the same on both sides of the Tweed, a crazy old woman was much safer if she fell under the eye of a bishop than if she encountered the Lords of the Congregation. Without such inconsistencies, English Church life would in the past have freed itself from the logician's criticism, only to incur the deeper reproach of the humane. Intolerance, said Gibbon, is a greater crime in a Protestant than in a Catholic. And of all Protestants, was it the part of the Liberal Churchmen to refuse the accommodation which the Composite Prayer Book offered? Was it for them, knowing how they had gradually smoothed away the Fundamentalism of the Scripturalist school in which they were born, to insist that the inheritors of the school of Tradition should have no such gentle declivity by which to retreat, but should be shut up to immediate choice between contemptuous denial and rigorous reassertion of their own ancient creed? With great fitness did an American writer describe what happened in parliament as the triumph of "Daytonism in the Church of England." [1] The cry of "All or Nothing" is one that Modernists should be the last to raise. They at least should be tolerant of a break-down in dogma—and not too severely insistent that those who have changed should say just why or how far.

[1] Mr. G. E. G. Catlin, in *Harper's Magazine*, April 1928.

V

Was anything to be gained *in practice* by this refusal? The ritual which the Revised Book would sanction was openly observed already, and no one had any serious proposal to make for suppressing it. Accurate figures are probably unavailable, but the late Archbishop of Canterbury—who must have had means of ascertaining—said that Reservation was practised in seven hundred churches and eighty institutional chapels. The Principal of Pusey House, who probably knows better still, has said that this figure was far too low. It understated, in his opinion, by some hundreds the number of places where the sacramental Elements were not only reserved but adored. There are at least one hundred and forty "law-breaking" churches in the diocese of London alone. According to the Bishop of Carlisle, strict fidelity to the standards is unknown in the churches of his own See. Can this be stopped by any practicable method of administrative severity? Even if deprivation were as easy as it is notoriously difficult to effect, is anyone going to propose this on so vast a scale at a time when there is such shortage in candidates for Holy Orders? One finds in *Crockford's Clerical Directory* for 1927 a forecast that ten years of further decline like that of the ten just ended would wipe the Church of England out of existence. No man in the country has a better right to be heard on this point than the Bishop of Durham, who speaks from long experience in administering an enormous diocese, and whose detachment of mind alike from Anglo-Catholic and from Evangelical fanaticism is well known. "If," he says, "the standard of rubrical obedience which their critics propose were actually enforced, four-fifths of the English parishes would be destitute of incumbents." [1] But Sir William Joynson-Hicks, it appears, would not enforce the rubrics by actual deprivation, or even by prosecution. He

[1] *The Book and the Vote*, Preface, p. xxx.

would merely *refuse to promote* a law-breaker, and trust to the effect upon clerical minds of the discovery that ritualism doesn't pay! Sir William has not been so long in politics without learning what can be done by "the lever of patronage." But he should learn also of the limits to its cunning use, and one feels that he is little versed in either the history or the psychology of persecution. Not much better is the Bishop of Birmingham's plan. Apparently he would embarrass and thwart the money-raising schemes of an Anglo-Catholic priest by withholding the episcopal name from the list of patrons at a parish bazaar! But he must be a poor martyr for conscience sake who will be frightened into submission by this. *Si peccas, pecca fortiter.* If you have decided upon persecution, why make it irritating without making it effective?

Calls to "enforce the law," "starve out the traitors" and so forth are good election material in a certain sort of constituency. Men of the Modern Churchmen's Union seem unable to silence even the wilder outbursts of such rhetoric, though they hear it from their Low Church allies with obvious uneasiness. But no responsible speaker means what he says in such excited mood. How much, for example, has Bishop Barnes himself achieved in purifying the diocese which *The Church Times* likes to describe as "poor persecuted Birmingham"? Has the Bishop of Norwich achieved anything in restraint of the practices at such a centre in his own diocese as Walsingham Parish Church? Until they have set a pattern of what can be done by bishops who have undoubtedly a will to do it, ought they not to cease imputing lack of zeal to colleagues whose success is at least not inferior to their own?

No doubt legislation could be introduced to arm the Bench with fuller power. But it is plain that not more than two or three out of between forty and fifty members of the Bench would exercise such power if they had it. One hears that the bishops are "traitorous"—all but a very small minority of them! On this ground, among others, the House

of Commons refused a change which would leave anything considerable to the episcopal discretion. Hence too the scorn with which Cabinet Ministers spoke of the bishops' pledge, supported by that of thousands of Anglo-Catholic clergy, that the grant of the Alternative Book would lead to far stricter discipline and to the dropping of many "Roman" practices. What a spectacle is this! Was anything quite like it ever before seen in the relations of Church and State? To preserve an Established Church, with spiritual rulers who are known to be mainly traitors, whose word of honour no layman can trust—and suppose it practicable, forsooth, to watch these dangerous prelates, fettering their activities by law! Why keep them at all? Why not have courage for wholesale displacement of religious guides whose conscience is so signally below that of the ordinarily honest man? And if the bishops are as they have been described, can they be kept innocuous through espionage, delation, and the *agent provocateur*?

. . . . . .

There is a passage in the *Letters of St. Bernard* [1] deploring the indecent spectacle of men in loud altercation on the streets of Paris about the Virgin Birth and the Sacrament of the Altar. In a like spirit, seven centuries afterwards, Sir Boyd Merriman had to lament that problems about the Communion Elements should be debated on the floor of the House of Commons, subjected to wrangle in the smoking-room, and canvassed at the entrance to the division lobby. To prevent just such a spectacle the *Enabling Act* had been passed. But it seems to have been passed in vain. What is the next step?

[1] St. Bernard is complaining specially of the bad influence and example of Abelard. *In sermonibus suis profanas vocum novitates inducit et sensuum. Accedit non solus, sicut Moyses, ad caliginem in qua erat Deus, sed cum turba multa et discipulis suis. Per vicos et plateas de fide catholica disputatur, de partu Virginis, de sacramento altaris, de incomprehensibili sanctæ Trinitatis mysterio.* (Epistola 332.)

CHAPTER XII

QUO VADIMUS? THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC DEFIANCE OF PARLIAMENT

Glaring as were the intellectual faults of the Oxford Movement, it was at any rate a recognition in a very forcible way of the doctrine that spiritual matters are not to be settled by the dicta of a political Council.

LORD MORLEY.

For myself, I indulge a joyful hope that the next century of Christianity will be nobler than the last; that the great Faiths which have struggled separately into the light of the one will flow together on the broader and less broken surface of the other. . . . Depend upon it, unity lies in profounder strata of our nature than any tillage of the mere intellect can reach. Sink deeply into the inmost life of any Christian faith, and you will touch the common ground of all.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER XII

QUO VADIMUS? THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC DEFIANCE OF PARLIAMENT

After the second vote in the House of Commons, the issue was a new one. Plainly nothing was to be gained by further explanations, and the proposal of a *third* Book was laughed out of court. "Let men but understand each other," said Jeremy Bentham, "and it will not be long ere they agree." To this rule the quarrel of Church and State seemed to furnish an exception, for it had grown worse as fast as each side saw more clearly what the other side meant. Moreover, the range as well as the depth of the conflict became greater day by day. If points of recent heated controversy were being dropped, it was because a controversy hotter still was arising. In Church circles at least, after June 1928 no one cared any longer to argue whether the bishops had been either candid or discreet, whether the spokesmen in parliament had put the case correctly, even whether the new Prayer Book had implied new doctrine. The problem had become this: Was it endurable that the House of Commons should thwart the will of the Church on a proposed ordering of her own faith and worship? As Churchmen scanned the names in the division lists, their tempers—not unnaturally—rose.

It was of course denied in various quarters that this was what parliament had done. For example, it was urged that the Church Assembly which asked for the new Prayer Book was not representative; that only a fraction of the qualified voters had taken part in electing it; that those who did record their votes had no such issue as this one in mind, and had given no "mandate" for ritual innovation;

that when the Assembly met, its members acquiesced in the proposed changes without desiring them, or even understanding their real import; that the clerical House had been intimidated by bishops who had promotion in their gift; and that the laity were so ignorant of liturgical niceties as to judge it safest—where it was plainly easiest—to defer to the "expert" Bench. It was even argued that, under the circumstances, with such sustained episcopal effort to frighten and to cajole and to mislead, one vote against the proposals should be held more significant than ten votes in their favour!

Strange indeed is the reasoning—and at times the arithmetic—by which a disagreeable occurrence at the polls is "explained." Much of the argument against the representative character of the Church Assembly has a quite familiar ring. Was it not in the budget debates of 1909 that we last heard the same sort of story? Night after night a case was then made out against the representative character of the House of Commons by which that budget was passed. One can recall the quaint old rhetoric about the House of Lords as expressing "the general will," though not perhaps "the will of all"! Our continuing confidence in popular institutions must depend in part at least upon the peremptoriness with which such an argument is dismissed. Those of an electorate who abstain from voting are fairly assumed to be indifferent to the result, and it seems an odd suggestion that the desire of the active members of a Church should be blocked just because the merely nominal members might perhaps have opposed it if they had taken the trouble to express themselves. It had been proclaimed with all possible publicity that every person in England above the age of eighteen years, of either sex, who had been baptised and would declare attachment to the State Church, had a right to vote—so that no one could say the franchise was too narrow. If anyone failed to realise that ritual change would be an issue at the Assembly, he must have paid little attention to the purpose

for which the Assembly had been established. For it had been made plain in every debate about the Enabling Bill that this was to give effect to the recommendations of the 1906 Commission, in which greater variety and greater elasticity of ritual had occupied a foremost place. Clearly, too, popular government becomes impossible if the voice of a representative Assembly, fairly chosen and reasonably well apprised of the point at issue, is to be discounted as due to intimidation or deceit.

If the Church meant anything by the claim of "autonomy" and "spiritual independence," the time had come to prove it—either by challenge or by sacrifice. If, on the other hand, this was but an ancient ecclesiastical myth, long since modernised away like so many others of its class, or—like them—"reinterpreted" (by the Enabling Act) into a mere futility, now was the time for a gesture of homage to mark the change. Three policies were thus possible—submission, sacrifice, challenge. Anglicans so "Low" as to verge upon Nonconformity urged docile obedience to the omnipotent State. Anglicans so "High" as to verge upon Romanism urged an immediate appeal for Disestablishment, as the necessary price—large, but not too large to pay—for freedom. But Anglo-Catholics properly so named urged adherence to the historic policy of their school, refusing as of old the dilemma of subservience or schism. They would quietly introduce those ritual changes which had been authorised by the Church though forbidden by the State, leaving the State to take such measures of repression as it chose.

It is instructive to consider why, and in what degree, this last choice is in the very spirit of the Tractarians, so that a century of Anglo-Catholicism has indeed culminated there.

I

The policy of humble obedience was excluded at once. Thus, exclaims the Evangelical press, those Anglo-Catholics, having asked for the Enabling Act, refuse to accept the first product of their own machinery—like men who ask for arbitration in a dispute, but will not abide by the judgment of the arbitrator if it goes against them. The reproach is pointless, for it was not primarily Anglo-Catholics who asked for the Enabling Act, and it would be hard to name any Anglo-Catholic who thought of that Act as even distantly like an appeal to arbitration. All England knew that the reserving of sacramental Elements would be continued by certain priests until they should be deposed, no matter what the House of Commons might say, and no one who read the organs of Anglo-Catholic opinion can suggest that there was even an attempt to disguise it. The men who asked for the Enabling Act were bishops, distraught by Anglo-Catholic excesses, who thought that an autonomous Church might make its own system of discipline both clear enough and liberal enough to be enforced. Some bishops [1] who now join in the resistance to parliament were among the fiercest opponents of the passage of the Act; while those of the Bench who supported it, but declare there is now a return to chaos, are merely pointing out that their own predictions have been fulfilled.

The obedience which one side thinks it out of the question to render, their critics on the other side think it out of the question that they should withhold. Lord Houghton used to say that the Anglican clergy were "just civil servants," and a very similar doctrine runs through that monograph, *The Prayer Book Crisis*, which Sir William Joynson-Hicks found leisure from the duties of the Home Office to prepare.

[1] e.g., the Bishop of Durham. Cf. *The Book and the Vote*, Preface, p. ix.

Sir William's treatise was written very fast;[1] and even with the help of a representative of the Protestant Alliance, to whom the Preface makes acknowledgment, it was unlikely that a good historical analysis of Church and State could be produced in so short a time, with a coming battle in the division lobby as the *Leit-motif* of the whole. Not even the hurry of the hour, or the exigencies of propagandism for a vote, should indeed excuse such omissions or misstatements of essential fact as those which the Archbishop of York has discovered in this brochure.[2] But for our present interest the most significant point is its frank re-avowal of just that Erastianism (so-called) against which the Anglo-Catholic Movement from its beginning was a protest. Sir William Joynson-Hicks would reverse the Movement not merely in respect of its ritual excesses, which so many regret, but in respect of its apostolic enthusiasm which has hitherto been almost universally admired. And to this sweeping condemnation he seems authorised to commit the Evangelicals as a group! He takes us back in thought more than one hundred years. To him, as to the Bishop of Birmingham, an Anglican priest is primarily a State official. The plea that no secular authority should prescribe to the Church "the form of its ministration to the sick and the dying" [3] will thus appear to him no more than a piece of ecclesiastical impertinence.

It must at least be felt that the first page of his book has been appropriately decorated. Sir William's own observations are introduced by a passage from Cranmer, and there is no prelate in the long line of Anglican descent whose attitude this book more faithfully reflects. Point after point in Cranmer's record will at once be remembered. One thinks of that most singular consecration to the See of

[1] One is bound to conclude this, e.g., from such extraordinary reflections as the following: "The predictions of those who saw in *Tracts for the Times* the seeds of what afterwards came from them have been verified by the course of events" (p. 68).

[2] Cf. W. Temple, *The Prayer Book Crisis, A Reply to Sir William Joynson-Hicks*, pp. 6–12.

[3] Cf. H. Hensley Henson, *The Book and the Vote*, p. 10.

Canterbury in 1532, when Henry VIII—with projects very different from the sacramental in mind—had need of a docile ecclesiastic. First the oath of fidelity to the supreme pontiff at Rome, sworn upon the Holy Gospels; next a declaration before a notary that if the will of the Pope should ever conflict with that of the King of England, the aforesaid oath should be held null and void! One recalls the order of Henry VIII's Council that all the bishops should preach simultaneously against the Mass, and the sermon-headings with which the obliging primate—at the Council's request—supplied the bishops in advance, to direct their argument as well as to save their time. Most suitably of all, one remembers the terms of the note that Cranmer added to the declaration of his personal views about the Sacrament:

> This is my opinion and sentence at present, which nevertheless I do not temerariously define, but refer the judgment thereof wholly to your Majesty.

No "lawlessness" about that! Cranmer's was surely the right name for the Protestant Alliance at this hour to invoke.

But consider the case as the Anglo-Catholic sees it. He wonders whether, except for campaign purposes, when temper is high and reflection is hurried, even the members of the Protestant Alliance can mean to extol a Church framed after Cranmer's pattern. Must not even they have an uneasy feeling that the present British parliament—for instance—is a strange tribunal to deal with controversies about the Eucharist? Much was said—especially by those who liked the decision—about the "earnestness" which marked the House of Commons that night. Except for the proposal by a Labour member to drop the Prayer Book and take up the Rent Book, not an unseemly note was struck, and this one was quickly suppressed. It was an admirable example of House of Commons manners, so that Englishmen who knew the Legislatures abroad were proud that night of their own. No one could imagine a

debate conducted with like decorum in the French Chamber of Deputies upon some detail of the Mass or some feature of the penitential discipline. But was there anything in this British politeness to make an Anglo-Catholic satisfied with such a spiritual court? He reflects how the whole debate must have appeared to certain members of that House—men who would shortly pass from argument about the sacramental Elements to attend the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association! Not very many years ago, John Morley was a leader in the Commons. One remembers how he refused to be called a sceptic, because that word implied a misgiving;[1] how he described the work of the Reformers as the Protestant dilution of the theological spirit;[2] and how he likened the formulæ of Christian worship to the abracadabras of a conjurer in a booth.[3] A quarter of a century back, the presence of a member with such views aroused comment, and even a mild shock, but it would attract no special notice now. Men of the Morley school of opinion are plentiful in every group of the House. What, then, was this unbroken courtesy, mistaken for "earnestness"? As one thinks of leading members, who kept silence half polite and half contemptuous through that debate on Reservation, there is a similitude that leaps to one's mind. An Anglo-Indian Council at Bombay or Madras, listening with intent but puzzled expression to argument from Hindus and Moslems in turn about the law of blasphemy, and wondering how the *pax Britannica* can be best maintained in that land of rival superstitions!

Whatever it means to the rest of us, it is not hard to see why such a situation is intolerable to the Anglo-Catholic. He had hoped that the Enabling Act would serve for these alien minds as a sort of self-denying ordinance, so that they would refuse to adjudicate on a point of doctrine. The Minister who introduced the Prayer Book measure took this for granted, but in vain. Before such judges the

[1] *On Compromise*, pp. 160–1. [2] *Voltaire*, p. 206.
[3] *On Compromise*, p. 92.

mysteries of the Faith had to be argued, and by their decision the appeal of the Church could be overborne! Can we wonder that the Anglo-Catholic cries "Give us Disestablishment; demand any other sacrifice from us—but not a sacrifice like that"?

What would docile submission mean—in concrete terms, not glittering generalities about "loyalty to the law of this Church and Realm"? It would mean different lines of conduct for two distinguishable groups of bishops. One group is definitely and strongly Anglo-Catholic; another, while refusing the label, is convinced that Anglo-Catholic ritual should be allowed, as the primate would say, "within the wide zone of toleration" of the National Church. What is demanded, then, of the first group is that they should suppress, by every episcopal weapon, just those observances which they believe to constitute the very heart of worship. Not, be it remembered, that the Anglo-Catholic bishop should resign his See. Rather that, retaining his See, he should act as a State inquisitor, destroying throughout his diocese—in the name of "the law of the land"—just what he personally thinks most essential to the religious life! For the second group, docile submission would mean this; that though believing such a policy will do far more harm than good; though believing it will deprive the Church of many of its best workers for the sake of a ceremonial difference relatively unimportant; though believing, for example, that it will withdraw from great cities the sort of clergy who are most effective there, while it leaves the churches either unmanned or with ministers who have no such power of appeal; yet, at the order of a parliamentary majority, the episcopal veto must be laid upon Anglo-Catholic forms of devotion, and the priest who dares to continue them must have his tenure of a parish made intolerable!

As they reflect about this, the bishops may surely doubt whether it represents the deliberate purpose of such bodies as the one quaintly named "Church Liberation Society."

They observe that at the eleventh hour, before the second vote, some of the most distinguished of English Free Church leaders took the risk of repudiating their colleagues, and urged that to accept the Book was better than the "Erastian" alternative. Is it surprising that our aphorists should speak once more of a Church which ceases to be the Bride of Christ and becomes the concubine of Cæsar? Whatever else be the way out, this is a way that the bishops have refused to take. When one hears that they "will not submit," one thinks inevitably of some precedents—of bishops who would not submit in the past, at a time when refusal was more perilous, and yet the principle was surely the same. The Seven who went to the Tower, because they would not assist James II in what they thought a breach of his word; and the Seven who were driven from their Sees because they would not swear—as they thought—falsely about the royal title of William III! If these parallels seem rather fantastic, it is because the spectacle of a rebellious episcopate is so rare that only illustrations somewhat remote are available. Resistance means all the more when shown by men habitually complaisant. Does anyone think that English bishops will quarrel with the State for a trifle? As Sir Thomas Browne would have said, in relation with the powers that be, they have seldom shown "heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionally propense to innovation." [1]

II

Disestablishment would solve the difficulty. Anglo-Catholics too, from John Keble to Charles Gore, have been haunted by the thought that no other solution will serve in the end. But even when they have said "It must come to that, sooner or later," they have struggled to postpone the inevitable. That they did so from purely personal

[1] *Religio Medici*, VII.

motives—to retain assured income, State prestige and the like—is a guess worthy only of those who believe in no types of character above their own. This maligned school, whatever its special faults, is not the one from which the Church of England has generally drawn its Vicars of Bray. What, then, are the objections to Disestablishment, so strong as to have hitherto outweighed its obvious advantages, in the estimate of so many earnest men?

Until last year, the proposal to separate Church and State had been steadily losing its attractiveness for the English people. Whether a reaction began last June, no one can tell. Against the confident diagnosis by journalists, who have nothing to lose by a mistake, we may set the obvious and very suggestive hesitation by political party managers. But there is no doubt that fifty years ago Disestablishment was on the crest of a popular wave. In 1876 John Morley could write in the *Fortnightly Review* that this was the issue which the Time-Spirit had at length made paramount, that here was the one subject on which a speaker could be sure of a crowded audience in any large town and on which all groups of progressive thinkers were agreed, that every leader of industry had given a strong and distinct pledge to vote for Disestablishment.[1] It would be supported, he said, by a large and growing section in the Church of England itself, while it would elicit enthusiasm on the part of all the Nonconformists and at least two-thirds of the Roman Catholics. Not only did it hold this unique place among the projected reforms of the time, but it was in truth for the sake of their conduciveness to this that all other enterprises of political reform were then chiefly valued.[2] Thus were the movements of the Time-Spirit discerned by the most brilliant of English journalists fifty years ago. Comment is furnished by the succeeding history and by the present situation. What has happened to this irresistible demand of 1876? It is still urged by the fiercer sort of Anglo-Catholic, with the help of the fiercer

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, January 1876. [2] ibid.

sort of Protestant; but those "progressive" people of Morley's tale have curiously faded out of the picture. In recent years the appeal has been addressed to a public whose enthusiasm was becoming harder to arouse, and whose very attention was becoming harder to hold. Even now, when the Prayer Book dispute has made the case for Disestablishment so much easier to argue, there is no political group willing to use it as an election cry. Why is so little heed paid to a demand coming from both fierce Protestants and fierce Anglo-Catholics? Is it not the very singularity of the union which has helped to make the average Englishman suspicious? He is alarmed at this simultaneous attack, by two groups differently fanatical, on the historically tolerant Church, which has lasted just because it was a makeshift, and has held together just because it was inconsistent.

It is that "average Englishman" who has of late been drawn to the support of the great institution in which his own temperament is so perfectly reflected. He knows its faults. In his mirthful mood he will ridicule them. He sees clearly enough the objection to a State Church anywhere—most of all in a country where other Christian societies abound. A religion surrounded with pomp and pageantry, its ministers authorised in a table of precedence to pose as social grandees, its revenue provided practically by a tax—all this strikes him as a little ridiculous. He has watched, too, the disintegrating effect of an Establishment upon the life of his local community—the constant strife of "Church" with "Chapel"; the "inferiority complex" in the children of Dissenters as they grow up, to be avenged in a hundred malicious ways later on; the small-town jealousies which import a peculiarly religious bitterness into party politics; the social pretentiousness with which the official form of Christian piety makes so strange a blend. He feels how absurd in theory, and at times how disgraceful in practice, is the choice of bishops by the Prime Minister *ex officio*. But though familiar with all these complaints,

and ready to admit his inability to answer them, that average Englishman is not disposed for Disestablishment. Nor is it hard to set forth at least a few of the reasons by which he is unconsciously, or subconsciously, deterred.

In his heart he likes *that national acknowledgment of Christianity which an Established Church represents.* He has nothing of the French "libre penseur"—no anti-clerical rage, no thought of the priest as natural enemy of the civil constitution, no haunting idea of "a necessary conflict between the religious and the scientific ordering of life." The speeches which worked up enthusiasm for M. Briand's Separation Law would have made the men in an English audience put their fingers in their ears. A tirade like Anatole France's *L'Eglise et la République* would seem to them like some Karl Marxian fanaticism about the inevitability of the class-war. Our supposed average Englishman desires just what those French anti-clericals chiefly dreaded—that the National Church should indeed act as a constant reminder of the Christian ideals upon which the nation has been built.

He values it because he knows how ideals are kept alive, how great is the influence exerted by an institution ever in view, invested with the prestige of government and authority and social custom. As Godwin used to say, its pressure is like that of the atmosphere, never escaped, and yet never felt. Contrast it with the voluntary religious societies. What one misses in them is just that intimate association of civic duty and religious acknowledgment for which a National Church stands. These sects are too like business enterprises for the promotion of different and conflicting dogmas, or like clubs of people bound together by a common eccentricity of taste. They can serve no such purpose as is served by a Church wide like the Commonwealth itself, a single shrine to which all citizens however otherwise different may resort, especially at the great crises of life—at baptism, at marriage, at death.

With this in mind, our average Englishman likes to think

of many varieties of belief finding shelter in the same religious home. When Bishop Gore tells him that Disestablishment would make it easier to enforce discipline both on Modernists and on ritualists,[1] the effect is the reverse of what Bishop Gore intended, for his listener has no wish to see the entrance to his Church guarded by a flaming two-edged sword of rigid creed and rigid form. He considers it not the least of their claims to support that National Churches in the past have been the asylums of intellectual freedom. Butler expressed for him his exact thought when he described such Establishment as "a standing publication of the Gospel," and likened a State Church to a city upon a hill.[2] But the one Gospel may be proclaimed in many dialects, and to the city set on a hill there are many gates by which one may go in.

Lastly, our Englishman likes to think of the ministrations of his Church as provided for everyone in the land, just as elementary education is provided, *without fee*. Pew rents, fashionable churches, wealthy churches — are not these strangely grating terms? For the luxuries of life there is wholesome competition, but the necessities are a common concern. Suppose the Church were disestablished. Does anyone doubt that the straitening effect would be first felt in places that could least afford the strain—in the remoter rural spots and in the slum areas of cities? Religion, like other privileges, would be available for those who could pay for it! That the parochial system of the English Church, already bending beneath its load, would be simply destroyed by Disestablishment, is the forecast of those with best right to be heard. Can that be contemplated without regret? What a cultural influence—not to put it on higher ground—the Church has been! How much has been contributed to the softening of manners and the preservation of the amenities of life by that peculiar class known as the English parish clergy! How much has literature owed to

[1] *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, pp. 355–6.
[2] *Charge to the Clergy of Durham.*

that learned leisure which was once, at all events, the portion of deans and canons, and of which even yet the fruit could ill be spared? Can one expect a like product if these men, or those who take their places, must mingle in the excited fray of Free Church "democratic" religion, sharing in that hardly disguised contempt with which learning almost as much as piety is regarded by the *nouveaux riches* of Dissent?

This attitude to the National Church is peculiarly English. Few National Churches worthy of the name are now left, and probably nowhere else is there a State Establishment of religion that is viewed with such general goodwill by those who are far from agreeing with its professed doctrines. Is it, then, for the Anglo-Catholic to force a breach by which the cause of national Christianity will forego this singular advantage which still belongs to it in England? The heirs of the tradition of Newman and Pusey should be prepared for many a hard choice in preference to this one.

III

The choice they have made is now plain. They will not submit, and they will not ask for Disestablishment. They will simply proceed as if the Enabling Act had not broken down, and as if the new Prayer Book approved by the spiritual authority had been approved by parliament as well. Now that the Church has spoken, said the chief Anglo-Catholic paper in January 1928, the action of the State is a matter of almost complete indifference. Slowly, and with reluctance, the bishops have concurred.

They have avoided formal statement, for reasons sufficiently obvious. While circulating copies of the forbidden liturgy, for example, they have added a notice that this must not be taken to mean its authorisation. Last October it was thought that they had definitely "declared war,"

because they had intimated that any priest would be judged within his rights if he introduced the ritual of the 1928 Book, with its limits as well as its liberties. This seemed to mean that the Bench would veto prosecution for ritual offence so long as the rules of that Book were kept. But we were soon told that this was a mere tentative basis of discussion for special Synods which the bishops proposed to call; and when the Synods met, no manner of agreement was reached. The conflict, of course, strengthened those prelates who were either hostile or lukewarm towards the projects of the majority, and the plan of collective action against parliament seems to have been dropped.

But it is now clearly the purpose of individual bishops to thwart the law, each in his own diocese. That robust ecclesiastic who presides over the See of Gloucester told an audience at Cheltenham, quite unambiguously, what he meant to do. A clergyman's pledge, he said, is to follow the Prayer Book order, *except in so far as changes may be permitted by lawful authority.* And what is "lawful authority"? It is *the liturgical right of the diocesan.* So far as the See of Gloucester is concerned, its present ruler will make certain that the services are of a kind to "respond to the spiritual needs of the people." In its context, this phrase has but one meaning. Nor can anyone misunderstand the letter from the Bishop of London to one hundred and sixty priests in his diocese—men who, by his leave, have long been breaking the law. They are told to continue reserving the sacramental Elements as before, subject only to the rules in the Book of 1928.

It is a daring step. Though many a precedent may be found in the recent procedure of lay politicians, it is still quite a novelty for bishops to recommend a strategic disregard of the Constitution. It seems, indeed, to have caused the deepest shock to some of those who have been most addicted to this method of getting their own way, and most successful in carrying it out. Men famous as inflamers of sedition in Northern Ireland, for example, have

been unspeakably distressed at the sight of rebellious bishops. When the Prayer Book measure was first presented, Lord Carson—as if to add to the manifold gaieties of his debating career—spoke with horror of an attempt to browbeat parliament by threats of organised lawlessness! But though such an episode of mock-gravity may relieve the strain of a painful debate, the seriousness of the crisis is not to be denied. All the obvious reproaches against the episcopal decision have been urged, beyond the point of satiety, in the Evangelical papers. What is there to say on the other side? Thirty-eight prelates, out of forty-three, must have had some intelligible justification in mind for so strange a course.

Canon Lacey, in his book *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, has set forth the most persuasive argument for action of this kind.[1] He reminds his readers that the campaign against "Erastianism" proceeded at first almost simultaneously in the two National Churches of England and Scotland, but that the method chosen by the writers of *Tracts for the Times* was profoundly different from that chosen by the founders of the Free Kirk. The latter, in docile submission to law, preferred to create a schism rather than to offer even passive resistance to "the powers that be." But the former stood by their Church. They refused to leave it to the group which would surrender its rights progressively, one by one, to the civil Government. By thus "enduring hardness and contumely," they hoped in the end to make secular domination unworkable. Which was the wiser choice? Anglo-Catholics took the slower and the more difficult route. But did it not in the end lead to a better goal? Did they not, to all intents and purposes, secure their spiritual independence, and that without sacrificing their sacred principle of a national religion?

If there is force in this as an argument for the method of the Tractarians, it has at least equal force as an argument for the present policy of the episcopal Bench. The

[1] T. A. Lacey, *The Anglo-Catholic Faith*, pp. 69–72.

bishops still prize the principle of national religion. They are still eager to keep it, and ready to make sacrifices for the sake of it—though not to the extent of reprobating forms of devotion they believe vital, at the behest of a parliament composed so largely of Jews, agnostics and atheists. True to the past of their great Movement, they hate the idea of another schism. So, having stated their case with such clearness that no man can accuse them of deception, they await the next move from those who would "cast them out of the synagogue." Will Modernists blame them? They at least should understand how peaceful penetration from within, rather than furious attack from without, is a reformer's best method of moulding his age. Is not this the Erasmian way, which they have so often extolled above the Lutheran? Was it not the way of that thinker of our own time whom they so eagerly encouraged in his fight against the Roman Curia? Others, said abbé Loisy, have found it impossible to remain in the Catholic Church: "I judge myself, on the contrary, withheld from leaving it, in order that I may labour more usefully, according to the feeble measure of my power, for a transformation which is no less necessary for the welfare of my country, for the general interest of human progress, than it is for the future of Catholicism itself." [1] A time came, in Loisy's intellectual development, when he had no honourable option but to secede. A time may well come again, as it has often come already, when for an Anglo-Catholic a like choice is no less imperative. But when one holds tenaciously to one's place within the Christian communion in which one was born, to the very last moment at which this is possible without sacrifice of personal honour—who is he that will cast the first stone? That it should come from the camp of the *Modern Churchmen* would be indeed as ironical an occurrence as the history of persecution has to record.

[1] Loisy, *Quelques Lettres*, p. 63.

IV

It is said that the bishops' "lawlessness" will ruin them. But those who say so tell us, at the same time, that the Bench has been lawless for twenty-five years, and the only change is to a more resolute candour. Will this really be a fatal disadvantage? And are we as sure as we used to be that "In England unconstitutional methods always fail"? One thinks of Women's Suffrage, and Sinn Fein, and some other episodes of the recent past—with deepening doubt of the patriotic maxim. Of late, at all events, there has been much to lend colour to Oscar Wilde's view: "Nothing succeeds like *excess*." The Evangelical papers threatened a fearful outburst of public wrath at the nomination of Dr. Lang to Canterbury and Dr. Temple to York, but nothing came of it. Before the tribunal of "the man in the street," these two fighting archbishops seem to have improved their status by showing that they have a mind of their own. The man in the street, though by no means devout, has a vague feeling that leaders of the Church should not just wait for orders from the secular power. Perhaps he recalls, with the late Baron von Hügel, that Christianity for the first three centuries was an outlawed religion,[1] and he is rather impressed with the sight of something similar again. The bishops will not lose ground by surprising the public with proof that for conscience sake the law will sometimes be defied even on the episcopal Bench.

They are more likely to lose by an attempt to disguise what they are doing. Is it possible that they mean to represent even this last move as still "within the law"? One fears that fatal weakness of theirs, and their press has already plied them with their besetting temptation. Of many a plea now urged in the Anglo-Catholic papers one is forced to say, in the language of Flaubert, that "it shames the human mind." For example—that the reason why parliament may be ignored is because parliament had "no

[1] von Hügel, *Letters*, pp. 36–7.

right" to decide an issue like that of the Prayer Book at all, or—what amounts to the same thing—had the "right" to decide it in only one way! Again, that no Scotsman, no Irishman, no Welshman, no English Nonconformist had a "right" to vote on the future of the Church of England. The ex-primate showed a quick sense of danger from such supporters, and repudiated them sharply. In the very spirit of the *Lux Mundi* school, he pointed out that the Church's legitimate tenure depends on her welcoming an examination of her title-deeds by every class of British citizen. But months afterwards the senseless plea had still enough vogue to elicit a scornful comment from the Dean of St. Paul's. The House of Commons, he said, seemed to him to have decided wrongly, but it was better that it should reach a wrong decision than repudiate responsibility for deciding at all. Though the puzzled faces of his audience showed that the dean was thought to be in one of his paradoxical moods, there was in truth nothing either obscure or subtle in what he said. Every speech on the minority side in a House of Commons debate implies just the same distinction—the distinction between *what parliament has a right to do* and *what parliament is right in doing*.

It is indeed impossible to contemplate with gravity this argument for the wholesale disfranchising of all constituencies represented by a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Welshman, or an English Nonconformist, when a question of Church policy is before the House. So long as an institution of any kind is established and sustained by the State, parliament cannot surrender its title to interfere with it when interference is in the public interest. Just as little can it devolve upon anyone else the responsibility of deciding at what time the need for this has arisen. One critic has remarked that the State Church can no more be left to itself than the State Post Office[1]; and though the comparison is not the most fortunate, it is sound in its

[1] Dr. Morgan Gibbon in the *British Weekly*, 7 April, 1928.

essential point. Moreover, for at least sixteen years out of the last thirty-five it was either a Scottish Presbyterian or a Welsh Baptist who—without a word of Anglo-Catholic protest—chose bishops for every vacant See in England. When the Dean and Chapter in such cases received their *congé d'élire*, it was well understood that the only man they might elect was the one named in the accompanying recommendation, drawn up by Lord Rosebery, by Mr. Balfour, by Mr. Lloyd George, by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Is choosing a Father in God to be thought a less "spiritual" function than voting on a change of ritual? No one proposes to deny liberty of conscience to either individual or Church. Creed and worship are one's own affair. But the representatives of the people are entitled to judge what sort of creed or worship shall be officially proclaimed as national and be supported by the public treasury. To disallow the votes of certain groups of members is to invite *la culbute générale* for a National Establishment.

Remembering how an extreme case best discloses a principle, Mr. J. A. Spender inquired whether the autonomous Church of Anglo-Catholic aspiration would have power, for example, to "convey itself to Rome or to adopt the tenets of Mrs. Eddy." Readers of that strange document called *Conversations at Malines* may feel that the case was not altogether extreme. The Anglicans who went to Belgium five years ago, to discuss "Reunion" with certain picked theologians of the Church of Rome, had of course no title to commit anyone but themselves. On the other hand, it was not purely a personal adventure.[1] They were men of great pith and moment in the councils of their own communion—worthy to be heard as they guessed with their utmost shrewdness how much the Church of England might

[1] Apart from their personal importance, it is to be noted that they went first "with the friendly cognizance" and later by special request of the Archbishop of Canterbury (*Report*, pp. 18, 24). It is significant, too, that the Roman authorities, who so seldom err on such a matter, judged these meetings worth the continued attendance of such commanding prelates as Cardinal Mercier and Monsignor Battifol.

be induced to concede for the sake of a reunited Christendom. That incident is of great importance as showing, first, what the Anglican Establishment with a "free hand" might do, and, second, why it is impossible that the State should ever give it a free hand.

What Lord Halifax and his friends were prepared to yield on their own behalf is a question of minor interest, to which we have known the answer with tolerable completeness for many years. The arresting novelty is in their representation to their Roman Catholic colleagues that the Church of England as a whole might quite probably (1) acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, stipulating only that his normal action should be through the English Primate;[1] (2) have all its clergy reordained by Roman bishops;[2] (3) proclaim the divine obligation of episcopal government as against all the Nonconformist sects;[3] (4) require, after the Roman pattern, a sharply defined fidelity to the "Œcumenic faith of the Councils";[4] (5) approve such sacramental doctrine as, in the view of Roman theologians, could not be distinguished in any essential from the doctrine of the Mass.[5] The Anglicans at Malines were apparently prepared to submit such proposals to their own Church, with genuine hope of getting them accepted.[6]

[1] *Conversations at Malines*, pp. 22, 42. [2] ibid., p. 85.
[3] ibid., loc. cit. [4] ibid., p. 40. [5] ibid., p. 79. Cf. p. 44.
[6] As usual at such Conferences, the "concessions" from the Roman side amounted to little more than a repeated assurance of goodwill, though it was intimated that there might conceivably be some indulgence shown to Anglican custom in respect of (*a*) clerical marriage, (*b*) communion in both kinds, and (*c*) the use of the vernacular (p. 24). The Roman Catholics present, while not presuming to predict how the Holy See would decide such points, referred to the precedent of concession made to the Uniat Churches. One remembers how the wearing of beards, for example, was permitted there. With what joy Bishop Forbes of Brechin would have heard that Anglicanism might thus at length be advanced to a level with "the withering heretical communities of the East"! On the sacramental issue, as the Roman Catholics can scarcely have abandoned Transubstantiation, and yet both English and French Reports say there was here complete and easy unanimity (pp. 44 and 79), the Anglicans must have accepted a belief sufficiently like the Roman to pass that exacting tribunal as its equivalent. How long would the unanimity have lasted if they had explained that the consecrated Elements must in no case be adored, and that the only ground for reserving them was to "communicate the sick"?

What would happen to them in parliament may now, perhaps, be more readily imagined than described. That singular *Report* was issued before the Prayer Book debate. Surely many a vote must have been cast with a bitter decisiveness because members had been reading the *Conversations at Malines*.

But, as John Stuart Mill used to say, though there can be no doubt about what the Legislature has power to do with the Church, and no doubt that it will defend this against all theoretic attack, there is often very grave doubt "in what spirit and with what reservations it is incumbent upon a wise Legislature to exercise that power."[1] If an Established Church is to be kept, the secular authority should reduce its interference to a minimum, because the value of a spiritual organisation is gone if it is seen to be in constant subservience to the civil magistrate. The last years of the French Concordat, offering material for ribald wit to every freethinking novelist, should serve as a warning.[2] Nothing indeed can be more despicable than what the Bishop of Durham has called "a tame Church in a secularised State."[3]

To avoid this, the Enabling Act advanced ecclesiastical autonomy as far as possible. It rested on the assumption that the Church should be free to regulate her own changes, so long as these were neither an infringement of social justice nor a menace to national safety. Would social justice, then, have been infringed, or national safety menaced, if the State had substituted definite permission for tacit connivance? Were these high causes to be secured only by a feigned ignorance of what everyone knew to be going on? The bishops aimed neither, like the Puritans, to "put down superstition," nor, like Henry VIII, to "abolish diversity of opinion." They had the strictly limited purpose of preventing some wild excesses into which

[1] Article in the *Jurist*, 1833. Republished in Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions*, I, p. 1.

[2] Cf., e.g., Anatole France, *L'Orme du Mail*.

[3] H. Hensley Henson, *Diocesan Letter*, issued July 1928.

the Anglo-Catholic Movement here and there had passed. Previous measures had failed to prevent or even to check them. The new method of discipline was planned, not in conflict with the recommendations of the 1906 Commission, but in faithful fulfilment of what the Commission had advised. And let no doctrinaire object that "the principle is the same, whether the Anglo-Catholic practices are moderate or extreme." Among those who deal in mystery, a great gulf separates such as merely join in acknowledging it, from such as affect to hold the only key for interpreting it or the only power for directing it. Protestant London to-day is far removed from Calvin's Geneva or Knox's Edinburgh, though any writer of the Rationalist Press Association can prove that they "rest on the same dogmatic basis." In like manner, though the ultimate foundation be the same, it makes a vast difference whether one teaches the Real Presence and even illustrates it by reserving the Elements, or raises aloft the consecrated wafer like a magician's charm with the words *Behold the Lamb of God*, and summons the faithful to receive "Benediction with the Sacrament"; whether he enjoins the practice of prayer on behalf of the departed or sets the example of invocation and confession to the Blessed Virgin and the saints; whether he burns candles on the altar or erects images and roods for public obeisance. The episcopal plan was to divide in order to conquer. It was the use of a test which should separate those who merely retain certain pre-Reformation habits of mind or preferences in worship from those whose heart is plainly with the Church of Rome and not with the Church of England. Wherein lay the risk of facilitating this? What further loss would have been incurred by regularising a procedure which none had the power and few had even the desire to stop?

V

Though the bishops may quite probably win in the end, partly because they have so much justice on their side, partly because the "waiting" strategy is just the sort at which they are most adept, it is plain that for the moment they have a great deal against them. In the nine months that have passed, we have had time to see how the country has taken the action of parliament. It has pleased not merely the extreme men on either side, together with the lazily conservative who are always for keeping the *status quo*, but a great multitude of others, so that it is perhaps true to say with the Evangelical journalist, "This has proved one of the most popular things the present House of Commons has done." Anglo-Catholics, like Socrates at his trial, suffer from a long and varied accumulation of unpopularity. Though there was some cross-voting in the House, the cleavage followed party lines with a closeness too sharp for accident, and in the comments of the party press ever since it has been made sharper still. No doubt all honest men struggled—or thought they struggled—against "prejudices." But there must have been many with whom the struggle was not successful. Surely, for instance, not a few political Liberals, whose policy the Anglo-Catholics have opposed for a hundred years with a bitterness like that of Newman towards Brougham and Grey? Was it within the power of the average Nonconformist to forget his long reckoning for denominational insult and social presumption? What percentage of Roman Catholics could contemplate quite without bias a school that has stopped so many would-be converts on their way back to the fold, and seems indeed to exist as a tempting alternative to the Ancient Church? Could Scotsmen and Welshmen suddenly put out of mind all those historic memories on which no one wishes to dwell, but which return unsummoned just when the judicial temper should

be shown? And of Northern Ireland, whose representatives—now so seldom seen at Westminster—were present in force at both divisions on the Prayer Book, is it unfair to recall that morbid diathesis always displayed at the very mention of "the Pope"?

Nor has even insurgent Labour betrayed much sympathy towards those "semi-Bolshevists, with the Crucifix in one hand and the Red Flag in the other." Somehow the Labour Unions cannot see Anglo-Catholicism as Dean Inge sees it. Perhaps they remember its record in the class-struggles of the past, and foresee an ultimate asylum for social privilege in the Church which sets such value upon Authority. At all events they listen with approval when speakers urge the need for preserving the achievements of the Reformation, and express alarm lest the violence of that sixteenth-century discord should ever be forgotten or assuaged. Here and there a Clydeside Socialist, no doubt reflecting that "religion is the opiate of the workman," but finding himself forced to distinguish between brands of religion, has shown a preference for the Low Church kind—presumably because he thinks its action milder and its results more easily dissipated.

To these manifold sources of unpopularity must be added the tone and temper of the Anglo-Catholic press. What attempt has it made to meet prejudice with explanation, to translate old formulæ into current speech, or to separate essential doctrine from trivial usage? It had to confront large and powerful groups both in parliament and in the country, made up of men either indifferent or hostile, with little knowledge and less concern about what the "School of Tradition" essentially is, but stirred by the very name to recollections usually contemptuous and sometimes angry. Even the average Evangelical Anglican, if he spoke his whole mind on a subject he generally tries to avoid, might well say with Sydney Smith: "I have no conception what Anglo-Catholics mean, if it be not to revive every absurd ceremony and every antiquated folly which the common

sense of mankind has set to rest." [1] Has their press of late helped such a man to see that there is more in their Movement than this? Has it not often hindered far more than it has helped him, and in truth been a chief cause of the intense dislike felt for the Anglo-Catholic school by most of those who do not belong to it? During these last months the Evangelical Anglican has inquired with some eagerness into its real aim, but he has not as a rule turned to the authoritative books, which are often heavy and hard to digest. He has been fatally attracted by the Anglo-Catholic newspapers, by the manuals of devotion, by the parish magazines and church notice-boards. The Evangelical press has taken care that he shall not miss the worst of these. If he is not yet convinced that it is all either childish superstition or deliberate imposture, he shows a triumph of faith over sight.

For what has he had to read? A great deal on "Tradition," but not after the persuasive reasonableness of *Essays Catholic and Critical*, or the cautious simile of Hooker about "the key that lets a man into the house which, once seen, commends itself." What meets him is the citing of passages from the Fathers, crude and raw, on every trifling item of ritual practice. As curiosity, and the strange crisis of the time, lead him farther in his exploration, he finds the most capricious appeal, now to primitive antiquity, now to some belated after-growth, as suits the special practice which has to be vindicated or condemned. When he hears that the catena of authoritative Councils must be closed at A.D. 1054, so that a decision prior to this was an oracle of God, while a decision subsequent has no weight at all, he bethinks himself perhaps of an unseemly parallel—how Mark Twain said that no good southern library would keep a book published after 1860! He is told that the use of wafer and mixed chalice is imperative, because it is known that the Passover was eaten with unleavened bread, and that a

[1] Letter to Lady Davy, *Memoir and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland and Mrs. Austin, II, p. 470. Cf. ibid., pp. 458–9: "They have made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade."

blend of wine with water formed the usual drink in the Jerusalem of the first Eucharist. But when this Anglo-Catholic criterion has just become plain to him, he is once more confused by hearing from some historically-minded friend that not for two hundred years after that first Eucharist is there evidence of reserving the sacramental Elements for any purpose, and not until eight hundred years later still is there any trace of reserving them for purposes of adoration. He has no sooner read about the wickedness of asserting private judgment in opposition to the voice of the Church, and about the supreme authority of the Fathers in God, than he discovers that thousands of Anglo-Catholic priests are pledged to celebrate the Eucharist as they "privately judge" right, no matter what the whole Bench of bishops may say, and that a Father in God is treated by them with reverence or with contumely as he adopts or rejects the sort of worship they approve. He observes constant insistence that the communicant must come to the altar fasting and in the morning, but remembers with amazement the most authoritative precedent of all—how it was on the *night* on which He was betrayed that the Lord *after He had supped* with His disciples took bread and brake it and gave thanks. Finally, perhaps in the pages of some Anglo-Catholic novel, he reads that in the seminaries of the school the coming clergy are taught not only to exalt ritual but to despise preaching, and it occurs to him that herein is perhaps the explanation of much. For he has suffered under men who illustrate both estimates once a week, with an equally lamentable fidelity, at the altar and in the pulpit.

Is it surprising that the Evangelical, open-minded as he tried to be when he began, turns with disgust from this literature of his own Church, and with delight to some Nonconformist journal which adroitly reminds him of strange things about the Fathers—how they unanimously taught the exclusion from heaven of all infants who die unbaptised, insisted on the reality of witchcraft and the

need for extirpating it with the help of the secular power, preached in short that whole theology of intolerance set forth in the massive exposition by St. Augustine? Can we wonder that Low Churchmen, no less than political Liberals, now look with so cold an eye on those who ask wider privilege for a school about which this is what they know, and almost all they know? They judge the party of Tradition as one might judge the party of Scriptural Protestantism on the basis of manuals and confessions and sermons of the American Fundamentalist wing. These absurd claims for "antiquity" are related to genuine Anglo-Catholicism as the phenomena of six years back in Tennessee are related to the creed and worship of Protestants. The same humiliating record — of men who would carve dogmas out of metaphor, find cosmic formulæ in a poem, or turn doxologies into creeds! It is for the intelligent critic, with so many historical parallels that should aid him, to search beyond the follies on the surface for the element of truth that lies below.[1]

VI

Some day the *John Inglesant* of Anglo-Catholicism in our century will be written, making us forget for the time its faults and foolishness, that we may think of the sources of its power.

It will show how within the Church of England there was at length found a place for that sort of worshipper not to be classed as either Protestant or Catholic; the sort for whom Romanism is impossible, the old Evangelicalism is absurd, and the new Modernism is no more than an intel-

[1] No one has put the point better—in another reference—than Bishop Gore, when he speaks about the important task of extracting the truth which lies behind "persistent and popular errors and abuses," whose very popularity and persistence attest a certain element of misstated truth (*The Church and the Ministry*, p. 84). Bishop Gore must be content to see his own school subjected to the method of analysis which he has so admirably laid down for others.

lectual exercise, but upon whom the historic Faith has none the less laid hold, and for whom the very heart of this is in the symbolism of the Altar. His attitude is not definable, as Mr. Lytton Strachey would say, "with the crude vigour of antithesis," and those proud of being "definitely one thing or the other" may lose their patience with him. Unable to read *The Life of Faith*, he gets no relief by turning to the *Hibbert Journal*, and "the validity of religious experience" interests him no more than "the Keswick Second Blessing." An unusual sort of man, at least among those who are vocal on such matters, for he is commonly reticent! He shrinks back with alarm when he hears Tradition ridiculed and independent thinking extolled, and he gives no reason. But his reason is that he knows himself to owe everything to the climate of the Church in which he was born—not to the methods of the Bible Society, still less to the process which poor Henry Rogers called "interrogating his racked spirit," [1] and found so unutterably barren. He is an Anglo-Catholic because he has discovered with joy a religious home in which what he knows to have been the actual process in his own case is judged neither abnormal nor unintelligent, but natural and right.

Our novelist will explain, too, how men who had outlived the rage of faction at length dared to revive in a Reformed Church so much that had been beautiful in Catholic usage, how they restored a seemly worship where one might still have lamented with Laud: "It is accounted superstition if a man comes with more reverence into a church than a tinker into an alehouse." He will set forth how what looks like mere formalism and ceremony has had its use in isolating what is indeed unique and sacred, but all too easily vulgarised and profaned; how it saved the Church of England from many a gross declension into which other Churches fell; how especially in these recent times of shifty

[1] *The Eclipse of Faith*, p. 109: "As to all this I solemnly declare that, apart from external instruction, I cannot, by interrogating my racked spirit, catch even a murmur."

and timid accommodation, when one preacher has to ask the sociologists how much of the Gospel ethic can still stand, and another takes heart of grace at the news that Sir Oliver Lodge says he may still pray, the Anglo-Catholics never abated the peremptory distinctness of the Christian message. The reader will be shown how for them there was a blessed lull to the frenzy of religious debate, how they found time to *realise* a Faith which too many others were absorbed either in analysing as a psychological curiosity or exploiting as a social stimulant; how they at least—in Newman's vivid imagery—were no longer "groping for the hid treasure and digging for the pearl of price in the high lustrous all-jewelled Temple of the Lord of Hosts."[1] And our supposed novelist's work will be incomplete if it has failed to exhibit how the greatness of the Anglo-Catholic Movement a century ago has not vanished from it yet, how its heroes are not all in the remote past, nor its characteristic purposes less urgent now than of old. For no field lends itself more than that of religious change to what Renan called "the optical illusion of history"[2]—idealising the figures of long ago by concealment of the faults we are so quick to mark and exaggeration of the merits we are so slow to acknowledge in the figures of our own time.

Can the Church of England afford to drive into schism those of its members who are of such a class, even if their way of thinking expresses itself in extravagant and superstitious ritual? "Set these Realities before us" was the appeal to which Pusey responded with his High doctrine of the Real Presence. Will the Church choose to discourage the belief rather than allow it to be fostered by such material aid to those who need it? Is this a service to truth? Can we afford another blunder, like the one committed when the Methodists were driven to form a sect? The question is not *whether* Anglo-Catholicism shall survive, but *where* it shall survive—within the National Church or outside. Disestablishment will mean disruption,

[1] *Loss and Gain*, pp. 203–4. [2] *L'Avenir de la Science*, chap. iv.

and that in turn will mean the committing of each group into the hands of its own most violent leaders. Are we prepared to await this? At a time of unusual peril to what all Churches hold dear, can anyone—of any Church—contemplate unmoved so great a weakening of so powerful an auxiliary in the common cause?

In the preceding pages the attempt has been made to speak with plainness, but without bitterness about any group. The stinging phrase and the scornful simile have done too much harm already in this latest Anglican debate. Forgetfulness cannot come too soon to one party about the likening of its sacramentarians to those who in Lucian's time put a penny into the mouth of a corpse to pay the fare over the Styx, or about the challenge to submit the consecrated Elements to an experimental test for change. Nor can the opposite party put too soon out of mind the jests of an over-nimble wit about corybantic Christianity, illiterates generalled by octogenarians, and Protestant underworld. If these can be forgiven, the outspoken criticism of one who is not even an Anglican may be heard with indulgence. Such a critic must, in turn, be content to abide many a harsh description of the group to which he belongs —that they are "apostate," that they are precluded by lack of personal experience from understanding the ἦθος of the Movement they are so rash as to discuss, and that the utmost concession of charity is to bid them depend—with some measure of encouragement—upon "uncovenanted mercies." Yet an outsider has a certain advantage of view. The ἦθος which gave strength to many an historic Movement of the past has been but poorly stated by those whom the greater task of performance left little leisure for an exact formulation, and it was from outside that its meaning was more truly read. "For my part," said Schleiermacher, "I learn in all quietness to feel myself one with many who think themselves very far from me. Herein is a source of peculiar and life-giving power."

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